#79

TRUE WEST

NON-FICTION

February, 1967 35¢ TW K

THE LAST RIDE
BY WILLIAM B. SECREST

DEAD OUTLAWS' LOOT
BY MAURICE KILDARE

LONG ROPES AND RUNNING IRONS
BY HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

TRUE WEST Frontier Times OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

25 YEARS OF GLORY
for the WESTERN PULPS

WHO WROTE THEM
WHO PUBLISHED THEM
WHO ILLUSTRATED THEM
AND WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THEM TODAY
(SEE PAGE 10)

CHUCK DE HAAN 65 ©

THE TIGUA INDIANS

RUN-IN WITH AMARILLO JOE By MILT HINKLE

THE SWEET REVENGE OF WILLIE GRAY FOX
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This area has such a tremendous growth potential, such a fantastic, unlimited future, that wise investors have purchased large acreage. Bing Crosby's ranch was one of the largest cattle ranches in the county. James Stewart is honorary sheriff. Yes, the smart, experienced investors have sensed the future and are buying MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS in Elko County, Nevada.

MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS has all the factors needed to boom . . . to prosper . . . to skyrocket its land values. Ideally located in the prospering Elko Valley, The Ranchos have the backdrop of the statuesque Ruby Mountains. The sparkling Humboldt River actually flows through the property and is a valuable asset of the Ranchos. Every Rancho fronts on a graded road. The City of Elko, with its long established schools, churches, and medical facilities is MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS friendly neighbor.

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YOUR PROFITABLE TOMORROW —

YES, wise investors are buying in MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS, but America's largest corporations, whose research closely follows the trend of increasing land values and population growth, are also busy investing throughout Nevada. U.S. COMMERCE BUREAU FACT: Per capita income in Nevada is highest of all 50 states.

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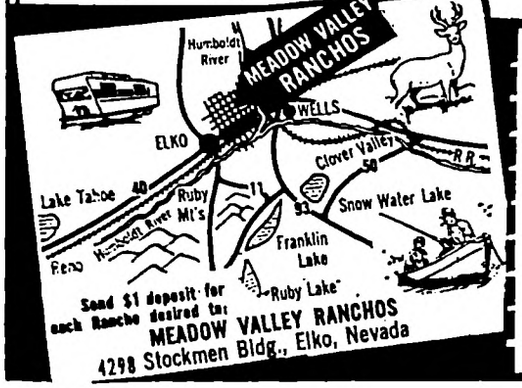

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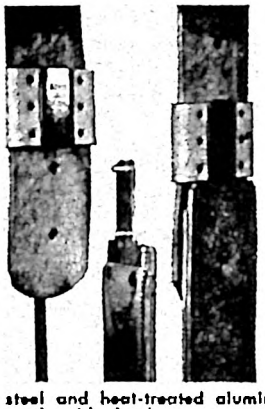

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

January-February, 1967

Volume 14, No. 3

Whole No. 79

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

PAT WAGNER, Editor

JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher

ROBERT SMALL, Advertising

LESTER U. BEITZ, Art Director

MARILYN WHITE, Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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GIVE ONE TO A SOLDIER!

SELDOM is a message (especially by old Hossus Taillus!) important enough to run in all three magazines. We think this one is.

Recently we donated 1,000 copies of TRUE WEST to the boys fighting in South Vietnam. What a terrific reaction! Those boys are lonely over there—they are in strange lands and they want something from home that doesn't remind them of the horrors of warfare. Naturally, the "girlie" books are very popular but we have been surprised to find out just *how* popular Western Americana is! It sort of gives them a chance to forget their own troubles and read about the fascinating lives of our pioneers, I suppose.

Well, we are going to continue to donate sizable numbers of all three magazines—not only to the Vietnam theatre of war, but to the lonesome outposts in Korea, West Germany and a hundred other spots throughout the globe.

We have also put service personnel on our complimentary list. A letter came in recently that I want to share with you:

"Hi, Hosstail! Now this here is the actual-fact-Sunday-go-to-church truth: I have a close friend who is the Psychological Warfare advisor to the First Cavalry Division up in the Central Highlands of Vietnam in the bustling little community of An-Khe. This fella comes to Saigon maybe every three months or so, and always comes over to have a meal or three with me. He always asks me the same question, 'You got any of those TRUE WESTS around?' I usually do, as well as FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST. I have thanked you in the past and I am still thanking you for sending them to me. Trouble is, my good friend is depleting my library and building his own—with *my* copies! Well, that's all right. Can't think of a nicer guy who ought to have them. He's part horse, himself!

"You can't imagine how these boys go for your magazines over here! They are so badly needed that I pass mine around until they nearly fall apart and then this good friend takes them up to the Central Highlands with him and I think they have to be glued over and over to hold them together as man after man reads *every word!* Finally, they just disintegrate. It would be interesting to know how many men read one copy!

"If your readers only knew *how much* these magazines are appreciated (maybe I should say *loved!*) by the boys over here, they would send every copy they have! I am going to send gift subscriptions to my buddies—as far as every extra penny I have will go.

"Thanks again for keeping me on your list as a 'deadhead'—maybe I can make up for it by sending subscriptions to my friends. Sincerely, Wayne F. Hyde, U.S. Embassy/JUSPAO, APO San Francisco, California 96243."

Sort of does your heart good to know they appreciate it *that* much, doesn't it? Seems like sailors, marines, the Air Force—every branch of the service *all over the world* is low on reading material and, in some spots, almost desperate for it. If you don't send them our magazines, send them somebody else's publication.

IN THE CASE of ours, you could send your own copy after you have finished it (if you are not starting a collection), or you could send the special gift offer of back issues that we carry in each magazine every issue, or you could send subscriptions at the special rates you will find in each issue of all three magazines. Six gift subscriptions would earn you the twelve western color prints which we have been selling at $1 each and the six gift subscriptions would cost you only $18.

If there is no one in the service that you know personally, you can send gift copies, gift subscriptions, etc. in care of any of the USO stations listed below—the location of your choice—and "the home away from home" will sure see to it that they're passed around.

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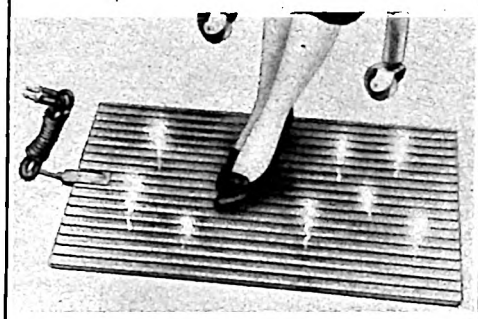
ELECTRIC FOOT WARMER

Keeps your feet and ankles comfortably warm.



An electric foot warmer that produces a uniform radiant heat is described as low-cost and consuming less than a 100w light bulb. Designed to relieve the discomfort of cold feet and ankles, the warmer is reversible, one side being extra warm and the other warm.

The heating element is completely encapsulated in heavy, premium heat resistant rubber that will resist water, grease and adverse elements. The portable unit is furnished with a six-ft. UL approved cord and can be plugged into any 110/220 volt ac or dc outlet.

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True Western

The Bad Old Days of Coffee

Dear Editor:

The story and pictures in TRUE WEST about the one-pound packages of Arbuckle's and Lion's Coffee, brought memories of other times, the stretch between 1880 and 1900. Much of the brew obtained back then would not click in our exacting times. I am about convinced that those companies believed in methods similar to those of producers of tamales—50-50, one rabbit and one horse.

In one part of the West that I am familiar with, farmers were induced to raise field peas. The root system of the pea would enrich the soil; leaves and vines would produce stock feed, and the peas were valuable to humans.

From shipments to a centralized depot in one of our mid-eastern states, uniform seed would be selected for planting the following year's crop. A company-paid field agent visited farmers frequently, giving advice on the season's yield, and shipping the crop out of the country.

Many producers wondered about what happened to those peas, and many uses came to light. The principal one was that the peas were ground and went into stock feed. But some were soaked in a synthetic solution resembling chicory which, when drained and pressed in a mold, looked like a coffee bean. The grounds of real coffee are quite sharp and gritty, that's not true of pea grounds. Pea grounds become slick.

It was a great life if you didn't weaken.—Lester C. Wishard, 5103 Altamont Drive, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601.

Fancy Roper

Dear Sir:

Here's a true story about Leedy, Oklahoma in 1911. Some of the readers may remember it.

A bronc rider named Texas Ed Linsey came to Leedy with a friend named Tak King. Texas Ed had a sign put up that read, "I will ride anything with hair on it for $1.00." People would smile as they eyed the big sign and crowds would gather from miles around.

Around Leedy the ranchers would bring in their horses, steers and mules—just whatever they wanted rode and Texas Ed would ride, rope, bulldog, do all the tricks any cowboy ever knew. It thrilled me to see him bulldog a steer from a horse or auto, then to hold the steer down by his teeth, both hands outstretched. He did fancy roping, catching a horse by his tail, by one foot, three feet, then all four while the horse was in full gallop.

Tak King was also a fine cowboy—how good I will never know. King fell in love with a girl living near Leedy and went to the ranch where she lived. Her mother came out and ordered him off the place. She then went back in the house and when she appeared again she had a shotgun cradled in her arms. King must have tried to reason with her, but he wasn't convincing. After some talk she raised the gun and shot Tak in the back as he was leaving. The shell made a hole clean through Tak King, killing him instantly.

I did not attend the trial but I learned later that she came clear of the killing because she had ordered King off her property and he had paid no heed.—Jim Larry, 2005 So. Mountain Avenue, Duarte, California.

Sioux Indian War

Dears Sirs:

My husband has a coin with the following printed on it: "Fritz & Russell Erickson's Saloon"; on the reverse side is printed "Good for 2½c in trade."

He also has a War Medal issued for "The Sioux Indian War of 1890-91." The reverse side says: "Presented To H. C. Grant, Sec. Lieut., For Services Rendered the State of Nebraska. Co. B." It would be very interesting to hear from anyone who had a relative serving in Co. B.—Mrs. Jesse A. James, 3511 So. Logan, Englewood, Colorado 80110.

We have had a letter requesting help in the identification of the Indian brave below. If any of you have a clue, please write Norma Jones, Box 473, Lander, Wyo.

Arena Director

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine story on Richard Merchant in the October issue. I first met Richard at a rodeo near Globe, Arizona, in 1922. A finer man or fairer contestant never coiled up a rope. Although he roped against some of the toughest competition the sport has ever known, considering the way the rules were then, he was always honest and possessed great ability. After watching ropers for over fifty years, I still think he could take his wraps and hitch faster than anyone else in calf and steer tying. He was also a grand fellow to run a rodeo.—Phil Meadows, Box 613, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Bill Kelsey

Dear Mr. Small:

I know that a lot of old-timers read TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. Maybe one of these people knew my great-uncle Bill, whose real name was Skelcy, but who went by the name of Kelsey. He worked on the Rathbun Ranch, outside of Kemmerer, Wyoming. Uncle Bill died in 1904, at the age of thirty-four.

In 1954, my grandpa, grandma and uncle visited a Mr. and Mrs. Rathbun in Kemmerer, and also a man called "Deacon" Jones who once rode with my uncle. These people knew Bill quite well. My relatives asked where he was buried but they couldn't locate the grave because it was under a wheat field. I would appreciate any little bit of information on long-gone Uncle Bill.—Greg Skelcy, 4758 Eva St., Saginaw, Michigan 48601.

Joe Rankin

Gentlemen:

All of your publications are interesting but when one has mention of someone I knew, as Joe Rankin and the Steamboat Springs area, they become special. There are some minor errors, such as the statement that Rankin was a soldier. He was not, he was a civilian scout. In any event, he was a real man and later, as Deputy U. S. Marshal, caught my partner and me with some illegal buckskin that some outside hunters had shot and left to spoil.

The headquarters of the outfit I was with in the early 1900s was next to the Thornburgh Monument and charred remains of wagons, bones, etc., were still there. I wish someone had taken pictures. Rolland F. Sherfy, P. O. Box 757, Sunbury, Ohio.

Sheriff Truax

Publisher:

I have just run across a June issue of your magazine and was surprised to find a story, "The Man Who Lived With Greed" by Orpha Collins. The story is quite true. The Sheriff Truax mentioned was my father and I am now ninety-one, so I am interested to know who Orpha Collins is, and how she knew about all these people we knew besides my father, R. A. Truax, who lived to see his ninety-seventh year.—Bertha Truax Marvin, 1801 Rodrequez, Santa Cruz, California 95062.

Reader Preference

Friends:

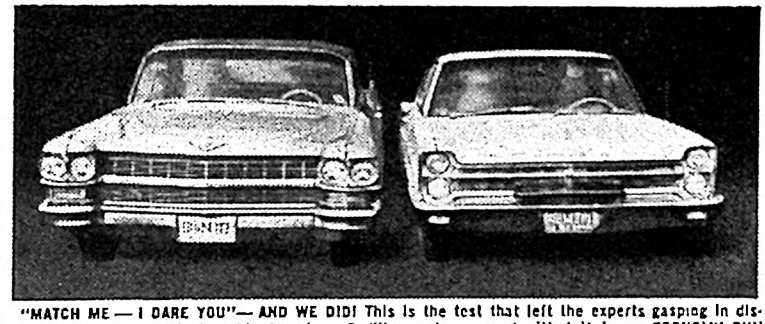
I enjoy the ghost town stories. Bodie is probably the best preserved of all the ghost towns I have visited, and very interesting. To those who would like to see it, I advise that they make the trip

(Continued on page 72)

Maybe it's illegal... Maybe it's outlawed But with results like this...*WHO CARES!*

Banned from the tracks by every major oil company, (yet used in the fleet of a world famous auto rental system*, as well as used in motor pools of some of the nation's largest corporations whose names read like a "who's who" of Industry) — here is the full story behind science's new miracle-invention that gives you up to 500 miles from a single tank of gas — saves you up to 50 gallons of gas each month — up to $200 on gas each year!

In fact, when it was first tested on the same proving grounds and in the same test-laboratories used by Ford, GM and Chrysler... results were so overwhelming that nation-wide press releases by America's leading automotive authorities immediately hailed this great new breakthrough!



"MATCH ME — I DARE YOU"— AND WE DID! This is the test that left the experts gasping in disbelief. The day we took a big luxurious Cadillac sedan... and pitted it in an ECONOMY RUN against a so-called "economy car"... this small Plymouth. The only change we made in the Cadillac... It was fitted out with the amazing new invention the GT ENERGY CHAMBER, described on this page. Result of test? The Cadillac boosted its miles per gallon by so much, it actually OUTPERFORMED the Plymouth... left it standing bone-dry, panting for even a glass of gasoline. For full documented proof of just how this amazing new invention can save you up to $200 in gasoline in the next 12 months... read the rest of this page. (Test conducted on the New England Turnpike—results sealed and attested to by official state notary.)

6 months ago, for perhaps the first time in history, the United States Government issued patent protection to an invention that has been classified ILLEGAL! Sound strange? Not really... here's why:

I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all major oil companies. Well, do you know that the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually banned from these tests because it is TOO EFFECTIVE! Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline... because it gives so much economy, it is actually ILLEGAL for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon... it is actually outlawed in every recognized cross-country economy test... simply because the officials who conduct these tests have been forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!

In other words if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs... then this message is not for you. YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION — SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL. But — if you are interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible — and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment—then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history!

NOW GET UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON

The name of this great new invention is the GT ENERGY CHAMBER... and there is no better way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you... than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 1¢ A MILE

1. When the GT Energy Chamber was first tested by the same research laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler... results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to 67 per cent)... it actually lowered gasoline costs to as little as one cent a mile!

2. When tests were made by a second giant auto rental system* with this incredible money saving invention... and then test-run on the road and on such world famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway... the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see these big **8 cylinder sedans get better gas-mileage than small European economy cars!**

3. When RCA, General Electric and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them... results were so dramatic, that within 30 days they reported savings of HUNDREDS and HUNDREDS OF gallons of gas the very first month alone!

Even more startling... when one of the world's largest fleet owners*... tested this amazing G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER (to prove to themselves how much money they could save) the proof was so convincing, so dramatic, that they ordered entire fleets of cars IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED; that's the kind of miracle-mileage this thrilling new invention delivers.

IMAGINE! ALMOST 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS!

Yes, from road tests, laboratory tests, tests by one of the world's most famous test drivers... come reports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon today than when they were brand new! Reports of big, luxury sedans that outweigh small European cars by a full ton... yet get better gas mileage, and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

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By now you are probably wondering just what is the GT ENERGY CHAMBER... and how does it work? To make a long story short... if you were to look under the hood of one of those $20,000 European luxury cars like the Maseratti or the Aston-Martin, you would see sitting right behind the carburetor... a special gasoline BOOSTER unit... especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy, from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance... such TOTAL POWER... increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the GT ENERGY CHAMBER is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more piston-driving power, more raw, blazing energy and more gasoline economy... ONLY, instead of costing $100 to $150 (like the European booster-units)... the GT ENERGY CHAMBER costs but a mere fraction.

That's because after years of intensive research, automotive experts have finally found a way to simplify the mileage-boosting principle of these booster units... reduce the number of parts in each unit... mass produce them... and make them available at a price so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention. Why, do you realize what this means to you if you are determined to save yourself up to $16 a month on your gas bills... up to 50 gallons of gas each month... yes, up to $200 a year on wasted gasoline?

INSTALLS IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 15 DAYS

It means that no matter what kind of car you now have... no matter how old that car may be... from this day on, you, too, can now save up to 500 gallons of gas each and every year. NOW you, too, can drive for hundreds of miles at a time without ever stopping at a service station. NOW you, too, can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas... blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3 tankfuls... perform mileage-miracles that only yesterday you thought were utterly impossible.

Take advantage of the most significant automotive discovery of our age. Achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owners, giants of industry, Indianapolis test-drivers, and research scientists. If you can spare the few minutes it takes to attach this brilliant new discovery to your car, then take advantage of this special Free-trial introductory offer.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF AT OUR RISK

Now the price of the GT ENERGY CHAMBER on this special introductory trial offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect... but only $6.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all not to mention the hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year.

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LEADING DIGEST REPORTS BIG AUTOMOTIVE BREAKTHROUGH

Recently, scientists at one of the world's leading oil companies discovered a new way to save as much as 35 gallons a month on the gasoline your car burns. Working in complete secrecy for over 15 years, these men had been assigned to find out once and for all just how much mileage could actually be coaxed from an automobile engine.

After thousands upon thousands of experiments, they discovered that by simply feeding the gasoline to the engine in a new and different way they were able to get as much as 34 miles or more from every gallon of gas.

So revolutionary was this breakthrough that the Digest featured the sensational news NOT ONCE... but in two separate issues — AND THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING; because when another group of experts took this "forced-feeding" concept... altered it... tested it... and improved it even more... they boosted gasoline mileage to a staggering 36% on 7 and 8-year-old cars... and as much as 61% on later model cars.

What you see on this page is the full, thrilling story behind this new wonder-invention... and how you, too, may obtain up to 7, 9 even 11 more miles per gallon... and do it without changing a single part on your car!

BEST PROOF OF ALL!

One Of The World's Largest Rent-A-Car Systems Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months... Then Orders Fleet Of Cars IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED! They report "Savings of up to 54 gallons a month per car".

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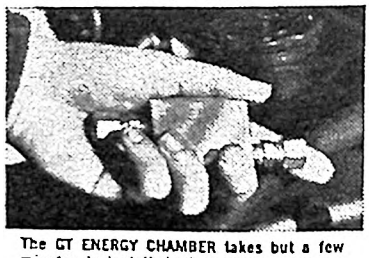
LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!



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Make of second car _____ Year _____ No. of Cyls. _____

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The LAST RIDE

By WILLIAM B. SECREST

University of Oklahoma—Division of Manuscripts

Circular portrait is James P. Miller as a young man, probably in Pecos, Texas. Above is a Pecos saloon scene of the 1890s, with Jim Miller seated at the table wearing a white hat.

Author's note: There was a frontier Jekyll-Hyde whose career has never, and will never, be completely tabulated. He was a killer, whose gun was for hire and whose victims were in many cases never connected with him in any way. We know of many of his killings, but how many have gone undetected? How many crumbling skeletons in remote western canyons testify to a last ride terminated by the conscienceless Miller as he lay in ambush? No one will ever know, but what we have been able to discover of Miller's life makes for an exciting, if shocking, story of the last days of the Old West when tough men and a tougher era died hard.

LATE in February, 1909, a man drew up his last will and testament in the small, agricultural community of Ada, Oklahoma. It was a very ordinary document except for one remarkable clause which set aside $1,000 of the estate as a reward to get "those who murder me." The man's name was Gus Bobbitt, a rancher and former deputy U.S. Marshal, and his strange premonition was fostered by a deadly feud existing between him and two other men. Bobbitt knew his enemies and he knew that no amount of precaution could save him from his determined assassins. Bobbitt felt helpless, but all he could do was keep up his guard and put himself in the hands of fate.

On the 27th of February Bobbitt loaded his wagon with sacks of feed and left town for his ranch some seven miles from Ada. Following behind him in another wagon was his foreman, Bob Ferguson.

It was just after dusk a few miles from home when a lone rider galloped past the wagons and raced ahead of the ranchers. They just had time to notice that the rider had shielded his face as though removing a particle from his eye. They noted also an oilcloth-wrapped article tied behind the horseman's saddle, but attached no significance to it. The wagons bounced along the rutted road as they approached a large elm tree which loomed ahead.

A man was hidden in the darkness of the elm, his statue-still form blending with the clumps of weeds and the trunk. An oilcloth wrapping lay at his feet and,

James P. Miller was a quiet, church-going man who didn't smoke, drink or swear. He was a family man whose only fault was his profession—the most feared hired killer in the Southwest . . .

as Bobbitt's wagon approached, the twin muzzles of a shotgun followed the rancher's sitting figure. When the wagon reached its closest proximity to the tree, two explosions blasted Bobbitt from his seat and the assassin quickly rose and ran to a horse concealed nearby. Bobbitt had received a mortal wound and lay dying as the killer swung into the saddle on his yellow pony and raced from the scene of tragedy.

A steady gallop was maintained as he cut across country and when he reached the first fence he swung from the saddle, quickly cut the barbed wire, and was off again. The night was black and the horse's drumming hoofs added to the bleak monotony of the terrain. On the rider pressed, down into a gully and up the other side, the hoofbeats changing tone only when they struck a rock or momentarily passed over a hard-packed trail. In a very literal sense, the darkly clad rider was death himself and the staccato beat of the galloping pony was telling a story of murder and terror that had few equals in our frontier history. On into the night he sped and blackness enveloped him as he rode toward his destiny.

JAMES P. MILLER was born in Van Buren, Arkansas, about 1866. Very little is known of his early life except that his parents moved to Robertson County, Texas, when Jim was a year old. Both parents died while he was quite young and by the time he was eighteen he was living with an older married sister and her husband, John Coop. Jim's parentless, early years must have been hard and he developed characteristics that warped his thinking and directed the course of his future life. He had a terrible temper and he hated fiercely and with a passion. Although outwardly calm and quiet, the boy never forgot a real or fancied wrong and revenge often became an obsession with him.

The Coops lived in Coryell County on Plum Creek about eight miles from Gatesville. Jim didn't get along with his brother-in-law and one day he decided to resolve the difficulty by a means which held a peculiar fascination for him. He laid his plans carefully and everything went according to schedule. On the night of July 30, John Coop was assassinated by a shotgun blast while peacefully sleeping in his bed.

It was no secret that young Miller and Coop didn't get along and Jim was immediately picked up as a prime suspect. At the subsequent trial, Miller was able to account for all of his time on the night of the murder—all but one brief period of about forty minutes. His alibi was a Miss Georgia Large with whom he had attended a camp meeting at the nearby settlement of Camp Branch. Miss Large testified that they had gone to the meeting and had been together until "the preaching started." Miller then excused himself and later returned, "when the shouting had commenced." Testimony was introduced to show that Jim had ridden a fast horse to the meeting that night and that it was entirely possible for him to have ridden home, killed Coop, and returned to the side of his lady friend. Other evidence showed that Jeff Coop, brother of the deceased, had timed the three-mile ride between Camp Branch and his home a few days before the murder. It was shown that Miller knew of the timing ride and could have made his plans accordingly. The damning web of evidence was growing tighter and the result of the trial seemed inevitable. It didn't take the jury long to find Miller guilty and the judge sentenced him to be hanged. But a capricious fate had much more in store for young Jim.

Miller's attorney was able to get the case reversed through a technicality and a new trial was scheduled. Jim was soon riding west.

Jim drifted over into San Saba County, but again little is known of his activities there. He seems to have run around with three brothers named Renfro and a man named Bill White—all allegedly tough characters of shady means.

One of the Renfros was convicted of rustling and on the day of his trial a juror walked into Johnson's saloon in the town of San Saba. Bill White was there and he roughed up the juror enough so that he fled to the sheriff demanding White's arrest. Sheriff Harkey and his young deputy brother located Miller, White and the Renfros at another saloon a short time later. The officers rushed in and took the troublemakers by surprise, hustling all five off to the local jail. Jim was out before long and evidently decided it was time to be moving again.

HE TURNED UP in nearby McCulloch County where he made the acquaintance of Manning Clements, a cattleman and rancher of the area. Clements and his brothers were old-timers who had made the early cattle drives to Kansas back in the 1870s. They were all tough characters and were cousins to the notorious John Wesley Hardin, now languishing in prison. In 1886 or early 1887, when Miller arrived, Clements had ranches in both McCulloch and Runnels Counties and was a well known figure.

Just how Miller met Clements isn't known, but possibly he worked for him as a ranch hand. He seems to have gotten on well with at least two of the Clements clan. "Mannie" Clements, Jr. became a good friend and his sister, Sallie, took an immediate interest also. Young Miller was a handsome man and Sallie probably fell for him hard, but it's doubtful that Jim would have let himself get too involved. These were the days of strong family ties and traditions and Jim had little in this line to recommend him. He had left his past behind, but Clements had friends all over Texas and it would have been an easy matter to check up on a suitor of his daughter. Clements himself had killed men in gunfights, but what would he think of a prospective

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Left: Manning Clements, Jr., Jim's brother-in-law and close friend. Miller did not live long enough to avenge his death. However, he did try to avenge the death of Manning Clements, Sr., right but failed.

son-in-law who evidently had murdered his own brother-in-law while he slept? Chances are that Jim had to bide his time with his sweetheart and not let the family think he was too interested. Whatever the case, Jim was soon to have the opportunity to get himself in solidly with the Clements family.

The elder Clements became a candidate for sheriff of Runnels County. The campaign was a hot one, the bitterness of the opposing faction finally reaching the boiling point. On March 29, 1887, Joe Townsend, the city marshal of Ballinger, Texas, shot and killed Manning Clements while he was taking a drink in the Senate Saloon.

Jim Miller made up his mind to kill Joe Townsend and he ambushed him one night with a shotgun. Although Townsend was hit only in the arm, the wound was bad enough that the arm later had to be amputated. The identity of the would-be assassin was a mystery, and Miller didn't want to press his luck by sticking around. He was in love with Sallie, but he wasn't interested in the cattle business. Jim headed west again, asking Sallie to wait until she heard from him.

Miller dropped from sight for the next few years. He liked to gamble and probably eked out a living this way since there was a minimum of work involved. He was still drifting when he turned up in Pecos, Texas, in 1890.

The fact that Mannie Clements, Jr., was living in Pecos at this time would seem to indicate that he had kept in touch with Jim over the years. Pecos was a dusty little cattle town barely ten years old and situated in the sun-bleached desert of west Texas. Mannie Clements took Jim around town and introduced him to Sheriff Bud Frazer, Johnson Tate, John Brooks and other Pecos ranchers and businessmen. The people were friendly and Jim liked the town so he decided to stay for awhile and see what would develop.

He was quiet and well mannered and people noticed that he never used tobacco or drank in the saloons. In short, he made a good impression in Pecos and when in time Sheriff Frazer made him his deputy, the leading citizens of the town shook his hand and wished him well.

SOMETIME in 1891, Jim Miller and Sallie Clements were married, although it isn't clear just where the event took place. Jim could afford a wife. He made a little extra money gambling and at one time even thought of going into the hotel business as a sideline. The townspeople nodded approvingly as Jim chased cattle rustlers and otherwise satisfactorily performed his duties. He got along well with Sheriff Frazer and the two men seemed to work well together. A new life was opening up for him, but a streak of evil that lay just beneath the surface of the man soon made Jim Miller restless.

Some aspects of the ensuing events have been lost over the years, but Miller and Frazer had a falling out that was to echo in the Southwest for some years to come. Miller escorted a Mexican prisoner to nearby Fort Stockton, but he returned to Pecos ahead of schedule with a story that for the first time raised eyebrows in town. Jim's story was that the Mexican had tried to escape and he had killed him. It was hard to believe anything bad about Jim Miller and the incident soon blew over, but the sheriff began watching his deputy more closely. And things began to happen.

Cattle were being rustled and driven across the Mexican border, and evidently Frazer thought Miller had something to do with it. His deputy too frequently was absent from town. He questioned Jim but wasn't satisfied with his answers and began to watch the deputy's every move.

Miller went quietly about his business, but beneath his placid exterior a bitterness was growing into a vehement hatred. Frazer had wronged him and the matter could only be resolved by vengeance. Vengeance to Jim Miller meant death.

HAVING made up his mind to kill the sheriff, Jim started making plans. Mannie Clements and a man named Mart Hardin, possibly a relative, were talked into joining the scheme, but Miller thought he needed one more accomplice to do the job right. One night he and Clements tried to persuade an acquaintance to join their murderous little group. The man was Con Gibson and he gave the plan less than a lukewarm reception. At the first opportunity, Gibson reported the incident to Frazer and the sheriff now recognized the deadly nature of his deputy. With Miller, Clements and no telling how many others stacked up against him, Bud Frazer promptly sent out a call for the Texas Rangers.

Courtesy University of Texas Library

Jim Miller, looking every bit the part of a respectable businessman, as he appeared in the early 1900s.

Captain John R. Hughes and two Rangers arrived in Pecos and arrested Miller, Clements and Hardin in May, 1893. They were thrown in jail although all but Miller were soon out on bail. The sheriff didn't want his ex-deputy out of his sight.

Early in June, Mannie Clements met Frazer on the street and a fight resulted after which Mannie charged the sheriff with assault.

Jim had friends in town—influential friends who couldn't believe that the quiet, gentlemanly Miller they knew could be bad. Frazer was finally pressured into letting his prisoner out on bail, but on July 22, Miller was again in trouble charged with stealing a pair of mules. This case was dismissed but meanwhile Miller and his cohorts were tried for conspiracy to murder the sheriff. Jim secured the services of two good attorneys and was easily acquitted at the El Paso trial. He immediately returned to a puzzled Pecos and an uneasy Bud Frazer.

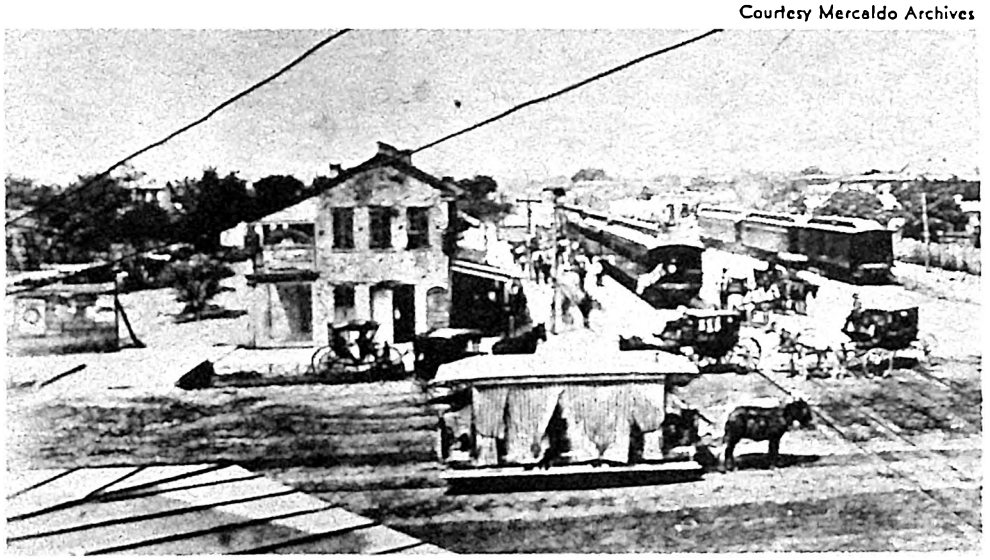
Jim went into the hotel business at the corner of Oak and Second Streets, across from the Pecos Valley Bank. Mrs. Miller ran the hotel while Jim gambled and generally took life easy. He ignored Frazer for the time being and concentrated on vengeance in another direction. Con Gibson had informed on him and Jim determined to even the score without being implicated.

Gibson had fled the county and settled in Eddy, New Mexico, but Jim soon tracked him down. Sallie Miller had a cousin living in Eddy, a tough character named John Denston. It wasn't long before word arrived in Pecos that Denston had murdered Con Gibson in a cold-blooded assassination. The testimony of friends had freed the killer, but Sheriff Frazer shuddered and checked his pistol more often. He knew very well that Miller was behind Gibson's death and he knew that Miller would now probably turn his attention to him.

On the morning of April 12, 1894, Miller stepped out of his hotel and struck up a conversation with a friend who was

El Paso, Texas as it looked a few years prior to Jim Miller's troubles there.

Courtesy Mercaldo Archives



sitting in a wagon. Jim propped a foot on a wagon wheel with his back to the street and was passing the time in idle ranch talk when Bud Frazer walked down the street in back of him. When Miller's friend commented that Frazer had turned and was again walking in back of him, Jim wheeled and confronted his hated enemy.

In a moment the two men were shooting at each other and the long awaited showdown was at hand. Frazer got off the first shot and luckily hit Jim in the right shoulder. Undaunted, Jim pulled his pistol with his left hand and commenced firing, advancing on Frazer as he did so. The sheriff, after hitting Miller again in the side, broke and ran away, unharmed. Miller continued firing until his pistol was empty, but he was no marksman with his left hand. Friends helped him to the doctor's office after which he retired to a ranch near town to recuperate.

FRAZER knew the fat was in the fire now and he beat a hasty retreat from Pecos. He had lost the last election so he was no longer sheriff of Reeves County and had moved to Eddy, New Mexico, where he engaged in the livery business.

Miller was in bed for several months and was a long time recovering from his wounds. His hatred of Frazer was well known, but now he made no bones about his intention to kill his former boss. He told one visitor to his bedside that he intended to take care of Frazer if he had to crawl twenty miles on his knees to do it.

Pecos was divided as to its loyalty in the feud. Many people still couldn't believe that Jim Miller was the evil man the Frazer faction maintained he was. While the town argued over the two men and their trouble, Jim gradually healed enough to get out of bed and about again. The shooting would have been forgotten by most of the townspeople if something unexpected hadn't happened in December, 1894. Bud Frazer suddenly returned to Pecos.

It isn't known what prompted Frazer's return, but he must have known it would mean trouble. Possibly he had business to attend to or perhaps he could no longer live with the fact that he had run before. Whatever his reasons, he returned armed with a Winchester.

When Miller heard the news, he loaded his shotgun and stepped cautiously out of his hotel. He walked down Second Street to Cedar and the two men met in front of Zimmer's blacksmith shop. The details of the fight were lost in the explosion of gunfire as the two men commenced firing.

Joe Kraus stepped out of his store to see the action and received a glancing bullet wound in his side. Frazer again did the most effective shooting and pumped bullets into Miller's arm and leg. In a cold fury, and despite being hit, Miller kept advancing until the exsheriff again made his getaway. And once more Miller was helped from the field of battle to the nearest doctor's office.

For the next few weeks, the Frazer-Miller feud was the main topic of conversation in Pecos, and it seemed that everyone in town was on one side or the other. Miller was confined to bed for awhile, then to further advance his cause in town, promptly joined the Methodist Church as soon as he was able to get on his feet. He went about his business as though his troubles were forgotten, but under the surface of Jim Miller lay a hatred that could only be soothed by Frazer's death.

Deciding to try the legal way first, Miller filed "assault with intent to murder" charges against Frazer in March, 1895. Bud thought it wise to obtain a change of venue and the trial was scheduled for early April at El Paso.

John Wesley Hardin had been released from the Texas State Prison in 1894, after serving a fifteen-year term for murder. He had studied law while in prison and had been admitted to the bar after his pardon. Hardin was a cousin of Sallie Miller's father, and Jim thought it would be a good idea to retain the old gunman as his counsel in the Frazer trial. It isn't known if Hardin was aware that Miller had tried to avenge Manning Clements' death, but at any rate he agreed to represent Sallie's husband. Sometime in March Hardin arrived in Pecos and he and Miller plotted their case.

THE Frazer-Miller feud had gained considerable publicity in west Texas and was mentioned in a brief item in the *El Paso Times* for March 24, 1895: "Bud

(Continued on page 46)

The assassination of A. A. (Gus) Bobbitt, right, led to the scene below. Jim Miller's last ride took place on the back of the white horse at right. Left to right, the victims of an Ada, Oklahoma lynch mob, are Miller, Allen, Burwell, and West.

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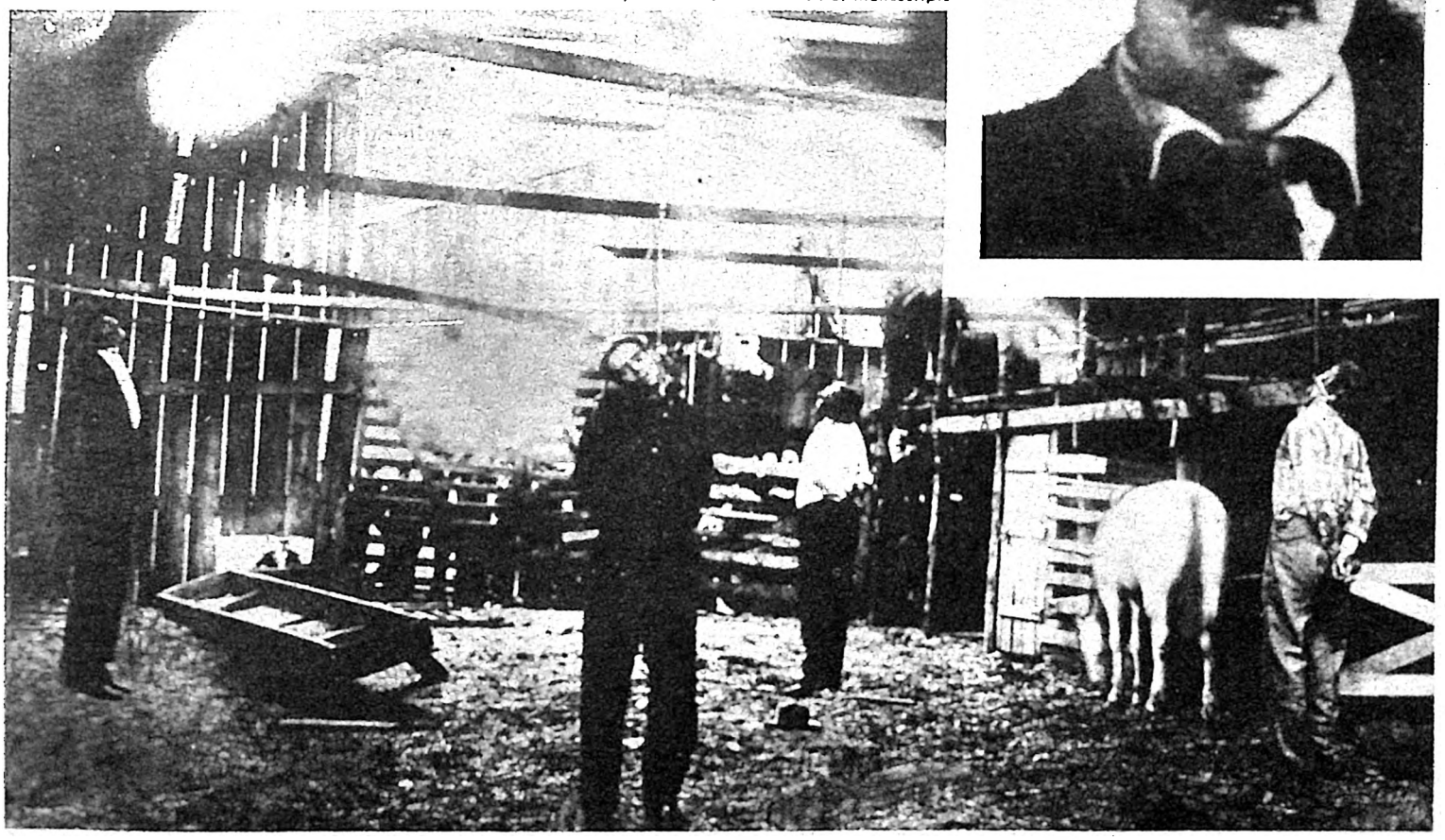


HEYDAY of the PULP WESTERNS

. . . currently "hotter than a two-dollar pistol" as items of collector interest

By LES BEITZ

UNTIL a scant dozen or so years ago, millions of Americans (undoubtedly including a goodly number of today's *True West*, *Frontier Times* and *Old West* readers) eagerly devoured the rip-roaring contents of any and every old "pulp" Western they could lay their hands on. For the better part of five decades those thrillers provided a literary son-of-a-gun stew made up of careening stagecoaches, flaming six-guns and renegade marauders that fairly blasted the lid off the Old Frontier.

Like the early West itself, the era has passed. The tangible evidence of that era —the pulp Westerns—have likewise all but vanished. Doggedly trailing after them, however, is that persistent creature, the collector.

In some respects his avid quest for certain wild and woolly titles is hard to explain, for many of the periodicals listed with bold underlining on his "want" sheet are barely twenty-five years old. Their scarcity might possibly be accounted for in the philosophy of the Frenchman (vintage 1943-1945), whose stock reply to all queries was, "Le Guerre!—The War! Nothing's the same anymore, since!"

Scrap paper drives of World War II did do away with many Western magazine collections, along with mystery, sport, love, fantastic and all the other adventurous thrillers that had poured forth from the "fiction factories" for decades preceding that turbulent period. But there are still old Western pulps lurking around here and there—survivors, so to speak, of a once-grand army of scouts, settlers, lawmen, pioneers, Indians, cowpunchers, cavalrymen, mountain men, homesteaders—"men with the bark on" whose roles in the pages of those exciting periodicals created a distinctive form of Americana.

Just to set the mood of "The Golden Era of the Pulp Western," peer over my shoulder as I flip through a batch of early examples from the top shelf of my old pie safe. Here is the opening "hook" paragraph from a yarn titled, "Hell Would be Welcome," which appeared in *Famous Western* more years back than the author cares to remember.

"It's so quiet there in the Skullduggery Barbershop that you could hear a flea hiccup. Half a dozen punchers are sitting there on empty apple boxes, staring at Buster O'Daniel like he'd just lit a smoke off the moon. Jess Bentsen, the barber, stands there with that ten dollar bill in his hand, an expression on his face like a skeleton had just walked in and asked for a shave."

Isn't that a wingdinger of a morsel to whet the appetite of some guy a-hankerin' for a taste of something Western? Oh yes —the author: Joe Austell Small, the WP range boss hisself. Back in those days, he hunched over a borrowed Underwood, pecking away at a quarter of a cent per word to keep the wolf from the portals of the Small wickiup, wherein he slept nightly with visions of a fine magazine he would one day publish and call *True West*.

AND LOOK HERE—Street and Smith's *Western Story Magazine* dated April 21, 1934, with Ramon Adams' feature titled "Cowboy Lingo," now regarded as a classic work in contemporary Western literature. (The 1936 hardback edition of this first book devoted entirely to the language of the cowman is scarce—a "gem," to use the collector's term).

Look at this *Ace-High Magazine* with Charlie Siringo's reminiscences of hard, hard days on the Kansas prairie. The heading for his story, a superb little pen and ink sketch by Jerry Delano, represents a high-water mark in the craft of Western illustration.

Here's another *Ace-High* (December, 1934), with a cover by Delano that's dynamite! On page 120 of this issue is a beautiful pen and ink sketch by Joe DeYong for the department "Trailin' Along" which ranks favorably with much of Charlie Russell's work.

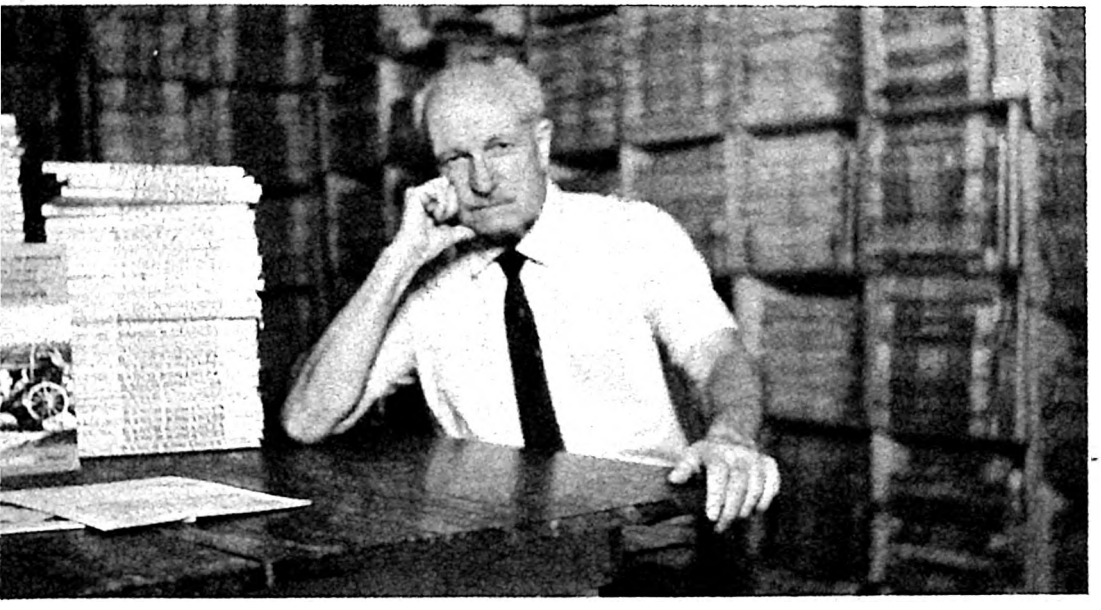
Next are a half-dozen issues of *Cowboy Stories*, circa late 1920s, which contain some of the finest black-and-white renderings in all contemporary western illustration—the work of Nick Eggenhofer. Originals of these sketches by the tremendously-talented Nick are in important galleries and private collections today, regarded by curators and art dealers as the most powerful delineation of the western subject done in dry brush during the past forty years.

These old pulps were loaded! Stories and illustrations, articles, features and departments were filled with everything that was vivid and dramatic in the panorama of that Old Frontier. All the greats are represented—Max Brand, Walt Coburn, B. M. Bower, W. C. Tuttle, S. Omar Barker, Fred Gipson, J. Edward Leithead. One could go on and on citing names and works that have attained a permanent place in Western Literature and Art—N. C. Wyeth, Will Crawford, Harold Bugbee—the roster seems endless.

J. Edward Leithead, one of the "grand old men" of the era, is still very much around these days. Beginning on the opposite page, he recounts what went on behind the scenes of the fabulous enterprises which produced the pulp Westerns. Ed's recollections from an author's viewpoint is followed by a look at the pulp today. Collectors can zero in on the current market prices and scarcity factors applying to these fascinating "collectibles in paper."

J. P. Guinon, prominent magazine dealer, works amid an inventory of thousands of pulp thrillers to supply an over-increasing demand for such collectibles. Some titles, fairly common a few years ago, are nudging the "exceedingly scarce" bracket today.

Courtesy J. P. Guinon



25 YEARS OF GLORY

By J. EDWARD LEITHEAD

— from the first All-Western Story (proudly prancing) to the last Fighting Western (fighting for its life!)

THE GRANDPAPPY of the all-Western pulp magazines was Street & Smith's *Western Story Magazine*. For many years, following the long reign of Beadle & Adams as top publishers of "black-and-white" dime novels (with woodcut illustration, that is, no coloring except some hand-painted booklet type novels), Street & Smith and Frank Tousey published dime and nickel novels and story-papers, at first, like the Beadle output, with black-and-white illustrated covers. Then a change-over to color covers gave the nickel thrillers new life. One of Street & Smith's most successful publications was *The Buffalo Bill Stories*, which ran 591 issues, beginning in 1901.

When No. 591 was reached, about September 7, 1912, that ended the series called *Buffalo Bill Stories*, but the following week, September 14, Street & Smith launched a weekly titled *New Buffalo Bill Weekly*. The stories were reprints from *The Buffalo Bill Stories*, some with titles changed but not a new story in the whole series, which ended with No. 364, August 30, 1919.

With No. 357, *New Buffalo Bill Weekly* changed its title to *Western Story Library* and began printing the volume and number in addition to the whole number—Vol. 7, No. 1, Whole No. 357, July 12, 1919, indicating that some important change was in prospect.

Vol. 7, No. 9 started *Western Story Magazine* on its long career, issued under the date of September, 1919, at first a monthly, then a bi-monthly, later a weekly.

I have explained this in detail since *Western Story* was really an outgrowth of the once very popular *Buffalo Bill Stories*, which was tied in with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, then still touring the U.S.A. and Europe. So that the transition would not seem too abrupt (for the publishers were trying something new), *Western Story*, for three issues, ran reprints of *Buffalo Bill Stories* (No. 190, "Buffalo Bill After the Bandits"; 191, "Buffalo Bill's Red Trailer"; 192, "Buffalo Bill in the Hole-in-the-Wall"), with additional stories not about him. Thereafter, Cody did not show up again.

It wasn't long before periodicals imitative of *Western Story* came into being. Of course, Street & Smith, in their established pulp fiction magazines, *Popular* and *People's*, had run Western shorts and serials by Dane Coolidge, B. M. Bower (Sinclair), H. Bedford-Jones (his were usually early frontier of the Boone and Kenton period and good), and other authors of Westerns.

The Ridgway Company's *Adventure*, Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, Editor, had been running historical Westerns by Hugh Pendexter since 1917, and other Western stuff by Alan LeMay and Wilbur C. Tuttle (humorous Piperock tales and straight Western adventure like the Hashknife Hartley and Sleepy Stevens stories) etc.

Courtesy Author

J. Edward Leithead in August, 1926. This was about the time he was knee deep in the craft of turning out powerful action novels and novelettes for publishers of rip-roaring Westerns. For the entire twenty-five year span of the "Golden Era," Ed produced top-flight material in response to an insatiable demand.

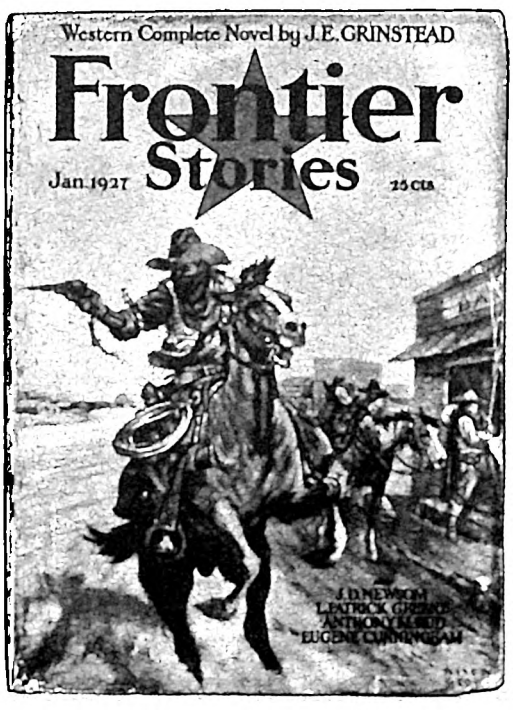
Short Stories (owned by Doubleday and edited by Harry E. Maule—now book editor for Random House and I heard from him not so long ago—with Dorothy McIlwraith as associate) published Westerns occasionally, especially serials by Clarence E. Mulford and Wm. MacLeod Raine.

Argosy (by Frank Munsey and Bob Davis editor) ran Western serials by Chas. Alden Seltzer and George Washington Ogden, and occasional shorts by other Western writers, and even *Munsey's* ran a Pendexter serial, "The Roaring Towns" and a corking good serial,

At left, Nick Eggenhofer's "shoot-out" on an early *Ace-High* cover portrays the type action that provided the essential formula for Western buffs a generation ago. Old copy of *Frontier Stories*, center, returns fire. J. Edward Leithead's story, "Steel Rails Westward," was featured on action cover of *Super Western*, painted by Gayle Hoskins in 1938.

Courtesy Ace Books, Inc.

WESTERN ADVENTURE AND SPORT STORIES
20c
Ace-High
MAGAZINE
LED HORSE COMES BACK
A FRONTIER "GHOST" TOWN RISES FROM THE GRAVE WITH THE DISCOVERY OF OIL AND THE CONSEQUENT CEASING OF BOOTY SIX GUNS
A BOOK LENGTH NOVEL BY
W. BERT FOSTER
SECOND NOVEMBER NUMBER



More flaming six-guns—this time by the distinguished painter-illustrator, Gerald Delano

"The Owner of the Lazy D," by a writer who was to do about a dozen such Westerns, equally good, Wm. Patterson White (whom people sometimes confused with Stewart Edward White—anyway, both were top-notchers).

BUT *Western Story Magazine* in its September, 1919 issue was the first all-Western. Its early issues mixed a few reprints from other sources with new yarns, and the publishers offered a year's free subscription for the best letters (three, I think) sent them about the new type magazine. I was one of the lucky winners. My letter was printed and I went to the big red brick building at 78-89 Seventh Avenue, New York and met the editor, Frank E. Blackwell. He had formerly edited all of Street & Smith's nickel weeklies, always six new issues a week, and sometimes seven or eight, if one was declining in circulation and a new one was trying out.

Frank Tousey, Publisher (Frank had died long before 1919 and his brother Sinclair was running the business, with Luis Senarens, author of many thrillers himself, as editor) also issued at least six new nickel thrillers each week, which were generally spoken of as Tousey's "Big Six." But in 1919 all this had changed due to the growing popularity of the movies. Street & Smith had only three weeklies going, *New Tip Top* (Frank Merriwell, Jr.), *New Buffalo Bill* and *Nick Carter Stories* and thick paperbacks selling for fifteen cents. Buffalo Bill bowed out in *Western Story* and about the same time *Nick Carter Stories* became *Detective Story Magazine*. What happened to Frank Tousey's publications is a more complicated story and too long to tell here.

I didn't sell Frank Blackwell a story at that first meeting, but I did later on, you bet. And *Western Story* grew. Some of the illustrations on the very early issues were from covers of a Street & Smith nickel thriller, *Rough Rider Weekly*, featuring a cowboy who had been a sergeant with Roosevelt's Rough Riders. The artist was Stacy Burch, who had done numerous early *Tip Top Weekly* (Frank and Dick Merriwell) covers, also. There were covers, too, by an artist named Wood or Woods. I don't recall his first name or his initials, but his stuff was good. He was an old-timer.

During the roaring twenties, the pulp Westerns, following the example of the very successful *Western Story*, increased in number as the demand increased. Street & Smith boosted *Western Story* to twice-a-month. They also reprinted *Western Story* serials in a line of hard-cover books under the name "Chelsea House." A lot of these sold for 75 cents. There was an even better looking edition of some titles which sold for $2.00. This book line was big enough for Street & Smith to issue catalogues.

DOUBLEDAY came up with a publication featuring the real old-time West. It was called *The Frontier*. Its stories and articles were the kind I liked the best of all—and do yet: cavalry and Indians, Indians and settlers, engagements at frontier forts, wagontrain fights, the whole panorama of the Old West, lots of Indian stuff well done by good writers, excellent covers, well-drawn headings—not just cowboy, gunman and rustler yarns, though some of those were used, too. I remember J. E. Grinstead's fine yarns about the Oklahoma boomers. I don't think this magazine lasted longer than a couple of years, and I've never understood why it didn't.

Doubleday tried again with *West*, more cowboy than Indian stuff, in fact, little of Indians, but with Old West flavor, and put Ned Collier in charge. I forget who was editor of *The Frontier*, whose trademark was a Kentucky long rifle. I might add here that I constantly argued with editors to publish Indian stuff, as I always liked Indians from the time I read Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales* and Edward E. Ellis' Indian stories. I argued that they couldn't present a true picture of the West and leave out Indians. They replied that the Indian was "dead" as a fiction character for readers of those times.

But I never let up and sometimes I won my point. Collier, by the way, was one editor who fully agreed with me. He kept *West* running smoothly for many years, until the pulp Westerns began to fail. Ned bought the title from Doubleday and tried to run it on his own, and he was successful for a time. Stories by J. E. Grinstead, Indian frontier stories about an old mountain man and scout, "Santa Fe," by W. H. B. Kent, and Old Bat Jennison stories by George Bruce Marquis kept the magazine going for awhile, but it finally folded.

Ned Collier was originally an associate editor for the Clayton Magazines where I first knew him in 1924. I joined the Clayton outfit myself in 1923 and was probably the youngest writer on the staff. Ray Nafziger was the next youngest. W. Bert Foster was the veteran of dime-novel days and story-papers, the Munsey periodicals, and the Edward Stratemeyer Syndicate, which produced scores of popular juveniles from about 1903 on. Howard Garis and his wife, Lillian C. Garis, and Harry St. George Rathborne were among the Syndicate writers. Foster wrote a great number of "The Buffalo Bill Stories," 136 of them, and other nickel thrillers for Street & Smith. When I met him in the Clayton office (rather, in his apartment the first time, where he lived with his second wife, Myrtle Juliette Corey Foster, also a writer) Bert had been writing for *Ace-High*—stories of his well-known cowboy characters, "Two-gun" Homer Stillson and his pardner, "Poke" Fellows. The latter, as "Poke" Carew, first saw life as the bronco buster in *The Buffalo Bill Stories* No. 353. It was one of the most pleasant moments of my life, that meeting with a writer whose stories I had so enjoyed as a boy and young man.

The Clayton outfit hadn't been in business very long when I sent them a yarn and had it snapped up with an invitation to come again. Harold Hersey was then the editor, and the publisher, Wm. M. Clayton, was an Englishman and former newspaper publisher. At the moment they had only *Forest and Stream* and *Ace-High Magazine*. The office was then at 80 Lafayette Street, New York.

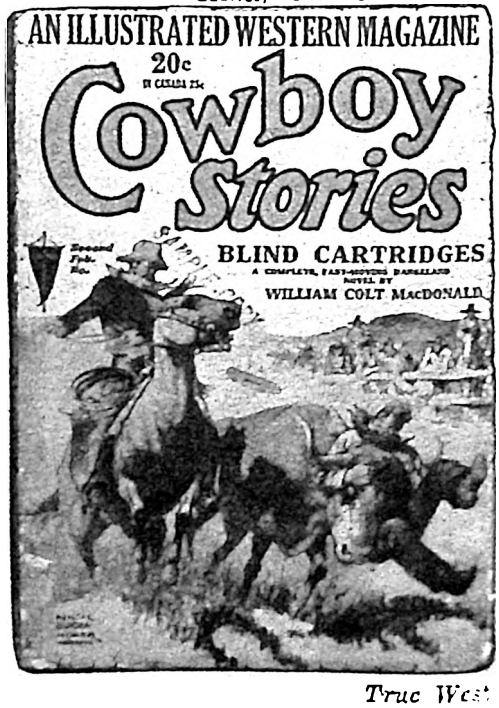
Both editor and publisher thought *Ace-High* ought to be doing better than it was just then. Clayton jokingly remarked that they got so many returns he thought someone must be printing *Ace-High* somewhere out West. *Ace-High* had top-grade artist Jerry Delano to do most of the covers, the headings for the Westerns in the book and also the prizefight stories. The content of the magazine, as advertised above the title in the masthead, was "Western, Adventure and Sport Stories." It was a bi-monthly and remained so until near its unhappy end, when it became a monthly.

At the time I came in, with Foster and Nafziger already there, it ran serials or complete novels by Foster under his own name or the pseudonym "John Boyd Clark"; humorous stories of the Hooker Bros. of Canyon Lobo by Natziger; and prizefight stories by Paul L. Anderson, a graduate of Lehigh University, my father's old Alma Mater.

Clayton, Hersey and Bina Flynn, associate editor of *Ace-High*, had got their heads together (I suspect the veteran Foster was at the conference, also) and decided that what was wrong with *Ace-High* was the "variety" business. People were devouring Westerns and more Westerns. So one more writer of Westerns—me—was welcome, and they removed the comma so that the line in the

Nick Eggenhofer's "Bulldogger" did much to give this *Cowboy Stories* newsstand appeal.

Courtesy Condé Nast Publications



masthead read, "Western Adventure and Sport Stories." Those prizefight stories of Anderson's were quite popular. *Ace-High* soon had its Circulation Department smiling again.

Then one day the editor showed me the dummy of a new publication, *Ranch Romances*—Western romance with considerable action. Bina Flynn was to be editor, and to help her she was to have a newcomer, Fanny Louise Ellsworth. Foster, Nafziger and I were all to contribute something regularly. It was a new type of story for us, except the action part—we were well grounded in that.

Ranch Romances started as a two-a-month, and Hersey and Clayton (and Bina, too) hadn't guessed wrong, for it went over with a bang. Men read it as well as women on account of the action in the formula. Charles L. Wrenn, a veteran illustrator from Street & Smith (whom I was extra pleased to know, along with Foster, because of his work for the nickel thrillers, particularly Buffalo Bills and Diamond Dicks), took over the doing of the covers. He did the great majority of them, and some of the story headings. Delano helped out when he wasn't doing *Ace-High* stuff.

Then Clayton thought up *Cowboy Stories*, "An Illustrated Western Magazine," and Nick Eggenhofer came in as illustrator to help Delano with this newest magazine's covers and headings. Between them they did some fine work.

Cowboy Stories also was a bull's-eye, and I was hauled off *Ace-High* and *Ranch Romances* for a time to write novelettes for it. Other writers who got in on this one were W. D. Hoffman and Forbes Parkhill. Thinking back, it was a serial in *Ace-High*, titled "Gun Gospel," which started Hoffman on a long assignment with Clayton.

I got a series started in *Cowboy Stories* about a stock detective—"Tapadera (Tappy for short) Thompson"; "The Peacemaker of Pintado Basin"; "The Cattle Raider of the Jicarilla"; etc. I already had two characters, "Larry Ordway" and his pardner, "Old Bill Randle," established in *Ace-High* in novelettes and serials. The original character, Ordway, had showed up first in *Western Story* in "A Buckskin Bargain." Larry and Old Bill have since appeared in the paperbacks of Avon and Ace.

An N. C. Wyeth bronc peelor and a B. M. Bower novel—sure-fire winners on a 1916 *Popular* cover.

Courtesy Condé Nast Publications

THE THREE MAGAZINES, *Ace-High*, *Ranch Romances*, and *Cowboy Stories* by now were really booming. Clayton decided that a blue triangle, with the names of these magazines on the three sides, should be put on each issue of his periodicals as the Clayton trademark. Charlie Wrenn made a model of a cowboy on a bucking bronc, the stand on which the man and horse were pinwheeling being a triangle with the three magazine titles on the sides. The figures were cast in a metal resembling bronze, and many of the writers and illustrators received a model for Christmas. I got one, and another recipient I might mention was Major Gordon W. Lillie, "Pawnee Bill," who had been conducting a "question and answer" department on things Western in the back pages of *Cowboy Stories*.

A serial, "The Man from Medicine Lodge" ran in *Cowboy* with the byline, Major G. W. Lillie, but the author was Culpepper Chunn, who unfortunately died before finishing the serial, leaving no notes that anyone could find about how he intended winding up the yarn (which had a mystery running throughout).

The editor had already started running the story when word came of Chunn's death, and I was asked if I'd try to complete the serial. I did and they liked it well enough to boost my rate. After I got acquainted with Pawnee Bill (you may be sure I was a follower of Buffalo Bill's Wild West—there's nothing to equal it these days—and my son is named William Cody), Major Lillie invited me to his Buffalo Ranch near Pawnee, Oklahoma.

The three Clayton Westerns and *Forest and Stream* were doing so well that the boss added more titles, *The Adventure Trail* (almost anywhere but the American West), *Clues* and several more I've forgotten, since I didn't write for them.

Rangeland Love Story Magazine and *Western Love Stories* were launched as companion magazines to *Ranch*, but *Rangeland Love* was the only one that gave *Ranch*, the old standby, any real competition. It was issued monthly. I wrote for both.

The offices were moved uptown. I remember hoping at the time that Clayton, a really good guy, wasn't spreading himself too thin. I was surprised one day to receive a letter from Street & Smith, offering a $25.00 bonus to let them have first look at any Westerns I wrote. If they bought the yarn it would be at a good rate; if they didn't I kept the $25.00, and I would receive the same amount on the next one sent for their consideration, whether or not they rejected it. This shows how, in those booming "Wild West times," publishers were keeping an eye on one another's product and the boys doing the stories and pictures.

I had already replied, thanking Street & Smith for the offer and stating that I was tied up with the Clayton outfit for a long period (ten years, in fact) when the boss himself summoned me to the office. He said he'd just got wind of the fact that Street & Smith were trying to swipe his authors. I assured him he had no cause to worry about me, and he was mightily pleased, saying, "I don't believe you can write more than I'll buy."

All those who had received letters like mine expressed the same feeling of loyalty. We all liked Bill Clayton a lot, so that when trouble did finally come we were ready and willing to back him up.

Hersey resigned and went to be editorial director of McFadden Publications, and later on started a string of his own magazines, one of which was *Outlaws of the West*. New editors and associate editors came in—Henry McComas, Ned Collier, Dave Redstone and others. Bina Flynn, who was married, had moved with her family from New York to Globe, Arizona, and Fanny Ellsworth had succeeded her as editor of *Ranch Romances*.

Fanny was the girl who made *Ranch* really pay off. For that matter, all three Westerns were whizzing along to rising circulations. *Ace-High Novels*, a monthly, was briefly added to the list, and I recall

Wild critters were part and parcel of everyday life on the pulp ranges. Cover illustrators made them charge and buck their way across newsstands from coast to coast.

Courtesy Condé Nast Publications

that it was in this mag that one of Ernest Haycox's early novels, "The Feudists," appeared. Everyone—or nearly everyone—saw that here was a new writer bursting with talent.

MUCH was happening, too, outside the Clayton offices. The "Thrilling" group of publications owned by Ned Pines, with Leo Margulies as editorial director, came magically to life, and these monthlies and two-a-months were due for a long run—*Thrilling Western, Thrilling Ranch, Popular Western, Texas Rangers, Rio Kid Western.* I had novelettes or shorts in all of these at various times.

Dell Publishing Company came up with one, *Western Romances* (to which I sold novelettes after Clayton folded), and Periodical House, Aaron A. Wynn, owner, published *Romance Roundup, Western Trails, Western Aces, All-Novel Western,* and *Red Seal Western.* Wynn paid particular attention to his covers and story headings.

Fiction House, Inc. started *Lariat Story Magazine* with Walt Coburn as a featured writer, and this company also made a success of *Frontier Stories,* built along the lines of *The Frontier,* which Doubleday had dropped. There were only Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter issues of *Frontier Stories,* always with hell-for-leather covers, frontiersmen or soldiers fighting Indians, lots of wagontrain stuff and frontier forts. "Last Stand Stockade" is a very good example. It bothers me that I can't remember the name of the artist who did most of these covers. It wasn't Remington Schuyler, P. V. E. Ivory, Monaghan, none of those. The stories were first-class, too, and *Frontier Stories* was, I believe, among the last to fall.

I had a novelette, "The Lady and the Longriders," in what was nearly the last issue of *Lariat Story. Frontier Stories* had kept pace but went down with the rest. Jack O'Sullivan was editing the stuff then; he had bought another story from me, "A Cowtown Street Runs Red," for *Lariat,* but, although he paid for it, the story was never published on account of the shutdown.

Popular Publications, Inc. had a long list of Westerns—*Dime Western, .44 Western, Mavericks, Rangeland Romances,* several others whose titles I can't recall. When Clayton failed, they bid for *Ace-High,* called it *Ace-High Western,* and carried it along until they, too, fell like a house of cards. There were two editors I knew at Popular Publications—Rogers Terrill and Harry Widmer. They were joined later by Mike Tilden, one of the best-known Western editors. This company started *Pioneer Stories* and *Indian Stories,* but neither was successful, much to my—and their—disappointment. Some of the top writers of that magazine chain were Walt Coburn, Tom Blackburn, and Joe Chadwick.

Street & Smith got out a line of ten-centers, one of which was *Pete Rice Magazine.* Before Pete showed up, *The Shadow* by Lester Dent and *Nick Carter Magazine* by Richard Wormser had got a good start. Pete Rice was a sheriff, but I forget who wrote the series, and it didn't last more than a year if that long. It presented a too modern West, airplanes, etc. I think Walter Baumhofer did the covers, which were excellent.

I BELIEVE I have covered most of the Western magazines which made the big time. Stacks of them appeared regularly on all newsstands and just as regularly were bought up. News dealers told me often that customers who bought Westerns bought them by the dozen and no other kind. However, there were plenty of readers for airplane stories after Lindbergh's flight to Paris, to buy up issues of *Wings, Air Trails* and *Battle Birds,* and more readers to keep the detective magazines circulating. All pulp publishers had a detective title and some had more than one.

Courtesy Condé Nast Publications

"Vaquero" by N. C. Wyeth, exemplifies the top-flight art used by *Popular* when it featured stories by some of the top names in Western fiction.

When the Depression struck, it was some time before the magazine groups began to feel it much. The reason was that people—men, anyway, though *Ranch* had an enormous tally of women readers, too—could afford twenty or twenty-five cents for a magazine which gave hours of entertainment when they couldn't afford anything more expensive. Then, one day in the Thirties, Bill Clayton had bad news for his staff. The magazines—except for *Ranch Romances*—weren't making money. *Ranch* was really carrying the load. He asked us to play along with him, to accept promissory notes temporarily and, if given time, things might take a turn for the better. I don't remember that there was a single dissenting voice; but Clayton's luck didn't change. To cut it short, he had to declare bankruptcy.

Other publishing houses bid for some of the Clayton titles: Popular Publication got *Ace-High,* reduced the price to 10c and made a good thing of it; Street & Smith got *Cowboy Stories* and *Clues;* Warner Publications (owned by Eltinge Warner) got *Ranch Romances.* The same writing staff which had made *Ranch* held up in spite of everything went along with the magazine and Fanny Ellsworth, still a young woman and a smart editor who could please both women and men readers, to new quarters on Madison Avenue.

The writing staff included Ray Nafziger, using the pseudonym "Robert Dale Denver," Frank C. Robertson, L. P. Holmes, Wm. Freeman Hough, E. B. Mann, Austin Corcoran and Myrtle Juliette Corey Foster (she was then W. Bert Foster's widow—Bert died in the early 1930s—and Corcoran, a genuine Western rancher, collaborated with Myrtle on feature novels), Marie De Nervaud and myself.

Occasionally I used the pseudonym "George R. MacFarland" for my novels in *Ranch,* but mostly I used my own name. Other pseudonyms I used at various times were "L. J. Edwards," "James Buell Hartley," and "Wilson L. Covert" (my brothers name in reverse).

Mentioning Bert Foster reminds me that a new and top writer joined the Clayton staff sometime before Bert died—William Colt MacDonald, who wrote lots of good stuff for *Ace-High* and *Cowboy Stories.*

Along with *Ranch,* Warner Publications also bought *Forest and Stream* from Clayton, and Warner was already publishing a top-grade detective magazine, *Black Mask,* whose featured writers were Dashiell Hammett, Carroll John Daly, Erle Stanley Gardner and others. Joe Shaw was editor.

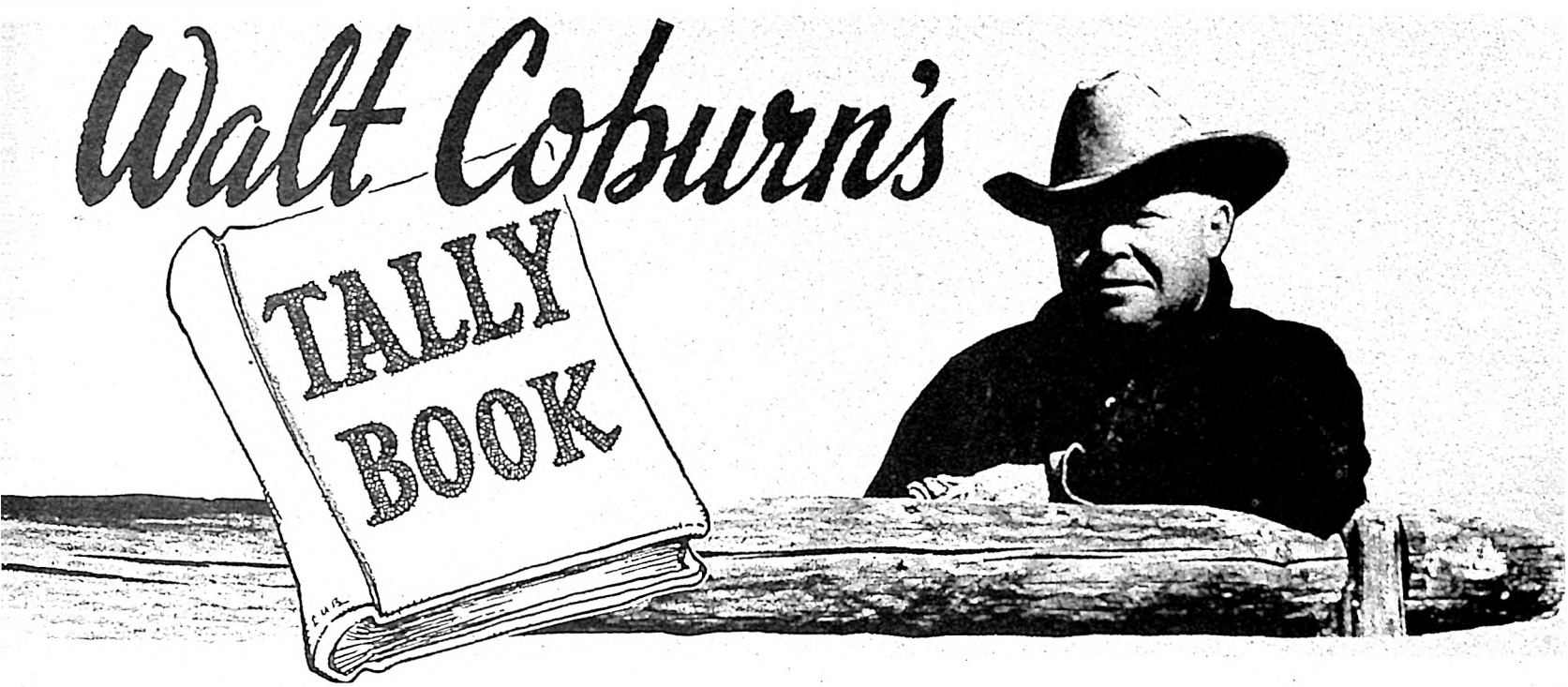
FANNY ELLSWORTH continued to be highly successful with *Ranch Romances (Rangeland Love* and *Western Love Stories* were dropped by Warner Publications). I wrote for *Ranch,* and still had time for some other publications—Leo Margulies' Thrilling group and later Aaron Wyn's chain of Westerns. Frank Gruber had been working for Wyn, but heard the call to Hollywood, where he certainly made good. He let me know he was going, in fact invited me to lunch before his departure for California, and when I visited Periodical House offices later I was pleasantly surprised to find Ned Collier and Ruth Dreyer, former Clayton editors, there. Collier was about to launch a new magazine, *Super-Western.* I was in time to write him a feature novel, "Steel Rails Westward," about the Union Pacific, railroad builders, buffalo hunters, cavalry and Indians which I've always thought one of my best yarns. This was about 1940. I was to continue selling a novelette under my own name and a short under a pseudonym to Wyn's *Western Trails* and *Western Aces* (each published alternate months) for the next seven years—twenty-four stories a year. I still contributed to *Ranch,* featured novels and novelettes, and now and then a story to Margulies. He had taken on as an associate editor James B. Hendryx, Jr., son of the Hendryx who wrote the Corporal (later Sergeant) Downey of the Royal Mounted Police stories which, with other stories of the Yukon, were published in book form by G. P. Putnam following magazine serialization. Young Hendryx happened to be the editor who took my yarns for the Thrilling group, though I had sold some to them earlier when he wasn't there.

Naturally, there were many artists who did headings for my stuff. Two of the best known were Jerry Delano and Nick Eggenhofer, but at the Wyn offices, on the art staff, was a young fellow, "Doc" W. Kremer, whose headings were so very good that I asked Ruth Dreyer, who had moved up to editor when Ned Collier resigned to write a book, to let Bill Kremer do more of my stories. She did, and also gave me some original pen and inks which had illustrated stories of mine. These double-page spreads by Kremer had a flint-hard reality which made them outstanding.

When Ruth Dreyer became editor, Don Wollheim was associate. I got along fine with both of them—and Aaron Wyn, the

(Continued on page 58)

Walt Coburn's TALLY BOOK



THE GREAT FALLS MEAT Company was holding a little bunch of beef steers on the north side of the Missouri River, a few miles back in the hills of a little Honjak settlement called "Little Chicago" on the smelter side.

At daybreak one morning, before the first streetcar crossed the Fifteenth Street suspension bridge, the cowhands working for the meat company crowded the steers onto the bridge. I think Dick Bodkin was in charge of the herd, but the man who rode in the lead, ahead of the cattle, was a stranger. A black-haired man who rode a long stirrup.

Once the cattle got started across the bridge, the clatter of their own hoofs spooked them, and the bridge was packed from rail to rail with running cattle, and started to sway from side to side like a cradle rocking.

I had driven out in the buggy with my father and we were the only ones there that early in the morning, except for Charlie Russell, the artist, who was setting his horse alongside our rig. I was just a kid then, but it was a sight I never forgot. The cowhand in the lead had his horse wide open and the lead steers were blowing slobber on his tail, and from where we were, we could see the narrow bridge swinging dangerously.

A couple of young would-be cowboys fetching up the drags turned back, but the black-haired feller in the lead yanked down his hat and you could see his white teeth bared as he stood high in his stirrups, his ketch-rope coiled in his hand. He had his hand on the saddle horn, and now and then he'd cut a look back to see how close the lead steers were crowding the rump of his horse. So close there wasn't room to spit. When the drag end was clear of the bridge he held up the leaders and got the cattle stopped running.

Then the black-haired gent loped over to our rig. He was a six-foot man with his pants legs shoved into his boot tops. As handsome a looking man in a black-haired, grey-eyed way as you'd want to see. He had a habit of standing in his stirrups as if he were in a hurry to get there and his horse was traveling too slow.

He called my father by name. "I'm Jake Myers," he said. "From Indian Territory. I want to hire out to the Circle C."

"Meet me at the Park Hotel after supper," my father told him. "We can talk it over, but from the way you handled those cattle you got a job."

I remember I was wearing a tweed cap and I saw this Oklahoma Jake grin at me. I grinned back.

I was sitting on the Park Hotel porch with my father when the tall cowhand came up the steps. I had on the new Stetson hat my father brought me each June to wear at the ranch.

"Good thing you threw away that cap and are wearing a Stetson like a cowman's son should," Jake said, poking me in the ribs and shoving a sack of candy at me. I was looking at the six-shooter in the waistband of his pants.

His talk with my father was strictly business. He was hired on the spot and for better than common wages. Inside a year he was running the wagon and he gradually worked into the job of general ramrod of the Circle C outfit. He kept that job until we sold out to the Matadors in 1915. My father was a good judge of horses, cattle and men. He hired a natural when he took Jake Myers on.

He was from what had been the Cherokee Strip. He had the straight black hair and high cheekbones of a Cherokee. Most everybody figured he was part Indian. I never heard him deny it. He never admitted it. He never said so, one way or another.

Jake loved kids. But at the same time, he deviled the life out of every youngster he met. No matter how hard you tried, though, you couldn't stay mad at him. He'd josh you out of it.

I never saw Jake without a gun on him. He didn't wear it for show. It was a part of him and he would have felt naked without it. He was never quarrelsome. So far as I know he never shot anybody. But I watched him hit a man with a gun barrel so he stayed hit.

JAKE hired out about the time things were getting a little rough around the edges. The Circle C was said to be a tough cow outfit to work for, and the Little Rockies country was a tough cow country and the stomping ground for outlaws. But somehow Jake fitted in with it all.

The Circle C was having its share of trouble, first with the sheepmen and then the homesteaders, the dry-land farmers, and the trouble lasted up to the time we sold the outfit.

Jake liked to take me along with him because, even though I was a growing kid, I knew how to keep my mouth shut and I'd do what he told me to do. I've been in more than a few tights with Jake. Times when I was scared, but I was more scared of showing it in front of Jake. Mebby that's what kept me from rabbitting when Jake took it for granted I'd be there.

But when I went wild of my own accord, it was Jake who took my part against my father and two older half-brothers, Bob and Will, who rode hell out of me until I'd bow my neck and quit the flats. I'd stand it, three-four months, working eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, then I'd saddle a horse and pull out for town. I'd cut the telephone line both ways, from the ranch to Zortman and Landusky in the Little Rockies, to Malta on the railroad. I packed a gun and rode broncs and wanted to be tough. I was always talking about throwing in with the Wild Bunch.

When Jake would come to town and bring me back to the ranch, he'd tell Bob and Will and the Old Gent, as he called my father, to let me alone. That's why I always knew Jake would stand at my back till my belly caved in. And then he'd turn right around and get me into a jackpot that concerned the Circle C, and there for a few years we rode in pairs.

On the home ranch or on the roundup Jake worked the hell out of us. He never slacked off or gave himself the best of it. He never ate breakfast, but he'd walk around with a cup of coffee and a cigarette, restless like, while we'd wolf our morning grub a few hours before daylight. Jake was the coffee-drinkinest man I ever knew.

Jake joshed the men under him and treated them like he was a common cowhand. But he got more work out of a crew of hands than any other ramrod I ever knew. When he'd ride off on a

(Continued on page 51)

Courtesy Author

"Captain" John Hance, who drove the ill-fated Canyon Diablo-Flagstaff stagecoach the day it was robbed of a fortune in gold, is shown in this faded print.

DEAD OUTLAWS' LOOT

By MAURICE KILDARE

ON a mountain bench overhanging the city of Flagstaff, Arizona, is buried $125,000—waiting to be found. It has been a well-kept secret. All the pioneers living in the area when it was hidden are dead. Less than six of their descendents ever heard about it. Those few during their lifetime have tried finding it.

On the site where outlaws put their loot away are other mysteries. Like finding the swag, they have never been solved either.

It began the morning of May 10, 1881. Thirty-five miles east, the day dawned in Canyon Diablo as usual. Its denizens after a night of carousing and gambling fell inside some shack to sleep awhile. The dives, saloons and poker flats were temporarily bereft of free-spending customers, although they never closed. Few of the establishments possessed a front door.

The stub passenger train chuffed into the yellow painted station from Winslow, end of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad building west toward California. The road was stopped in Canyon Diablo until construction crews completed the bridge over the deep canyon which gave the small town a name.

The westbound stagecoach stood beside the loading platform, its whip on the box lanky, rawboned John Hance. His passengers were already inside, baggage in the rear boot. From the train came four canvas mail bags. Two of them were unusually heavy. It required a couple of men to lift them separately into the boot.

As soon as the leather cover was strapped down, hairy faced Hance squalled, "Ho-o-o-o! Ho-o-o-o!"

Six big, black horses threw their weight against the collars and the big Concord lumbered into motion. In a run, it wheeled out of Canyon Diablo's single street, rolling north steadily some miles before swinging west onto the California-Santa Fe Trail.

The gaunt rims of Canyon Diablo gradually lowered until stone walls faded into dirt banks. Crossing through a cutbank, the stage set out on the longer section of road for Flagstaff. This mountain town was a collection of wooden shacks. There passengers and baggage had to be transferred to the next stage for another railroad at Needles, California.

The men who robbed the stage have been accounted for—they were buried. But the man who supplied the tip on the gold shipment was never apprehended. Did he wait until the heat was off and make it back to the cache? Chances are this money has already been spent—but maybe not!

Hance kept his teams moving by frequent yells and an occasional cracking of the whip over the backs of his racing horses. Black cinder country fell behind. Entering cedar forests, the vehicle climbed steadily into pine timber of higher elevations onto a bench of the San Francisco Peaks.

Ascending a slope into the cooler air, the teams slowed, catching a breather. The stagecoach was barely crawling onto a flat divide when three unmasked riders with leveled six-guns appeared on the right side.

Instinctively Hance glanced left, finding two more such gentry there. On order, he lined to a complete stop.

"Ain't packin' nothin' valuable, boys," Hance grumbled good-naturedly. "No money box on this trip. Looks like folks have plumb run out of mazuma."

"Shut up!" a big red-bearded man answered him. On his signal the pair on the left side of the road kicked their mounts to the rear boot and unstrapped the cover. The two mail sacks on top were lifted out and dropped to the ground.

"Okay, gabby," Red Whiskers snapped, "get going!"

SOMEWHAT surprised that the passengers were not robbed, Hance put his teams into the traces. Imagine taking nothing but mail bags!

Rolling out of the pass, the stage reached Flagstaff at five o'clock in the afternoon. The new town consisted of two stores, five saloons and a dozen shacks, all nailed together from recently cut lumber. Hance drew up before the largest saloon, which contained the stage office in a front corner. A line hostler took over the stage while two swampers unloaded the boot.

Disembarking passengers started telling of the strange holdup in rising excitement. Spectators gathered around them quickly. The fat agent puffing outside bareheaded heard them, and paled to a pasty gray. He watched Hance unconcernedly dismount and approach, chewing a cud of tobacco.

"Is it true, John?" the agent demanded hoarsely.

"Yeah. Five bad boys took a couple of mail sacks off us. Some folks ain't gonna get their mail today."

"Come in here!" the agent replied, shaking badly.

Still only curious, Hance followed him inside the office. The town marshal joined them. Flagstaff had no other officer, although sometimes a deputy sheriff from the county seat, 200 miles away at Prescott, was stationed there.

"Those two bags," the agent got out between chattering teeth, "contained a fortune in gold and silver—a shipment from an Albuquerque bank to San Francisco. It was packed in two five-gallon oak whiskey kegs and put in the bags wrapped with old paper."

"How come it wasn't in a regular iron box?" Hance asked, his eyes blinking sharply. "Damned fool stunt, if you ask me!"

"Wells Fargo planned to fool outlaws by disguising it that way. There's been too many robberies along the line lately. More than a hundred thousand dollars were in those two kegs!"

Hance looked a little startled. "Seems like somebody had information right out of the feed box. They knowed which bags to take!"

Hance described the general appearance of all five outlaws, and stated where the robbery had occurred. A posse of citizens organized and were led out by the marshal. They wore themselves out and returned to town, considering the robbers gone yonder.

Hance in the years ahead was destined for fame as a miner, and was called the Baron Munchausen of Grand Canyon. He came in for good-natured joshing in the saloons for allowing himself to be robbed in such an unspectacular fashion.

Hance was often asked, "Why didn't you pull your rouser and mow them bandits down?"

"Hah!" he would retort. "I only had four bullets and there was *five* of them!"

Most of the gold and silver was in the form of small bars. In each keg also had been added rolls of gold and silver coins. The Wells Fargo agents were very chagrined over the failure of what they considered a clever scheme to evade bandits. They howled loudly over the loss, which they reported amounted to $125,000. Demands were made on the Army at several territorial forts to do something about lawlessness in northern Arizona.

The Army did take action, but only through the initiative of one man. A patrol of the 6th U.S. Cavalry of Company D from Fort Apache, under command of Capt. E. C. Hentig, was on a scout through Sunset Pass on to Coconino Plateau. On the trail he heard of the robbery, and continued to Flagstaff via Canyon Diablo.

Although the crime was more than a week old, his two Indian scouts managed to pick up the robber's trail. The patrol of a dozen men followed it up the mountainside onto the 8,500-foot level, to what became known as Veit Spring.

The Indian scouts, working sign, dropped back the middle of the afternoon. They reported a log cabin just ahead in heavy timber. Five men had

Flagstaff, Arizona in 1881. The stage station was in the second building from the right.

Courtesy Northern Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

saddled horses at a pole corral.

The high rock wall of a higher mountain bench reared skyward behind the cabin. The spring flowed out of its base. The corral stood a few yards below the one-room cabin built against a giant granite boulder.

Advancing alone to where he could see through the pine timber, Capt. Hentig reconnoitered. One burly man of the group wore a thick red beard, as he had been told. Satisfied that they were the robbers, he signaled his troopers forward.

The five were outside the corral preparing to mount when blue-clad troopers dashed down on them. Deliberately, or else panicked, the outlaws opened fire. It was returned by the troopers, and within a minute all five lay in their own gore, dead.

The bodies were shoveled into a common hole, the horses and equipment were gathered up, and the cabin was searched. That night the patrol bivouaced in Flagstaff. Asked about the kegs of loot, Capt. Hentig could only say that nothing whatever of them had been found. He was killed on Cibicu Creek the following August in an Indian skirmish.

THE NEXT DAY a dozen men rode to Veit Spring, searching for the loot. Failure produced an idea that the dead five might not have been the robbers after all, but they might be badly wanted outlaws. When traced down by the troopers they resisted desperately rather than surrender to be hanged somewhere.

Hance was taken to the spring when the bodies were dug up. The cool atmosphere preserved the features, and the dead still looked natural. He identified them all as the robbers. But search and dig as men later did, no trace of the kegged loot came to light.

Nothing was found on the bodies to identify them. Since they were unknown locally, the robbers were concluded to have been strangers to Arizona. It was believed they appeared on the scene especially to pull the holdup, planning it on inside information.

Flagstaff had a changing population, especially after the railroad built on through. Within a few short months the mysterious robbery was rarely mentioned. Only a handful of settlers discussed it. Sometimes they passed on information to close friends. Thus the matter of buried gold and silver slipped into an ironbound secret few ever knew much about.

The first seekers discovered freshly cut signs on great rounded granite stones. Then, as now, the signs were considered clues to the buried treasure. Theoretically, there must have been marks so that if serious trouble was encountered, any survivors could find it again. There were reportedly several signs, but today only two can be identified with any degree of certainty. One is a sprawling "X" cut on a giant stone where the pole corral once stood. The other is a big, wide N followed by the figure "1".

The identity of the man who built the small cabin has been lost. He put in the usual quickly-built hut. It was part dugout, with log walls in a rectangular shape. Only one opening existed, a door facing south under a flat dirt roof.

In 1882 George Veit took up the area of 160 acres as a timber claim. He built a high-walled log house which is still there, and cleared off pine timber around the premises (which today is overgrown with aspen). He also put in a log barn and corrals down the slope from the spring later named for him.

Flagstaff's oldest citizen, W. H. (Billy) Switzer, now ninety-seven, recalls that Veit farmed the southwest draw. Billy and his father bought potatoes from him in 1883. Veit lived down off the mountain during the winter because the snow got about fifteen feet deep on the bench.

Veit hunted for the buried outlaw loot. He dug all over the slopes, the dirt floor of the cabin, around the spring and in the perpetual ice caves. They were less than half a mile from his house in the natural stone wall. But he never found anything, living poor all his life until selling his improvements sometime before 1909. Veit disappears then, and there is no record of what happened to him. The son with him there at the time, George, Jr., has been dead for many years.

George McCormick, who hunted lost mines and buried treasure all his life, arrived in Flagstaff in 1889. Soon learning the secret of the outlaw loot, he tried many times to find it. After World War I he obtained a mine detector, but this instrument failed to locate the gold and silver.

In the fall of 1908 a short, middle-aged man accompanied by a youth said to be his son, arrived at the Veit ranch. He claimed to be a geologist, and was apparently a highly educated man. Asserting that he wanted to study geological formations, he received permission to camp near Veit's place in the forest.

In the days following, father and son wandered around collecting rock specimens. Veit decided he was nothing more than another prospector.

The situation took a fast turn when the two were discovered in the ice caves. The caverns contained natural ice the year around. In them Veit hung his meat supply. It consisted of an occasional beef, but mostly wild game from a plentiful mountain supply.

A man working for Veit entered the cavern for a haunch of meat. He discovered the two deep inside the main cave. Crouched beside a lantern, they studied a map. Withdrawing unseen, the employe reported the circumstances to Veit. Thereafter they were watched closely.

The man and boy left camp each morning as though prospecting at some distant place. Then as soon as they believed Veit and his employe had gone to work off the premises, they sneaked back to the ice caves. This went on for a week before the impatient Veit confronted them underground.

"What are you up to?" he demanded. "Do you think you have a map to the buried treasure?"

The man grinned sheepishly. "My map shows where it is supposed to be, but it doesn't work out that way. We have gone through the caves. It isn't here, unless under deep ice farther back in the mountain. But I doubt they would have ventured into such dangerous areas."

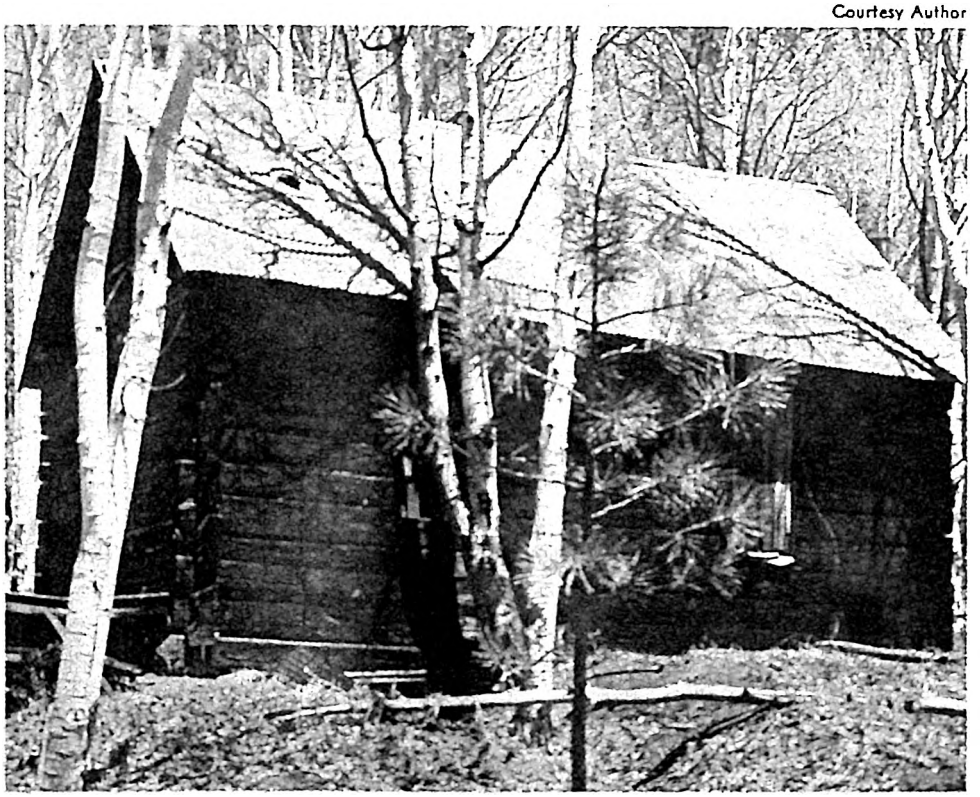
Veit laughed amusedly. "I thought of that many years ago. I can tell you what's under the ice. I should know, as I have chopped it all out at one time or another. There's only more rocks!"

Before leaving, the stranger talked a little more, but revealed nothing of how he came by the map. Dead men don't draw them. Other hunters on learning about it, thought that an outside party knew how and when the outlaws planned the stage robbery. He also knew their intention to hide the loot. After their deaths he simply drew the map according to the information in his possession. Probably some day he intended recovering it himself. The stranger could have been that man.

ANOTHER inscription was destined to come to light to further confound the situation for some treasure hunters. While most of them never saw or knew anything about it, a few did.

Veit's log house was built in 1882. The tin roof has been added in recent years.

Courtesy Author



On the huge granite boulder against which the west end of the first cabin jutted, and almost concealed by aspens not yet thirty years old, is an inscription.

The work reveals the skill of an experienced stone carver. The oblong was first leveled in the rounded surface, then the letters and numerals cut in. The missing letter and figures might tell more. It looks like a grave marker, but there is no record of a Veit buried there. Only a few have considered it a clue to the buried treasure, for Veit did not arrive until a few months following the stage holdup, and from somewhere never divulged.

Each secret treasure hunter, if cognizant of the inscription, has a pet theory as to what it means. A couple imagine that it does concern the cached treasure. They reason that Veit actually found it, and cut, or had cut, the inscription so that he could always locate it readily. At the time, perhaps, he was afraid to reveal he had it, the cache being liable to seizure by former owners.

Could be, but it is somewhat farfetched. Veit's surviving son could have taken it, if in on such a secret. But this doesn't hold water either. He married the niece of a friend of mine, sheepman George Campbell, and lived at Flagstaff until the middle 1930s. He was never rich, and when his wife's wealthy uncle died, she inherited nothing from him.

Those who imagine the inscription marks a grave are also wrong. There is no grave near the big rock. Neighbors of Veit when he lived there, families not two miles away, say no one died on the ranch that they ever knew of. The inscription remains shrouded in mystery, just as the unexplained light does.

Those who have seen it, treasure hunters and wild game nimrods, claim that it has a silver glow. It appears from off the upper bench moving fast. On reaching ground near the spring it slows down, thereafter wandering around as though a man carried a lantern, searching for something. The more superstitious allege it to be the unhappy spirit of a dead robber.

Of the inscription, if there are three missing letters instead of one, I would settle that it only means "VEIT (E) STABLIS(H)E(D)" (His ranch) sometime in January, 1882.

IN THE FALL of 1912 a tall, dignified man from New England approached Colonel Fred S. Breen, publisher of the *Coconino Sun*. He requested access to the weekly issues for the year, 1881. When informed that the first newspaper, forerunner of the *Coconino Sun*, the Flagstaff *Champion*, did not begin publication until late 1883, the caller appeared crestfallen.

Sympathetic, Breen inquired his reasons. The stranger told him somewhat hesitantly that he was the friend of a family who had had a son killed on the mountain in 1881 by a cavalry patrol. He hoped to discover from a published account enough facts to prove it. If the long dead man was their vanished son, the family wanted the remains recovered and shipped east for reburial.

Although Breen had been in Flagstaff since the 1890s, for awhile as a forest supervisor, he had never heard of any such incident. But he did contact one pioneer after another, and got no whisper of the killing or of the stage holdup until reaching George McCormick. He could give them only what he heard from others.

Courtesy Author

The carving on the rock above may or may not be connected with the hidden loot. The lettering VEIT, STABLIS-E, JAN. and the numbers 188- appear on the worn surface. Melvin McCormick, left, and C. J. Halliday use a surplus mine detector in their search for the treasure.

McCormick called in Al Beasley, who ran sheep near Flagstaff in the early 1880s. John Hance, then at the Grand Canyon and best known as "Captain," the narrator of tall tales, was also contacted. As driver of the looted stage he interested the stranger most. Hance, never without a gift of gab, described the red bearded bandit very closely.

The stranger immediately returned to Flagstaff. Hiring a dozen men, he went up on the mountain with them, spending three weeks rodding holes in the ground futilely trying to locate the common grave.

On leaving Flagstaff, he told Breen that he would next search Army records in an effort to obtain clues as to the gravesite. At his request neither his name nor his business appeared as news in the paper. Apparently he found nothing in Army records to help locate the grave, for he never returned to Flagstaff.

The following summer a local character known as "Short Jimmy" McGuire, displaying a water witch's willow fork in Black's Saloon declared, "I can find it with this!" When asked what he proposed locating, he clammed up and looked very wise.

Somehow he became privy to the secret of the buried treasure. A few days later he disappeared from town for nearly a month. Then one night he showed in Black's Saloon again. His clothing was badly torn, and his bewhiskered face long unwashed. He looked as though he could stand a few snorts.

Slamming a discolored $50 gold piece on the bar he shouted, "Drinks for everybody!" The former moocher was buying.

A crowd gathered around him at once in joshing good nature.

"I told you I could find the stuff," Short Jimmy declared. "Well, I did but I got to have help to get it out."

Questions flooded him in a torrent, but about then Short Jimmy gulped down his third and fourth drink, and collapsed on the floor by the brass foot-rail. Dr. E. S. Miller was summoned. He pronounced Short Jimmy beyond all earthly help, having died instantly from a heart attack. His pants pockets were stuffed with gold coins.

Jimmy's erratic statements meant nothing to most of those who heard. But to treasure hunters who knew the secret it meant he actually had found the robbers' loot. Three men were out of town before dawn, running into each other seeking Short Jimmy's tracks leaving the old Veit ranch. They were everywhere on

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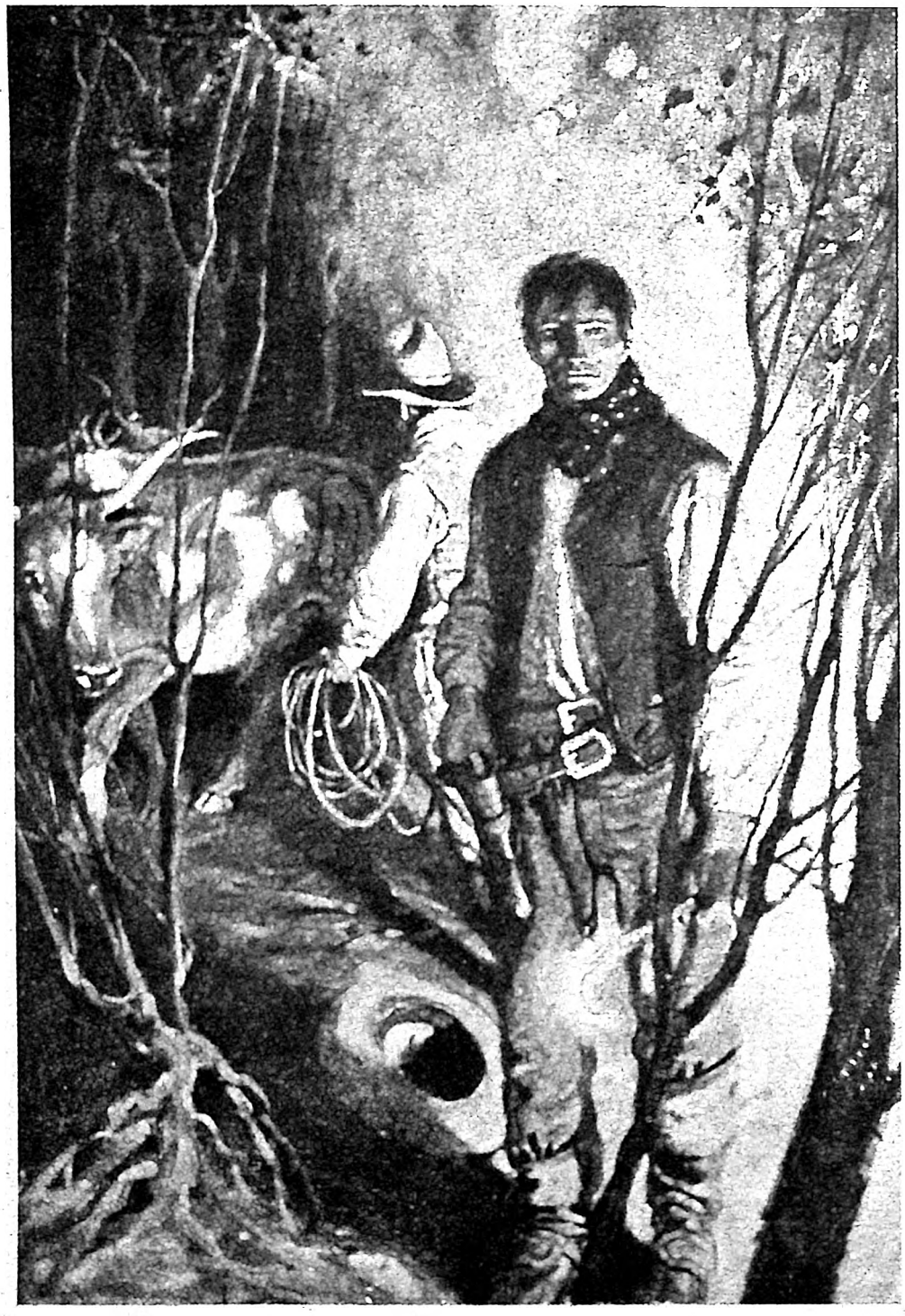
One Western character who could never be "pegged" was the rustler. He varied from the lowest form of petty thief to the respectable rancher who often admitted, "Hell, I've done it myself!"

Long Rope and Running



By
HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

Illustration by N. C. Wyeth

ON THE open range, ownership of a calf was determined by the brand on the cow. But if the calf escaped the roundup and grew big enough to leave its mother without a brand, or if it were orphaned by causes natural or unnatural, there was no way of proving who owned it, and this simple natural fact led to more trouble and strife than any other one cause in the history of the West.

The orphan was called a maverick. There are numerous legends as to the origin of the name, but all agree that it was derived from that of the well-known Texas family, and that somewhere, at some time, there was a man named Maverick who neglected to brand his increase. Hence a rider happening upon a slick-sided cow or bull would say, "That's one of Maverick's," or simply "That's a Maverick." One version has it that this wily character deliberately refrained from branding and then said, "Anything without a brand is mine." The real story is told by J. Frank Dobie in *The Longhorns* and again by Robert H. Fletcher in *Free Grass to Fences*. A South Carolinian named Samuel A. Maverick had come to Texas and was practicing law in San Antonio some years before the Civil War. In 1845 he accepted 400 head of mixed cattle in lieu of cash on a note. Fletcher's account continues:

The cattle were on long, narrow Matagorda Island four miles off the Texas coast. They were in charge of an irresponsible Negro family who seemingly came with the cattle as part of the deal .... The Negroes were not very conscientious herders and few calves were branded.

During the Mexican war Maverick was up to his ears in business and political affairs. He paid slight attention to his island bovines and due to defections by restless members of the herd (who had waded ashore at low tide) they

This dramatic painting of a rustler's camp was done by the distinguished Western illustrator, N. C. Wyeth, in 1907 when the artist was 25 years old. In the glow of the cherry-red running iron, Wyeth has caught the apprehensive atmosphere that was so much a part of the crafty lawbreaker's life.

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Irons

still tallied four hundred after he had owned them for eight years.

In 1853 he had them moved from the island to the mainland where they mingled with the herds of full-time stockgrowers who kept their calves branded and who were forever on the lookout for slicks. When they found one, it was a twenty-to-one shot that it was a Maverick critter, which didn't deter them from slapping their own iron on the beast. And so unbranded cattle became known as Mavericks.

In 1856 Sam Maverick sold his herd. . . . They were the only cattle he ever owned.

Sam Maverick was a Yale graduate, and thus an eastern institution of learning became connected, albeit remotely, with one of the most controversial aspects of life in the Wild West.

Wyoming law defined mavericks as "all neat cattle, regardless of age, found running at large in this territory without a mother, and upon which there is no brand." Whose were they? Popular opinion had a ready answer: the unidentified animal belonged to the first man who dropped his loop on it. A "wide loop." A "long rope." The two terms meant the same thing. They meant trouble and loss for the owners of large herds.

ALONG with the long rope went the running iron. Respectable cow outfits imprinted their monogram on bovine hides with heavy stamp irons, but a slender rod with a curved tip would do just as well, in expert hands, to inscribe or burn over any brand. There were times and places where the mere carrying of a running iron on a man's saddle was considered prima facie evidence of guilt.

In most respects the honesty of the West was proverbial. Doors were never locked. Word-of-mouth agreements were accepted on transactions involving tens of thousands of dollars. But the West had an elastic conscience when it came to stock matters—it stretched like a piece of wet rawhide. Worse yet was the unsanctified sense of humor which made lawbreaking, which ought to have been a serious matter, a subject of infinite deadpan jesting on the part of everybody except the victim—unless the thief got caught, and then the joke was on him.

A whole family of yarns grew up around the assumption, which contained more truth than poetry, that no cow outfit on the roundup or on the trail ever willingly killed one of its own animals for meat. For instance there was the one about the Texas cowman who rode up to a neighbor's camp at dinner time, and was invited in with typical plains hospitality.

"Come in, come right into camp, John, and have some dinner," urged the host. "I'll give you something to eat you never ate before in your life."

"What's that?" the visitor asked, falling into the trap.

"A piece of your own beef."

The folklore rang countless changes on the theme, in vintage jests which grew warm with repetition. There was the one about the widow-woman who told her boys, when they brought in meat for the table, to be sure not to take an animal bearing their own brand, for she would as lief eat one of her little children as one of her own beeves. There were not-so-sly allusions to the cowman who was so extraordinarily honest, or extraordinarily tough, that he could eat a steak from one of his own animals without feeling queasy; conversely, there was the cowman who unknowingly ate a bait of his own beef and it made him deathly sick.

Another classic was the yarn about the dishonest foreman, which proceeded from the tongue-in-cheek assumption that the foreman of any large outfit was inevitably dishonest and stole from his employer, who had of course stolen in his turn from somebody else; hence arose this chestnut about the foreman whose employer's brand was a simple letter I. In time the foreman became ambitious and decided to start a herd for himself; he chose for his brand an IC. As years went by he too became rich and respectable, and *his* foreman, becoming ambitious in turn, started a herd which he branded ICU. Finally, we come to the third foreman, following in the footsteps of the others, who branded ICU2. Pretty feeble, no doubt, but it remained good for a laugh after countless repetitions over coffee and beans in the cook tent.

An easy way of stealing, before the era of tight brand-registration laws, was for a newcomer to move in on a range and start a brand which was like that of a wealthy neighbor except for the addition of a few lines. There are countless instances of brand conversion; a CY, for example, was readily changeable to an OX.

It was a sagebrush axiom that all it took to start a cow outfit was a running iron and nerve enough to use it. To this day the barroom cynic in any cow-country town, always ready to enlighten the newcomer, is sure to offer half-seriously, half in jest: "Why, don't you know how old So-and-So got his start?" —naming the ancestor of the largest cattle owner in the area. "He got it with a long rope and a running iron." The remark has been made about every cattleman of any prominence from the Rio Grande to the Canadian line, and is so hoary with ancient usage that it is taken without offense. Since it is a well-known psychological principle that humor is generally a denial of some inner discomfort, the discerning will see in this enormous folklore of jests about stealing, the symptoms of guilt.

Courtesy The University of Texas Library

Early portrait of Colonel Samuel A. Maverick, whose name was used to describe unbranded range animals.

THERE were rustlers and rustlers. Their methods varied and so did their community status. The distinctions among the various kinds of rustling were like the difference between professional prostitution and an occasional fling.

Branding a maverick, in the minds of the generality, was a crime without moral turpitude, if a crime at all—like violating the prohibition law or cheating on an expense account. No amount of legislation ever wholly changed this attitude, though a few jail sentences helped. Even under the law it was rated a misdemeanor, not a felony.

But it was one thing to slap your iron on a maverick when you happened on him in the course of a day's riding; this was a temptation few could resist, and men of the sternest anti-rustling persuasion have been heard to admit with the third highball: "Hell, I've done it myself." It was another thing to scour the country deep into another man's range looking for slicks on the pretext that you were merely out hunting strays, and to keep this up day after day. The more you made a business of mavericking the closer you came to the fine line that separated the mavericker from something worse. "'Mavericking,'" Frank Dobie has said, "graduated into a soft synonym for stealing."

When the natural supply of mavericks was not great enough to satisfy the ambitious mavericker, especially in view of the competition, the next step was to forestall nature by placing your brand on a big calf that was going to become a maverick in a few weeks. You took the chance that nobody would ride by and notice it in the meanwhile; indeed, you took a second chance, for the big

(Continued on page 68)

Charlie's friends' chief claim to virtue was their self-righteous boast that they never "stole stock from freighters or citizens, but confined their operations to the Government and Indians"! Who could possibly want to hang such a thoughtful bunch of cutthroats?

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

A portion of Wellington, Kansas in 1878, four years after Charlie Smith and his friends were dragged from the local jail and lynched.

By W. E. KOOP

A ROPE for

IT WAS an ignominious experience for Charles P. Ford, better known as One-Armed Charlie Smith, and his thoughts dwelt morosely on the grimly silent men snaking a rope over the cottonwood limb above him. Not that Charlie wasn't in illustrious company, for with him in his moment of truth—as he stole a glance at the still twitching forms of his comrades in crime—was one of Dodge City's first town marshals and a renowned gunfighter, Billy (or Bully) Brooks, and the other, one of southern Kansas' promising young attorneys, L. B. Hasbrouck. And what chance had a man to get out of this scrape when the grimly determined vigilantes had just finished hanging his lawyer?

To think that an eastern governor's son would culminate a career of adventure in the West in such a manner—ah, me—it would have been better to have remained in Illinois and settled for a peaceful life which knew nothing of fast horses, faster women, and swift justice at the end of a hemp necktie. But One-Armed Charlie's melancholy musings upon the ironic vagaries of a wasted life were cut short by the command of "Let 'er go, boys!"

Horse theft was a serious crime in the days when a man's life could depend on his means of getting from here to there astride his most necessary and prized possession. Steal a man's horse and you stole his life, most likely, and for this, the punishment was swift and merciless.

Such an end must have been the farthest thing from Charlie's mind back in the sixties when he and his brother Tom tired of life in Peoria and struck out for the West. Little is known of the two brothers' early lives, but it has been stated that Charles and Thomas were the illegitimate sons of Governor Ford of Illinois, and had been adopted by a Peoria citizen with whom they lived until their pursuit of adventure and fortune brought them west.

On coming to Kansas, Charlie and Tom dropped the names of Ford and became Tom and Charlie Smith. Charlie did not acquire the sobriquet of One-Armed Charlie until late in 1871. The Topeka *Record*, in its November 15 issue of that year, reported the incident which explains the handle he carried the rest of his short life:

> A young man named Charles Smith who for some time had been in the employ of Curly Marshall, met with a frightful injury yesterday morning. Since the Marshall party left the railroad they have been camped in the outskirts of North Topeka, near the railroad. Yesterday, one of the party at the camp picked up a gun which had been laying about in the rain and was not capped, and playfully pointed and snapped it at the others. Just as Smith had spoken to the man with the gun, telling him to be careful, the piece went off and the entire charge hit Smith's right wrist, nearly severing it from the hand. Dr. Ashmore was called and did what he could under the circumstances, but it was understood this morning that Smith's right hand would have to be amputated. Smith is a young, hardy man in the prime of life and it seems hard that he should be thus maimed and crippled by the carelessness of others.

Later reports confirmed that it had become necessary to amputate Smith's arm just above the elbow, and from that time on, he was known as One-Armed Charlie.

BY THIS TIME, Tom and Charlie Smith were running in fast company. Curly (John E.) Marshall, Charlie's "employer," was well known in the Kansas border settlements as a desperado, and the memoirs of many of the early settlers contain vivid recollections of him. One pioneer account describes him as standing about six feet, weighing 250 pounds, muscular, well-proportioned, in fact, "perfection as a man-animal." An early-day Wichita belle remembered her conversation with Curly during a stagecoach trip, and dwelt on his evident education, refined manners, polished diction and handsome appearance. That Curly Marshall was a subject of admiration in spite of his associations with the desperado element, there seems no doubt.

Like the Smith (Ford) brothers, Curly Marshall came originally from Illinois. During the Rebellion, he served in Company L of the Second Missouri Cavalry.

Later, it has been stated, he served in northwestern Kansas as a government scout. For a time he headquartered at Ellsworth, and was blamed for killing a man there. At Wichita in 1870, he served a brief appointment as City Marshal. At Newton in 1871, he is said to have killed a man for wearing a plug hat, although that incident seems to be pure legend. In the personal collection of the author is a letter written to Curley in 1871 by a sister, revealing much of the worry his way of life was causing his kinfolk.

The Topeka *Daily Commonwealth of* November 1, 1871, reported in a jocular vein one of Curley's typical antics:

CURLY MARSHALL VERSUS U. BET

On Monday last, Curly Marshall was taking in hash in the First Ward. Bill Long, alias U.Bet, asked him, "How does it come that you desperadoes can get a meal whenever you want it?" No attention was paid to the intruder until Curly had finished his repast and entered the saloon. Here U.Bet accosted Curly again with the remark, "I believe you fellows are in with the fellows who stole Gilman's horses," whereupon Curly knocked down and kicked several times the said U.Bet. No injury was consequent upon the encounter except as U.Bet says, "a badly bruised smeller."

Of an earlier incident, the Topeka *State Record* reported:

Judge Briar this morning fined Curly Marshall ten dollars and costs for knocking down a man named Willets at the fair grounds yesterday. Mister Marshall's defense was that he, Marshall, had a sore foot and was afraid Willets was going to step on it.

So passed the winter for the Curly Marshall gang as they lonfed, caroused and brawled in the towns of Topeka, Newton and Wichita.

IN THE early spring of 1871, C. H. Stone, G. W. Robson and others settled on the cattle trail at the north boundary of the Indian Territory, called the place Caldwell, and pronounced it "Queen of the Border."

Curly saw an opportunity to go into business, and at the southern edge of the settlement, put up a frame building, installed a bar and named it "Last Chance." For the southbound traveler, it was his last chance to get a drink before crossing the Indian Territory. For the thirsty trail hands coming north with Texas cattle, it represented their first chance for a drink in many a dusty day, and on the side facing south, Curly lettered the words, "First Chance."

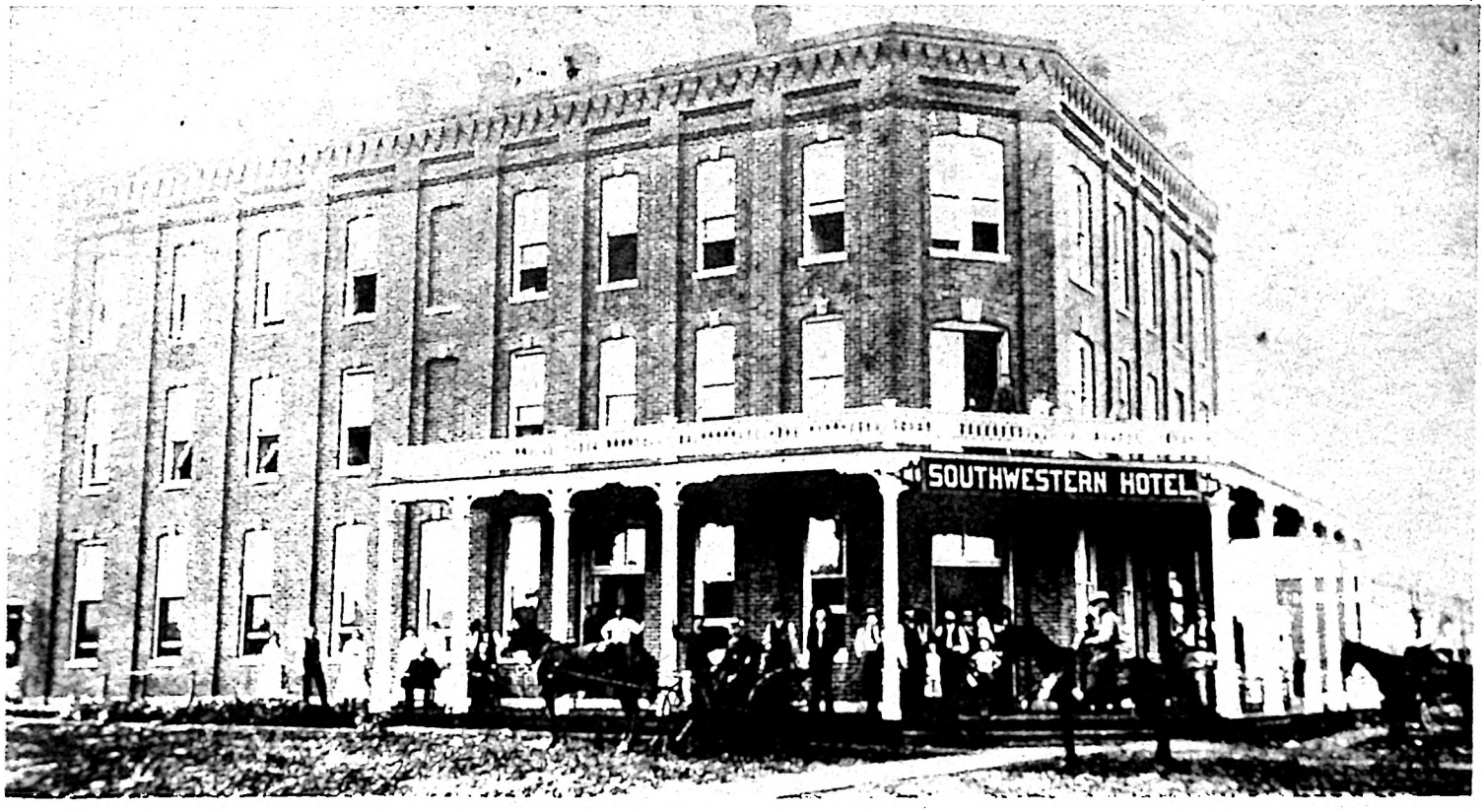
Charlie established a ranch on the Ninnescah River between Wichita and Caldwell, and his place became known as a way station on the route over which stolen horses were taken into the Territory. Curly's acquaintance with the desperado element, and the frequent presence of Tom and Charlie Smith, soon gave the Last Chance the reputation of a den of horse thieves. It was not very long before the settlers of Sumner County found it necessary to organize in self defense.

Courtesy Mrs. Merritt L. Beeson

Billy Brooks, above, former Dodge City law officer, met his fate, along with Charlie Smith, under the limb of a tree. Below is a scene in Caldwell, Kansas in the 1880s, several years after Smith had roamed its streets.

ONE-ARMED CHARLIE

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

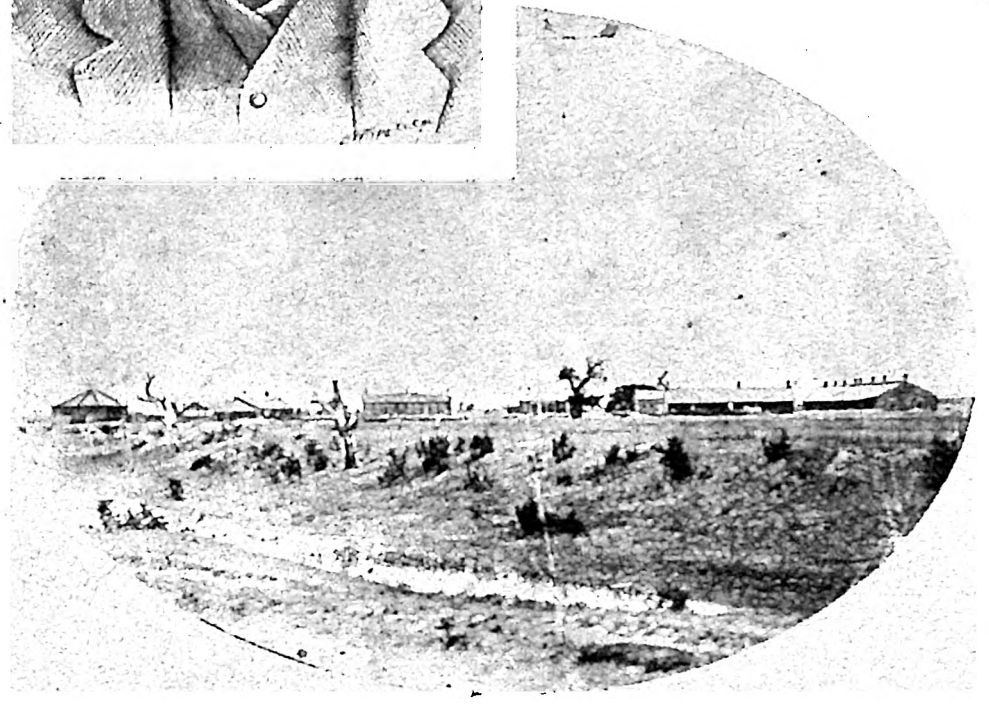


Each county had its vigilante society, and among these the Sumner County vigilantes became feared as the most militant in the state, if not in the entire West. Trouble was brewing for Tom and One-Armed Charlie.

When one Michael McCarty, a hanger-on at the Last Chance, shot and killed two men, Caldwell citizens began practicing the art of slip-noose tying. A posse made a midnight raid upon the Last Chance and in an effort to smoke out McCarty, burned the dancehall portion of the building. Shots were exchanged, as those inside escaped from the flames, but McCarty was not captured until a few days later, when the posse located him in the Territory and executed him on the spot.

On June 5, 1872, Charlie's brother Tom stole what turned out to be his last horse. Tom's fate, coming so soon after the death of McCarty, should have been a warning, but perhaps Charlie thought that the lightning of vigilante justice would not strike twice in the same family.

The Wichita *Weekly Eagle* of June 14 reported the circumstances of Tom's requisition of a prized team of horses belonging to a Mr. Freeman, who lived near Caldwell. George D. Freeman later elaborated on the incident and on Tom Smith's capture in his now scarce book, *Midnight and Noon Day*, a report of vigilante actions along the southern Kansas border.



George D. Freeman, left pioneer Kansas lawman and author of *Midnight and Noonday*. Below, an early faded photo of Fort Larned, Kansas, as it appeared in 1869.
Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

According to these sources, Tom Smith and one Dalton came upon Freeman's brother working a large and powerful team of horses in a hayfield near the Freeman claim. Under the guise of seeking directions to a nearby ford, the pair caught the unarmed Freeman unawares, and at pistol point made him surrender his wagon and team. Freeman offered to fight both of them with bare fists as weapons, "winner take all," but his sporting offer was laughingly declined. Smith and Dalton held Freeman prisoner in his own wagon as they pointed the team westward. After several hours' ride, they set Freeman afoot and continued west.

Freeman made his way to Andy Drumm's ranch, where he borrowed a saddle horse to ride for help. Arriving at his brother's claim early the next morning, he found that George was in Caldwell and followed him. There, Freeman's story aroused the indignation and excitement of the citizens and thirty-five men volunteered to track the thieves. And besides the offers of assistance in the chase, Freeman was tendered cash and provisions by Caldwell businessmen.

In the midst of hurried preparations, someone handed Freeman a slip of paper with the message that Tom Smith and Dalton were the thieves they were after, and that they were headed for Boyd's Ranch, a few miles east of Fort Larned.

THE PARTY divided into several posses, most of whom gave up the chase after several fruitless days. Freeman, at the head of six men, continued on the trail they had picked up leading to Fort Larned. Four days later, in the early light of dawn, they came upon the camp of the thieves on the bank of the Arkansas River. Only Dalton was captured. He stated that Smith had gone to Boyd's Ranch for provisions.

The posse lay in wait in the tall grass for Smith's return, and about mid-morning, Smith was seen swimming his horse across the Arkansas. As he approached the camp, something gave Smith a warning, and suddenly spurring his horse, he raced back to the river.

Freeman fired both barrels of a shotgun at him, but a heavy coat and the extreme range protected Smith from anything but superficial wounds.

Pursued and pursuers splashed across the Arkansas but Smith eluded the posse. Freeman and his men rode for Fort Larned to get provisions and while there, were told by a soldier that Smith had ridden into Boyd's Ranch with the tale that he had been attacked by Indians. He asked for a fresh horse to run them down.

Freeman went to the commanding officer of the Fort and told him his story. The Colonel offered the services of a squad of soldiers, and with these, what was left of the posse set out for Boyd's Ranch.

On nearing that place, they saw a man leave, heading in a northerly direction. Three of the squad were sent after him while Freeman, with the rest of the party, went on to the roadhouse-ranch. The bartender was questioned but said that he knew nothing of any Tom Smith and that he was not there, which a search verified.

About that time, the squad returned with the man seen leaving, who turned out to be Smith. The prisoner was returned to Fort Larned, where he was fitted with shackles and turned over to Freeman, the Colonel remarking that plenty of rope and a wagon tongue should be taken along, for timber was scarce between there and Caldwell. Freeman's intentions, however, were to turn Smith and his partner over to the authorities.

The party was within a day's ride of Caldwell, when Dalton unaccountably slipped his shackles and escaped, but Freeman's arrival at Caldwell with Tom Smith was greeted with much excitement. A hasty hearing before a Justice of the Peace determined the fact that Smith was guilty enough to be held for trial and Freeman was admonished to rush his prisoner out of town to the county seat, for a lynching party seemed imminent. Freeman, with others as guards, left Caldwell for Wellington about sundown.

Darkness had overtaken the party by the time they reached the stage crossing of the Chikaskia River known as Ryland's Ford, and as they approached a clump of trees, Smith expressed a premonition that he would not make it across the river alive. At Caldwell, he had written a letter to brother Charlie at Wichita, enclosing some money with the remark that he did not expect to have any use for it where he was going.

As the wagon passed into the brakes and underbrush of the river bottom, the road was suddenly blocked by the silent shadows of what was estimated as one hundred men. In the darkness, the men felt in the wagon for the shackled prisoner and Smith rose to his feet saying, "I am the man you are after."

At gunpoint, Smith was taken from the wagon and swiftly strung up in the trees. The next morning, his body was removed to a large sand hill across the river, and in a shallow grave scooped out of the sand, Tom Ford, alias Tom Smith, was buried while still wearing his shackles.

AFTER the hanging, Curly was not to to be found at Caldwell; he had returned to the relative safety of Wichita,

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Nature harbors no more cunning animal than a man turned wild . . .

TERROR IN THE MIST

By MIKE SHIELDS

John Turnow in death

Photo Courtesy Washington State Historical Society

A tiny knot of men stood around the skimpy brush pile, their shoulders hunched forward against the steady gray drizzle that fell in veils through giant moss-bearded firs. It was a damp, foggy day in the big timber of Washington's Olympic Peninsula, and these hard-bitten loggers were uneasy in the ghostly mist, for at their feet in the brush pile lay two bodies, each with a bullet hole squarely between the eyes.

The talk was low, edgy.

"Is it them?"

"Yeah. That's John and Will Bauer, sure-'nough."

"Who'd shoot two boys like that, for no reason?"

"Only one man I know of can shoot like that—John Turnow."

Thus, on a rainy day in 1910, began the terrifying manhunt for John Turnow, the "Wild Man of the Wynooche," which would reach its tragic end only after four more men were dead and loggers all along Puget Sound had become afraid to enter the gloomy forests.

In 1910 Turnow was a far more formidable creature than the bears and wolves which roamed the vast wet wilderness of towering trees and rugged ridges which make up the Olympic Mountains. He was in his prime at thirty-one years of age, a giant six feet five inches tall and weighing two-hundred and fifty pounds, all of it muscle. Destined to become a legend in less than two years, Turnow was a deadly shot with a rifle, and he combined human cunning with animal instincts to make himself almost indestructible.

Since early childhood John Turnow had been marked as a "queer boy" who ran away and lived in the mountains for weeks on end, making clothes out of animal hides and burlap, shoes from bark, and keeping himself well fed off the land. By his mid-teens he could beckon any animal, could track his prey almost anywhere, and could hide his own tracks as well as a cat. Although liked and respected, and maybe feared, by his few friends, he was always a brooding "loner."

As he grew older he began to spend more and more time prowling the cool valleys and high meadows. He came from a respectable pioneer family in Grays Harbor County, and his parents were thoroughly distraught to have this uncontrollable wild creature wandering in and out in the night. Finally, in 1909, John Turnow was committed to an institution for the insane in Oregon.

NO greater wound can be inflicted on a wild creature than captivity, and Turnow suddenly found himself the captive. In his mind the injustice burned deep and permanently. Mankind had turned on him when he had only desired to be left alone, and from the day of his "capture" he recognized his civilized brothers only as enemies. He also realized that captivity would be, for him, tantamount to death.

Even before there was time to breathe a sigh of relief, John had escaped from jail in Salem, Oregon, where he was awaiting transfer to the mental institution. He disappeared, and was almost forgotten until that foggy day a year later when the bodies of the Bauer twins were found, and the normal dangers of logging were tripled by Turnow's presence.

Two hundred men formed into several posses and combed the surrounding forest for the giant, but he left no sign. He was like the fog—they knew he was there somewhere, but he was illusive, coming and going around them unseen. Later in the fall snow came, but there were no tracks in it to mark Turnow's passing. Hope went up that he might die in the frigid mountains. Around barrel-stoves in the logging camps stories grew: The "Beast-Man" could pick a man up and break him in half; the "Human Gorilla" swung from the tops of the trees; the "Wild Man" could shoot the eye out of a grouse at a hundred yards; John Turnow's only friend was Death.

Spring arrived, wet and gray, and sud-

(Continued on page 68)

RUN-IN with AMARILLO JOE

By MILT HINKLE

Photos Courtesy Mrs. Hamlin Hill

You've heard of guys who just rub each other the wrong way? It can get tiresome when both are working for the same outfit

Hamlin Hill puts the LFD brand on a yearling, 1911.

ONE NIGHT we were all in the bunkhouse at the L.F.D. Ranch wondering what we were going to do the next day. We had hired out to Hamlin Hill, one of the best cowmen on the Staked Plains —or anyplace else, for that matter. It was the spring of 1905.

The next morning Hill called me to the porch where Mr. White was and told me to get the wagon supplied with chuck; to see that a coil of rope went along; to roundup the horse pasture; get the remuda and move to the steer pasture at the windmill. He told me to take all his rig with us as he and Mr. White would ride out in the buckboard the next day. For me to see that the north end of the pasture was worked, and by time we had the steers to the roundup grounds, they would be there.

Well, we followed his orders, but on the second day when I roped out the men's mount horses, we had some excitement.

I brought in ten head of horses I had just broke. Two new men had joined up while I was at the horse camp, both around twenty-two or twenty-three years old. They were big men, who said they had been working on the L. X. Ranch at Amarillo, Texas. They had good saddles and bedrolls. I asked them what kind of mount they were used to riding.

One big boy said, "Don't worry yourself. Just rope them out for us. We come from an outfit that had good horses, and real cowmen."

I thought myself a fair cowman, too, and I knew right then that this smart guy and I weren't going to agree on a lot of things.

But I controlled my temper and said, "Just hold your bridles, you and your partner, and I'll fix you both up with a good horse."

I roped out the other men's horses; then I threw my rope and pulled out a big buckskin horse about six years old that I had just broke. He was the one that had given me the most trouble riding. He'd made me pull the saddle horn three or four times. I liked the horse, though.

"Give me your bridle and I'll put it on for you," I said to the big boy.

"I'm taller and bigger than you are and capable of bridling, saddling and riding my own mount," was his reply.

"Sorry, friend," I said. "Just trying to help."

He reached to put the bridle bits in the horse's mouth, and was standing by the horse's left shoulder. As his hand touched the horse's nose. Old Buck (that is what I had named him), put his left hind leg in this guy's pocket, knocking him down and running off with my good catch rope.

Old Buck ran about three hundred feet, stopped, turned his head toward the rope and stood still. This is what staking him out to the logs had taught him. Most of the boys now had their mounts saddled and two started to ride around Old Buck.

"Wait!" I said. "Everyone stay where you are. I'll get him—I don't want my rope dragged." I then walked up to Old Buck, who never moved, put a half hitch on his nose, petted him and led him back to the remuda.

This big boy who called himself "Amarillo Joe" remarked. "Don't take the rope off him, just give him to me. I'll show the damn s—o—b a trick or two!"

I took the bridle out of his hand, put it on Old Buck, and handed him the reins, saying, "Work easy with him and you can handle him. You are just a stranger to him."

"I can handle him," he spat out. "I'm not a damn tenderfoot!"

For his partner I roped an old cowhorse, one anyone could saddle and ride. Then I roped a big black named Black Jack, that I had just broken in. Put my saddle on and stepped up on him and said, "Let's go, boys."

WELL, all hell broke loose in Old Buck when Amarillo Joe hit the saddle. That horse turned in the air while bucking, and just made a monkey out of Joe. When he hit the ground Old Buck stopped and looked at him as if he was saying, "How did you like that?"

Joe picked himself up with one of his legs in bad shape. I told the boys to put the horse back in the corral by the wagon, then I roped out a gentle horse and said, "This is your kind of horse." He looked daggers at me. I could see he didn't like me.

He saddled the old horse and as we had already wasted too much time, I wanted to get started. After walking our horses for about a half mile in order to let them empty out some of the grass, I struck out in a lope and when I did old Black Jack broke in two at both ends, and almost spilled me. When I got to my seat, I gave him a real spurring and whipping with my quirt. This pleased me as I wanted to show this Amarillo Joe a few things. Now, ain't that a man for you? Yes, I was a show-off.

By 9 a. m. we had one-fourth of the steer pasture, which was about sixteen miles long and fourteen miles wide, rounded up at the windmill in the north part of the pasture. We were changing horses when Mr. White and Hamlin Hill rode up in the ranch buggy. I had just roped all the men's horses and caught one for my cutting horse.

"Milt," Hill said, "lay your rope on Ace of Hearts for me and catch Long Tom for Mr. White." Mr. White could not ride too good.

When the horses were all saddled, White and Hill rode into the steer herd. Rode slowly, looked them over, then rode out. I had already placed the men around the herd, and men to hold the cut.

When they rode out Mr. Hill called me and said, "Mr. White wants to cut about forty carloads from this pasture—about a thousand head of the biggest and fattest steers."

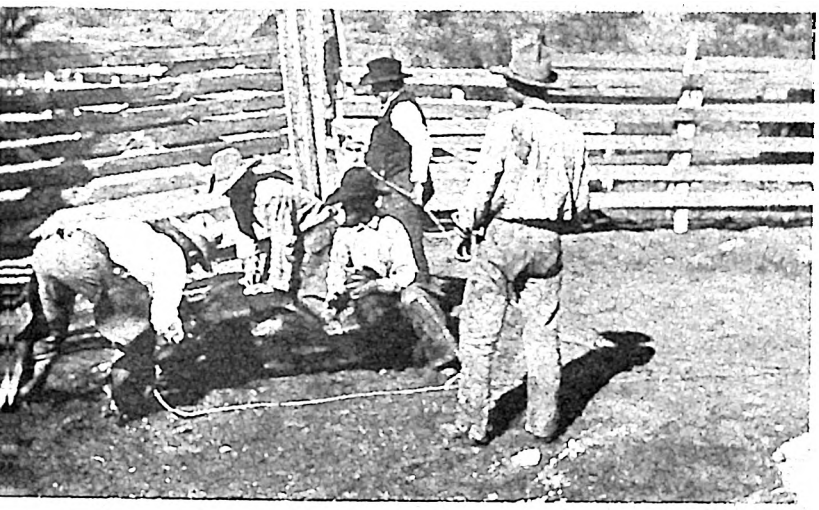
Mr. Hill said it would take two or three days to work the pasture as he did not want any pounds taken off the steers. And when going up-trail with them he wanted to take six to eight days for the seventy-mile trip. The cars would be placed at the Bovina, Texas yards.

Ham and I rode into the herd looking them over real well before we cut out a single one. We worked out about 200 head. They were good steers for longhorns. All colors, all with the longest horns I ever saw.

We put six men with the steers we had cut out for market to be sure they would not mix; the rest were driven back north so they wouldn't drift to another part of the big pasture. We would round them up the next day. Mr. Hill drove back to the ranch, taking his saddle so he would have a way back. Mr. White told us all goodbye and wished us luck. He said he would see us at the railroad.

WE LAY AROUND the wagon and talked and talked until supper. We then changed to night horses as we had sixteen men with the wagon. I put four men on each guard in order to hold the steers. The days were still long so it was four two-hour guards.

I took the 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. guard with three men. I picked out the partner of Amarillo Joe so I could talk to him while on guard and see just who they were.



Working with a horse, left, are Will Wilson, George Chambers, Jim Hoover, J. P. White, and Johnny ——, about 1909. Right, mounted in working garb are Hamlin Hill, left, and Harvey Stoval.

He said he was the son of a granger (a farmer who lived just outside Amarillo). He said he had helped out during the summer on the L. X. Ranch, but that he was not a very good rider. He said he had done his best though.

"My father," he said, "always gave me plenty of money to spend and I met Amarillo Joe at the L. X. Ranch." He said Joe was a professional boxer and whipped everyone on the ranch, plus all the bad boys in the saloon in Amarillo. Blevins had fired him for this.

Because the granger's boy had plenty of money to buy horses and bedrolls with, Joe had talked him into traveling west with him to find work.

Next day we were up very early. I roped out one of my horses named Rocky Mountain for Amarillo Joe. I, by this time, despised the guy. This horse was easy to saddle, easy to handle, but was one of the L.F.D. outlaws for four or five years.

When we were all saddled up I gave orders to four men to take the 200 steers to the Tom Horn windmill where we would have the roundup.

The men all followed behind me until I gave orders how to spread out to make the roundup. I told Rawls Miller, a pal of mine and a real rider, to ride alongside Amarillo Joe, but when I started to lope my horse, to jump off fast because old Rocky Mountain would break in two.

This he did, and threw Joe over his head and then jumped on him as he went down. Amarillo was hurt too much to go on. I told Rawls to take him to the wagon and to catch Rocky Mountain and turn him over to the wrangler to put with the remuda. Joe walked to the wagon and was laid up for three days.

WE WORKED the big steer pasture in three and a half days, then started the herd to Bovina. Amarillo Joe was now able to work. He could and would work okay on stock that he could ride; and truly, that was the way most of the men who were good hands did, but not bucking horse riders.

I cut the men's mounts down to five head each—four day horses and one night horse for each man. I made sure Amarillo Joe and his partner had gentle ones.

I took two good night horses for myself and five of the horses I had broke. Old Buck was one and the others were four who needed lots of work.

I sent two men to the horse pasture with the horses we did not need and told them to catch up with us that night as they only had about thirty-five miles to ride.

That afternoon we made only five miles and camped at the line of the big Mashed O south pasture. We had to go through two Masned O pastures and two X.L.T. pastures before we reached the shipp.ng point.

There were a thousand head of the big steers and four chuckwagon mules. We didn't have a bed wagon so we loaded our beds onto the chuckwagon. We had eighty-two head of horses in the remuda. This thousand and eighty-six head of stock would eat lots of grass on this trip through these pastures—with no cost.

We had a nice trip, making eight to thirteen miles a day. One day out from the railroad, I rode in to see where the cars would be spotted and ready to load. The agent said the cars and engine would be there at 7 p.m. the next night. I rode back to the wagon and herd where Hamlin Hill had joined us, and gave him the report.

About the middle of the afternoon clouds began to form and it looked bad. We knew if the wind changed we were sure due for rain. Sure enough, while the second guard was on, the wind came up and the big black clouds started to roll. Thunder and lightning started in a big way and then came the rain. I got up and put my slicker on and rode out to the herd. We did not want to turn them loose yet. They could only go about ten miles to a fence, but we did not want the trouble of gathering them, or to risk being late the next night. Also we wanted to save the flesh that the steers had put on.

SOMETHING went wrong. A big flash of lightning came and the herd rushed into a wild stampede. Those full-grown steers were ready for a run, and run they did. In less than two seconds they were at full speed, each afraid the one behind would run over him. My horse knew his work and he didn't let me down.

A stampede always gave the trail horse his hardest test. The roar of horns and hoofs warned him not to get in front of the crazed longhorns. Usually the stampeding cattle would try to split and go around a horse or fallen rider, but no one wanted to take a chance on that. There was danger too, that a night horse might stumble in a badger or prairie dog hole, or fall down an unseen embankment. I don't know who the author was of the following bit of verse but I do know he must have been a cowboy.

Lightnin' rolls in hoops and circles,
Rain in sheets is coming down,
Thunder rattles through the gulches,
As the hoofbeats shake the ground.
Top hands ride like likkered Injuns,
Beggin' God for break o' day.
A stampede beats the best camp meetin'
When it comes to gettin' men to pray.

I finally managed to get the herd to start in a circle and they milled until they tired. We soon had them fairly quiet but they were ready to run at any time so I doubled the guard for the rest of the night.

The rain lasted about two hours, and let up the next morning. I ordered the steers to be put on the trail as I wanted to make a count when they passed. Hill and I both made the count, and we were eleven head short. I knew they had made their getaway when the circle started so we sent four men on the back trail to pick them up. The boys caught up with them at the fence and brought them back.

Ab Blocker once said that if a trail herd bedded down at night and the biggest part of the cattle stretched out their heads in the same direction, it was time to be on the lookout for a run before daylight. That may have been so, but there's another old saying that if you could drive a herd two weeks without a stampede, the danger was over.

I say that when cattle's eyes begin to burn like a bulls-eye lantern, you can ride among them and just feel the crazy devils getting ready to try for a run. When I was on guard and felt my spine quiver and the air charged with tenseness, I just knew the herd would break in a stampede.

Trivialities started more stampedes than anything else, except storms. The cough of one of the cattle, a human sneeze, the lighting of a cigarette or when the horse you were riding on guard put his foot in a prairie dog hole—they would run at anything those days.

We held the steers on water and grass away from the railroad until the cars were spotted. We then drove them into the stock pens and loaded them, having our only trouble with a few steers whose horns were too long to go through the car doors.

As soon as the steers were loaded, about 9 P.M., I asked Hill if it would be all right to take two nights off, as all the boys wanted to celebrate some at

(Continued on page 52)

"RED JACKET" of CHADRON

By DADE GIPSON

Photos Courtesy Author

. . . was insane—but not too insane to understand the meaning of double jeopardy

IN 1884 Chadron, Nebraska was just a frontier town filled with a lawless bunch determined to get away with anything they could before law-abiding settlers made them move on. Among the riff-raff was a woman who wore a flaming red jacket whenever she appeared on the streets. She got the name of "Red Jacket" almost as soon as she arrived. An old-timer said that her painted lips were like a bright splash in a tough, unbaked pie.

Red Jacket bought a piece of land that bordered White River. She set up a roadhouse. Such places were quite common in those days, places for travelers to rest their horses, a place to eat and sleep and especially to drink.

I hadn't even been thought of in 1884 when my parents and my oldest sister (then a baby) came to Chadron from Neligh in the eastern part of the state. Father, Walter Wells Byington, had been the junior law partner of Nels Jackson in Neligh and that meant that he had got a lot of work but not much wages.

By June of 1884 he knew that he was just not going to make ends meet, so Father told his partner that he was leaving to have a look at western Nebraska, beyond the end of construction of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railroad. He got another young fellow who was wanting to see new land, to furnish a team and they drove the long 250 miles to Chadron which then was some distance from the present site, and not even named. It was just a quickly built place thrown together with canvas, logs, rough lumber or whatever material was cheapest and nearest.

Father found it hard to find a place to sleep, let alone office space, partly because houses were scarce but mainly because he had so little money. So he went walking along with a sort of "seek and ye shall find" attitude, talking to men, asking questions, but having no luck at all until he came to a feed store. There were glass windows on the building and one said, "Lambert & Sons." Father went in and located Mr. Hezekiah Lambert, telling him of his need for a room and office space for a desk.

Seeing that the feed store owner was friendly Father said, "Mr. Lambert, if you could spare me one corner of your store to start business in, I would help you with your work enough to pay my rent each week until I can fix up a real office."

"Well," Mr. Lambert replied, "in a town as wild as this one an attorney ought to find plenty to do." So the deal was made. A cheap desk was set in a corner near the street window, and a sign was lettered which announced, "W. W. Byington, attorney-at-law."

Judge W. W. Byington almost became Red Jacket's seventh victim.

PRESENTLY there was talk of putting a bridge across White River with the approach resting on Red Jacket's land. The woman (who said her name was Jane Woodard) was furious when a commissioner visited her, telling her of the decision.

"Your place would be the best location for the bridge," he explained, "and the survey has been finished. Work will begin before long."

"There won't be any bridge here on my land," she told the man hotly, "and you had better pay attention to me, because I'll certainly put a bullet through the first person who tries to cross the bridge—if it ever is built!"

A warrant was issued to make Red Jacket keep the peace, even though the commissioner and others who heard the threat thought that it was just idle talk on her part. They were wrong, and the local citizens sensed it.

When White River Bridge was first built, no one took a chance on crossing it and becoming a target for Red Jacket's rifle. However, many people were being drawn to Western Nebraska by then, and how would strangers know of the peculiar woman's threats?

One day a man drove up in front of the Lambert Feed Store, tied up a team of large black mules to a hitching rack, and walked in.

"Hello," he said. "Quite a town you have here—quite a country—not much like Illinois where I came from."

"My name is Walt Byington," Father greeted him, "and I originated in Illinois, too. Could I help you in any way?"

"I'm Ed McDorman. Come on out and have a look at my mules. I'm real proud of these fellows."

So they stepped out, looking over the strong, well-groomed team. Then lifting the heavy canvas cover McDorman said, "See my load here? It should last a man for quite a while."

The stranger pointed out his carefully packed supply of cured meat, flour, canned food, even some seed grain, and

feed for the team.

Then McDorman confided that he wore a money belt on his person. He wanted to go to some safe place to count his money, and leave most of it safe while he saw the town.

Together he and Father counted the money—almost $800. It was a great deal of cash for anyone to be packing around in those days. They also figured up how much McDorman had spent during his trip, with the cost of the outfit and provisions added in (possibly so he could write to others in his home state and let them know how expenses would run on such a trip).

AT THIS first meeting, McDorman seemed to be a reasonable and sensible man, but later in the day when he came back to the store he obviously had been drinking. Worse still, he seemed determined to start out, late though it was, to find someone over on Hat Creek who might sell him a piece of land.

Father was worried. He said, "Mr. McDorman, in your condition you should stay here for the night. If you leave now, you will have to stop overnight somewhere, and you just might mention that you are carrying a lot of money. There have been a lot of robberies around here recently."

The man did not seem to be concerned, so Father went on, "You can put your mules in the shed, and you can sleep here in the store on the feed sacks, as I have been doing. Just bring your blankets to roll up in. Tomorrow you'll be in better shape to go out and look for a place."

"I can take care of myself, Byington," the man said stubbornly.

McDorman adjusted his money belt and a short time later he headed for Hat Creek, some twenty-five miles distant.

Early the next morning a cowboy brought in the report that he had seen a fine team of black mules standing beside the trail, still hitched to the wagon. He said also that a man was lying on the ground evidently almost dead from a gunshot wound.

Father went at once for the doctor and the sheriff, and all three left in a hack for the scene. They found McDorman near some old buildings not far from Red Jacket's roadhouse.

Making the man as comfortable as possible, they started back to town with him, but he was far gone and soon died. His belt was gone, and Father blamed himself for permitting McDorman to leave the store.

On the way back to Chadron he told the sheriff what he knew of the man.

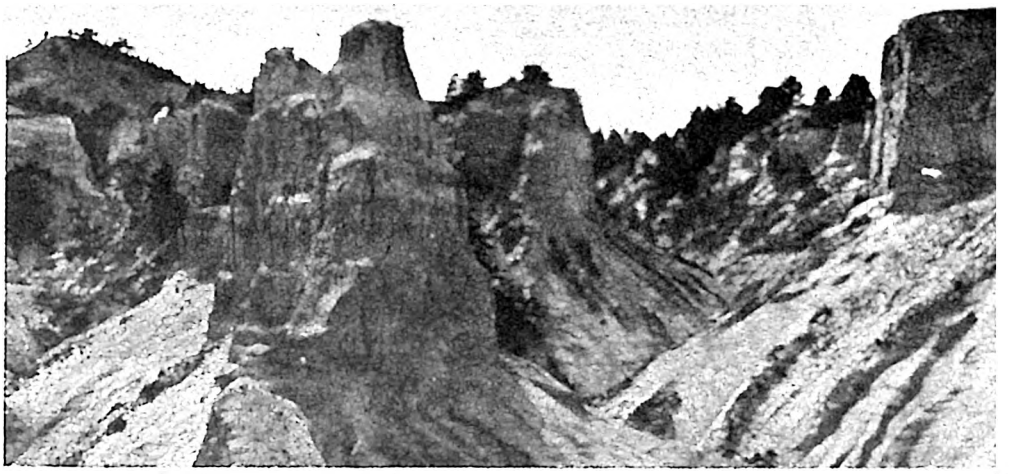
Red Jacket's threats were remembered and the sheriff arrested the woman on suspicion of murder. She loudly denied the charge but was put in jail without bail.

She asked for a lawyer and got one. His name was Spargur. Apparently he asked that she mortgage her place to him to cover attorney's fees. She reluctantly complied, but soon after, the roadhouse was burned to the ground.

RED JACKET was in jail a long time. Spargur postponed the trial more than once, saying on each occasion that he needed more time to get testimony on her behalf.

The primitive jail was made up of two by sixes laid edgewise, with some spaces between to let in air. Red Jacket talked her jailer into letting her use a revolver.

"The rats are just fierce in here," she told him. "They get all over my bed every night. If I could just kill off a few they might let me alone." She deviled him so much he finally did get a shooting iron for her.



Shown above is rough country near Chadron, Nebraska. Lola Trites Byington, the author's mother, in 1883, left.

The woman blamed Father for much of her troubles. She felt that he was one of the main ones who had thought her guilty from the start and she disliked him accordingly. (Father was by then Judge Byington, having been elected in November, 1885.)

Anyway, Red Jacket bided her time till he walked by one day, then started shooting at him, firing through the slits as best she could, and whamming away at him until the shells were used.

Father was a big man and tried to hide his vulnerable bulk behind one of the fifty-gallon barrels which most of Chadron's buildings kept in place to catch rain water.

Father waited until six shells had been fired and then made a run for it, in case the old girl should find more.

Red Jacket's case came up in April, 1886. It seemed that Attorney Spargur had written up a plea for her, but left it up to his partner, whose name was Fisher, and another local lawyer, to take his place at the trial.

The prepared notes said little about the actual killing, but stressed the point that only circumstantial evidence existed. Spargur bore down heavily on the heart-rending events of Red Jacket's life, suggesting repeatedly that her woes had made her mentally ill. Her troubles were just so great she could hardly keep a rational mind—and, to do her justice, that might have been the case.

In spite of Father's inner conviction as to her guilt, the jury found her innocent because of lack of evidence.

Before Red Jacket even went over to the jail to pick up her clothes, she came out of the courthouse and walked straight to my family's house. Mother told what happened. "I was just hanging out my wash in the back yard, and all at once there she stood in front of me. She said, 'Mrs. Byington, my trial is over now, and no one will ever try me again on the charge that I have just been acquitted of. So now I am going to tell you all about how I shot that man, McDorman.'

"There was a bench out in the yard, and a box with the baby playing in it. Red Jacket sat down and began telling me how she had decided to kill anyone who crossed onto her place. She related how she had heard the mules coming and had taken aim at the unsuspecting Mr. McDorman. She hit him even though it was late and the light was poor. She told me everything down to the smallest detail.

"Red Jacket didn't say that she got the money belt. However it was known that a man who lived at the roadhouse left before McDorman died, and was never seen again.

"While she talked, she took my baby, Clara, in her arms. She told why she felt my husband's behavior had been cruel and hard on a poor and lonely old woman and I felt sorry for her. Then she began patting and joggling the baby so hard I tried to think of some way to get the child out of the woman's arms.

"Just as she was finishing her tale of the murder, your father came stalking in. He took one look at my visitor and seemed to turn white, yellow, and green. I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry when he walked rapidly away, leaving the woman to finish her story.

"Like Calamity Jane, it seemed that Red Jacket had always worked at the hardest, roughest work possible. She told me she had rounded up cattle, riding astride like a man in the days when no lady would ride except side-saddle. She said that she worked at any sort of labor and had never asked a man to

(Continued on page 72)

TWENTY YEARS among our HOSTILE INDIANS

Photos from book
courtesy Ben Carlton Mead

From a book by J. Lee Humfreville, describing the characteristics, customs, habits, religion, marriages, dances and battles of the wild Indians in their natural state. Hunter & Company, Publishers, New York, 1899

A Dakota squaw prepares a stretched buffalo hide for clothing or shelter.
Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

INDIAN WOMEN did all the tanning for the family requirements, and the work was done in various ways. When it was intended that a skin should be very soft and pliable, only the brain of the animal and clear fresh water were used. Skins tanned in this way were made into dresses, leggings, moccasins, and other articles of apparel.

Skins used for lodge covers, for horse equipment and coarser articles of home and camp life, were tanned in a different way and with much less care. They were simply thrown into the water and allowed to remain until the hair fell off, when they were stretched tight on the ground by driving sticks through holes cut in the edges while the hide was wet and soft. Scraping knives made from the horn of the elk were generally used.

The women would get down on their hands and knees on the hide and scrape off all the flesh and pulpy matter. After the hide had dried, it was put through a process of softening before it was in condition to be used as a lodge cover. A hide used for this purpose was usually that of a buffalo bull, as it was much thicker and more serviceable than that of a buffalo cow. Lodge covers were made by the women, who sewed them together with thongs. From ten to twenty hides were required for the covering of each lodge according to its size.

Poles for the lodge were difficult to obtain by the Indians of the Plains, where wood was scarce and good straight poles hard to find, and they were accordingly highly valued. They were procured and finished by the women, and were necessarily of sound, straight young trees, generally pine, birch, or other light but strong wood. They were from one and one-half to three inches in diameter, and from fifteen to twenty-five feet in length. The bark and every small knot or growth was carefully removed from them and they were made perfectly smooth. In putting up a lodge from fifteen to twenty-five of these poles were used.

The covering was drawn over them and fastened with skewers or sticks where the edges of the covering met. At the top of the lodge was a large flap in the corner of which the end of a pole was inserted. When this flap was closed it kept the heat in and the cold out and unless opened when the fire was built in the interior, would soon be filled with smoke. The lower edge of the lodge covering was fastened to the ground by long pegs driven deep into the earth. The pegs prevented the lodge from being blown over by high winds. The entrance was the only hole of any size, except the top, in the entire covering. This entrance was covered by a hide drawn over a hoop made from a small branch and hung over the hole. The opening was rarely closed except in cold weather, or to keep the dogs out.

Even the best of these lodges afforded but slight protection against severe storms or bitter cold. Rain found its way into them and snow blew through the holes underneath the covering, half-filling the interior and making it exceedingly uncomfortable. During severe rainstorms the beds and sometimes the lodges were flooded, and the occupants were compelled to flee to higher ground with such effects as they could carry.

THE FIRE in the lodges was necessarily built on the ground; around it the women and children would huddle to keep warm. During winter storms when the Indians were compelled to go about

Courtesy Museum of the Plains Indian

A Plains tribe on the move, utilizing the travois, is shown in this diorama in the Museum of the Plains Indian.

their camps in the performance of necessary duties, they often did so barefoot, as their moccasins and leggings would become saturated in the snow or rain in a short time. When in that condition they were cold and disagreeable to the wearer. They preferred to keep their footwear dry even at the expense of temporary discomfort. Both men and women would frequently carry their moccasins and leggings in their hands after having been caught in a cold rain or snowstorm.

At times during cold weather they would wear sandals made from the flint hides of some animal as a protection to the soles of the feet. During a prolonged storm or blizzard, which was frequent in the Far North, the Indians and their animals, including their dogs, were great sufferers.

Lodges of this description were probably the best habitations that could be used by these nomads; for, being continually on the move, it was necessary to transport their entire camp equipment from place to place. They were easily and quickly put up and taken down, and it was a rare thing, even in the severest windstorm, for one of them to be blown down, although it sometimes occurred.

Frequently the coverings were fantastically painted with figures outlined in different colors, red and blue being the favorites. These figures represented different scenes, some depicting a warrior seated on his horse in deadly combat with a hostile brave; an Indian fighting a bear with his spear; an Indian on foot killing a man with his bow and arrow, tomahawk, knife, or lance; or some other prodigious deed of valor. Sometimes the entire lodge covering was decorated with these rude drawings. They generally commemorated some great event in the career of the occupant of the lodge, or a hairbreadth escape of himself or some of the male members of his family.

The drawings were usually made by the men, some of them showing considerable artistic ability. Some of the women also possessed no little skill. Nearly all Indians were fond of decorating their lodge covers in this manner, using the brightest colors they could obtain, and some of their imaginary or real deeds of valor were portrayed in the most picturesque style.

When the wild Indians retired to sleep they wrapped themselves in the robes or blankets they had worn during the day. The beds were more a name than a reality; these consisted of the dried hides of buffalo, horses, or other animals, laid upon the ground to keep out the dampness. Occasionally they placed an additional buffalo robe or two on top. For pillows they used skins, or any bulky, soft stuff which they might have at hand. The interior arrangement of an Indian lodge was a series of such beds arranged in a circle, leaving a space in the center for the fire on which the cooking was done, and it also served to some extent to warm the lodge in winter.

Some of the women were expert at drawing designs on buckskin for bead and porcupine quill work. In ornamenting their clothing they would first draw the outlines of the figure, then sew beads or porcupine ornaments on them, using an awl made of bone, and the end of a small sinew for a needle.

All Indian women were expert riders and rode astride on the animals bare back, or on a man's saddle. Like the men they were expert in throwing the lasso, and were fearless of any animal, no matter how vicious. Children, both boys and girls, were tied on the backs of horses almost as soon as they were able to walk, and taught to ride, to manage animals, and to throw the lasso or the lariat rope.

WHEN Indians moved their camp, which they were frequently compelled to do, the women did all the packing. Their belongings and the whole camp outfit were put in condition by them for transportation and fastened on travois, or packed on their horses, mules, and dogs.

Travois were made by lashing the ends of lodgepoles together, then throwing the lashed ends over the saddle of an animal, leaving the other end of the poles dragging on the ground in the rear. Immediately behind the animal was a large oval frame made from the limbs of a young tree, with rawhide thongs woven in and out across it, so that it somewhat resembled a lawn tennis racquet, only that it was much larger and coarser. This frame was lashed to the poles on each side, forming the bottom of a rude basket on which their effects were to be transported. It also served to keep the poles a sufficient distance apart.

When the children, and the sick, infirm, or aged were to be transported, on a travois, a cage-like covering of the same material was placed over this platform and lashed to it; over this, lodge covers were thrown as a protection against the sun, rain, or snow, as well as to keep the inmates from falling out.

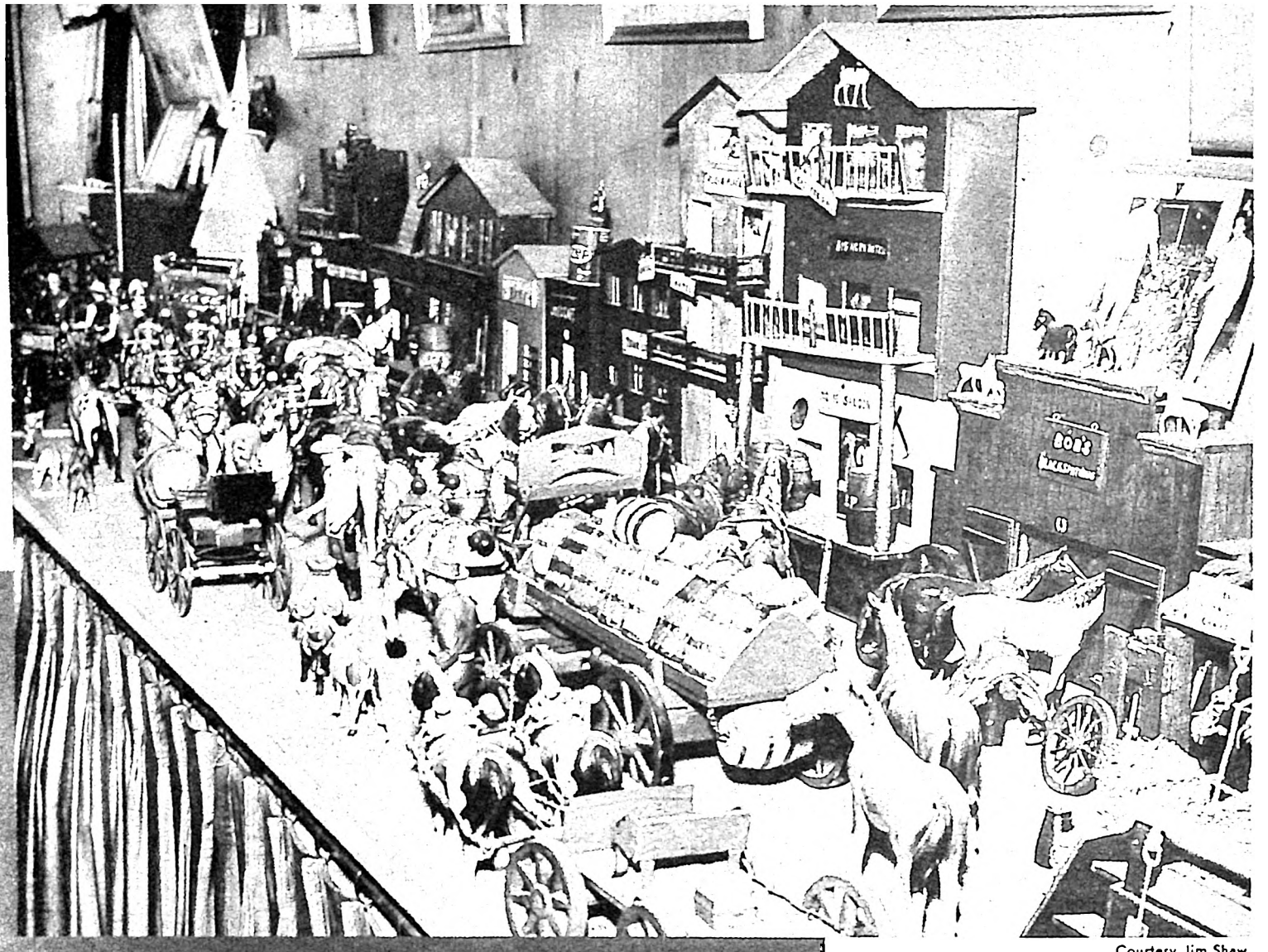
In traveling, each animal had its travois. Even the dogs were not exempt from this service; most of them were required to drag a travois made of small poles. Children not old enough to care for themselves, but too old to be carried by their mothers, were placed in them. Drawing the travois was very severe on the animals. After a short time in this service their backs would become a mass of raw sores. Horses and mules that had been in possession of the Indians for any length of time were rarely seen without such sores or scars upon them, which was sure evidence of their labor in drawing the travois.

To one not accustomed to it, it was a novel sight to see an Indian village on the move. Some of the horses would have one, two, and three children on their backs while dragging the travois; others would have two women astride in addition to dragging the load. The travois and pack animals were scattered in every direction along the route, but all moved together toward one general point. In dry weather the dust made by one of these moving villages could be seen for miles. When crossing swollen streams the work of the women was very laborious. Everything had to be removed from the travois and packed on the backs of the animals to prevent the goods from getting wet. Once across, they were replaced on the travois, and the village proceeded until camp was reached, where they erected the lodges.

The packing of animals was an art in itself. The pack saddle was made, both at the pommel and cantle, like the figure "X." The bottom, where it rested on the back of the animal, was shaped something like the bottom of a wooden saddle. Indians used strong rawhide cinches to fasten the saddle to the animal. The load was added gradually, and when the pack was complete, a rawhide or hair lariat rope was placed around and over the goods and over and under the animal many times, being fastened on the crosses at the top of the pommel and cantle. The pack of an animal should be so placed on its back as to have the weight equal on both sides, and in such manner that it would not slip or move, or any portion of it fall out or get in such position as to cause repeated stops to adjust it.

Pack animals would sometimes carry a load of five or six hundred pounds each and, when packed, it was necessary to lead them around in a circle constantly to prevent them from lying down, for

(Continued on page 54)



Courtesy Jim Shaw

Shown above is a portion of the Shaws' miniature reproduction of Deadwood's Main Street near the No. 10 Saloon.

By MILDRED FIELDER

LITTLE DEADWOOD in ALABAMA

—the Black Hills have come to Magnolia Land!

What do you do when you get homesick for the old hometown, and that town is half-way across the continent? You build a miniature settlement, inch by inch, and if you are James H. Shaw it turns out to be historic Deadwood, frontier town of the West in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

Jim Shaw lived in Deadwood as a boy, with the nearby Homestake gold mine at Lead only three miles distant, and the Days of '76 celebration every August to remind him of Deadwood's history. Born in 1910, he lived with his grandfather, James "Dad" Shaw, who was one of the first railroaders in the area when the steam engines came to the Hills. Jim was steeped in the lore of the West, and when he moved to Montgomery, Alabama, in 1948 he could not forget.

For "something to do" he and his wife, Ruby, began building a corral such as they had seen in the Black Hills, and the corral grew immediately into the project of rebuilding Deadwood itself. Through

the years the little town has grown until now it fills a building 12 feet by 45 feet in size, and spills into the yard outside.

Jim works on the details of assembling the multitude of equipment, and Ruby has built several "mountains" from cement. Deadwood is situated in the heart of the higher Hills, and it was unthinkable that the miniature town should not have mountains around it.

The whole "community" is built to conform with the proportion of eight-inch horses. The Shaws have been able to buy horses, cows and the people, but the buildings, the wagons, corrals, fences, mines, waterwheels, and Indian tepees have all been carved by hand. Shaw says that the reproduction of wagons and stagecoaches was difficult to do, because they wanted to keep the scale accurate.

Jim is quick to give credit to two of his friends in the wood carving detail. Al Gillette, former chief building inspector in Montgomery, Alabama, has helped with his work shop, and L. F. Willis, now deceased, was the first of the three to carve wooden wheels for the carriages. After that, the wagon equipment construction flourished. Now that Willis is dead, Shaw is continuing his rolling equipment collection insofar as he is able, but he misses Willis' ability to carve the wheels.

AFTER nearly twenty years of assembling, the miniature town has a sample of almost everything the original Deadwood boasted in its early days. Saloons, jails, the general store with a hanging platform, a cemetery, the houses of ill repute, stables, a blacksmith shop, corrals, and hitching racks are the background for cowboys and Indians.

Sioux braves ride their ponies over the top of one of the mountains overlooking Deadwood, and their tepees can be seen lower on the mountain. Nearby are the mines, with their tunnels and their miners' cabins. A waterwheel near the base of one of the mountains has actual water under it. On the mountains, Ruby has installed pine and spruce branches to simulate the trees of the Black Hills.

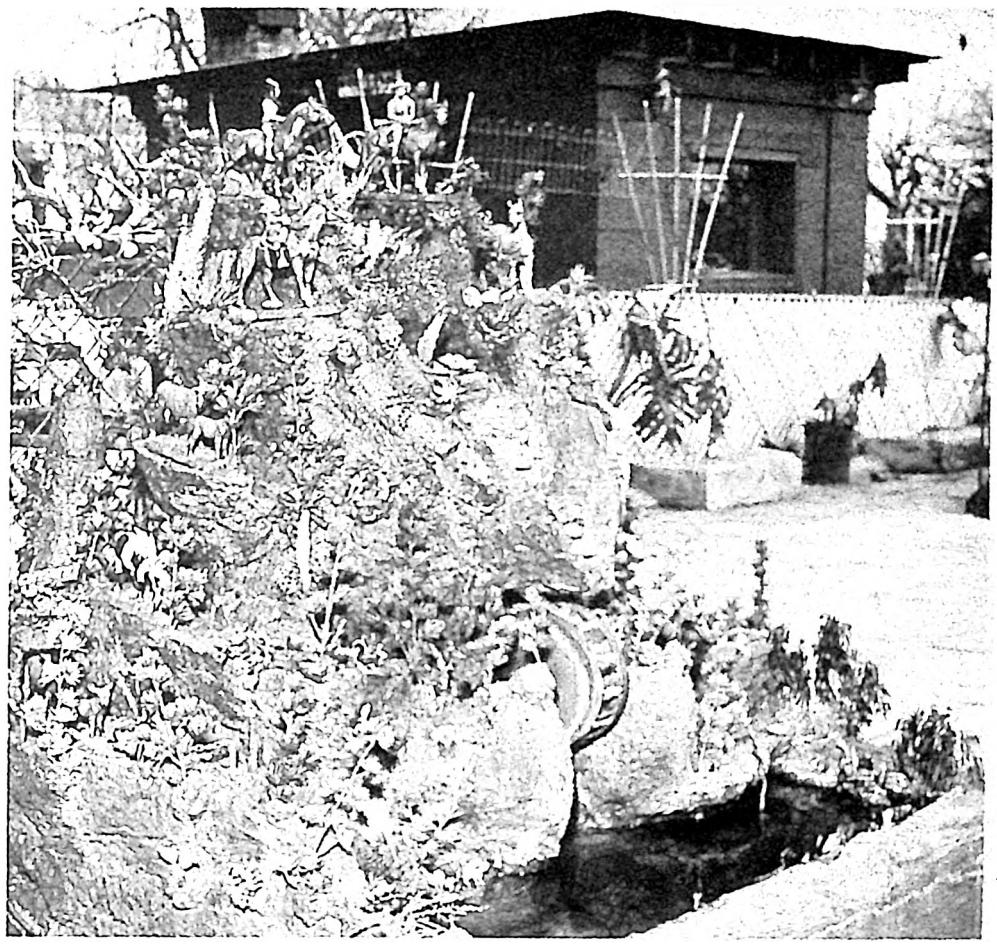
Main Street of Shaw's Deadwood is a bustle of activity. Near Bob's Blacksmithing shop stand several horses waiting to be shod. Passing them are a pair of horses pulling a dray wagon with a chest for gold bullion back of the seat. Ahead rolls the brewery wagon with its tilted beer barrels, slowing past the Big Horn Hotel and No. 10 Saloon. There was a No. 10 Saloon in Deadwood's early days, in which Wild Bill Hickok was shot. Over the saloon is the sign "Big Horn Hotel," a remembrance of the original Big Horn grocery store which existed in the 1870s.

Ruby's Place with a painted hussy in the window is just beyond the hotel. On the street again, we see cowboys, a prospector leading his pack mule, a horse drawing a buggy, and coming toward them the Deadwood Stage.

In the boom days of the gold rush, Main Street was as busy. Old photos of the real Deadwood in 1876 and the next few years show a hustle and bustle of horses and bull teams that would almost equal the chaos of Shaw's miniature Deadwood (though Deadwood of 1967 is naturally considerably changed).

He has nearly 800 animals in the reproduction, plus most types of conveyances popular in the 1880s, including several fire wagons, a man-drawn hose cart, a hearse drawn by horses, a sleigh, and the usual equipment such as lumber wagons, stagecoaches, and so on.

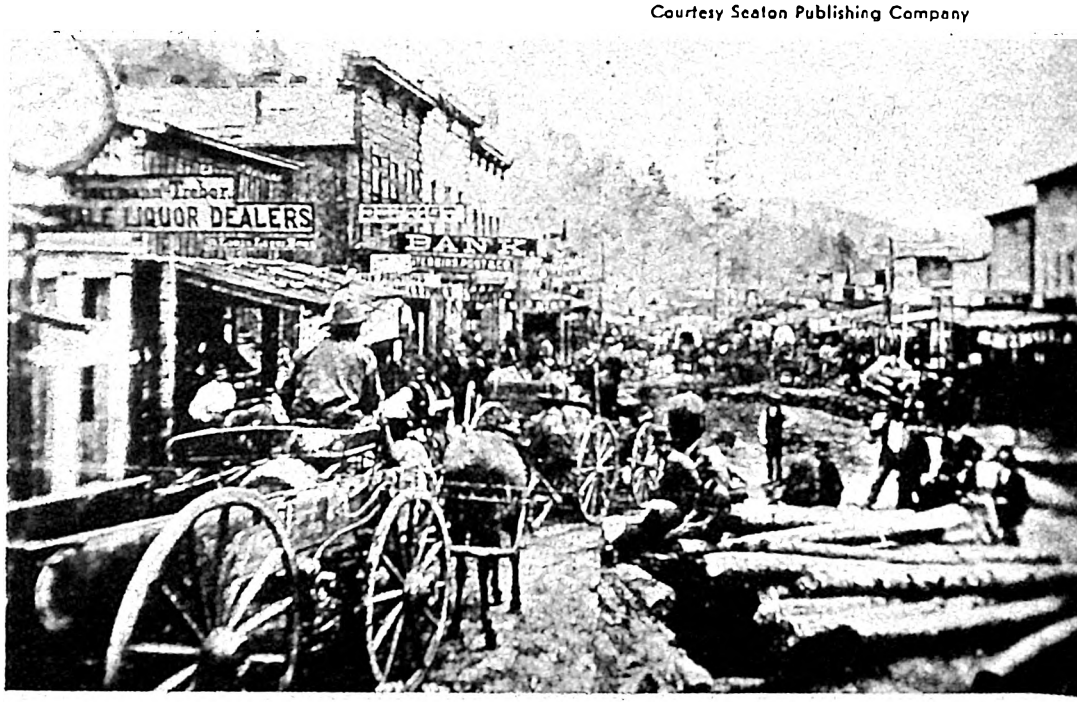
As Shaw's Little Deadwood grew, its fame spread. There have been visitors from all parts of the country and even some from Scotland. Parts of the town have been shown at local fairs and rodeos, creating considerable interest. Alabama a century ago furnished many new settlers for the frontier, and interest in Deadwood in miniature is booming in the area. Jim and Ruby Shaw welcome all visitors with enthusiasm. If their Little Deadwood has any merit, it is in the pleasure that it has given its builders and the many visitors who view it.



Courtesy Jim Shaw

Indians, horses, and scattered pines decorate one of the Shaws' Black Hills, above. The "real" Deadwood is depicted below in an 1876 photo.

Courtesy Seaton Publishing Company



TWO YEARS ON THE DESERT

By K. E. COVINGTON

Photos Courtesy Southern Pacific Railroad

IN 1901, Monument, Utah's population consisted of my family and twenty old Chinamen. The town was just a side track, section house, cook house, and bunkhouse made of ties with an earthen roof. We'd come with my father, a section foreman for the Central Pacific; the Chinese had come over thirty years earlier when the railroad had been built across the desert. They were employed as laborers and paid $1.00 a day for eleven hours of work.

These old fellows were the most loyal people I've ever known. All but one of them smoked opium, which they had shipped to them from Terrace, where there was a large Chinatown. They bought their opium in cans about the size of a bar of soap, which cost $7.00 and would last a long time, as a "smoke" was only about the size of a large kidney bean. Also, every month, they bought a 100-pound bag of rice, dried squid, chicken, duck, seaweed, and dried or pickled fish.

They all kept immaculately clean. Every one took a sponge bath each night and changed clothes before eating. They had a cook who stayed home and looked after their wants. He was given his board and paid $1.00 per month by each man.

The railroad had been constructed along the border of Great Salt Lake but the water had receded since 1868 and was now miles from us. The salt works had been abandoned because of this, leaving Monument to the Chinese. Occasionally we had visitors—Road Master James Griffin, whom the Chinese called "Long Jim," and "Big Tom" Fitzgerald, Superintendent—and once in a while we would visit the Bakers, who lived at Locomotive Springs, four miles southwest of Monument.

The water in Locomotive Springs had a salt taste but was usable, and Baker grew hay and raised some cattle. The only birdlife near us was at these springs—ducks and geese, which my dad enjoyed hunting. On the desert we saw coyotes, rabbits, lizards, horned toads, scorpions and snakes. The rattlers were fat and powerful—the longest I saw would have measured about four feet, but a three-foot snake would have a body about two-inches in diameter.

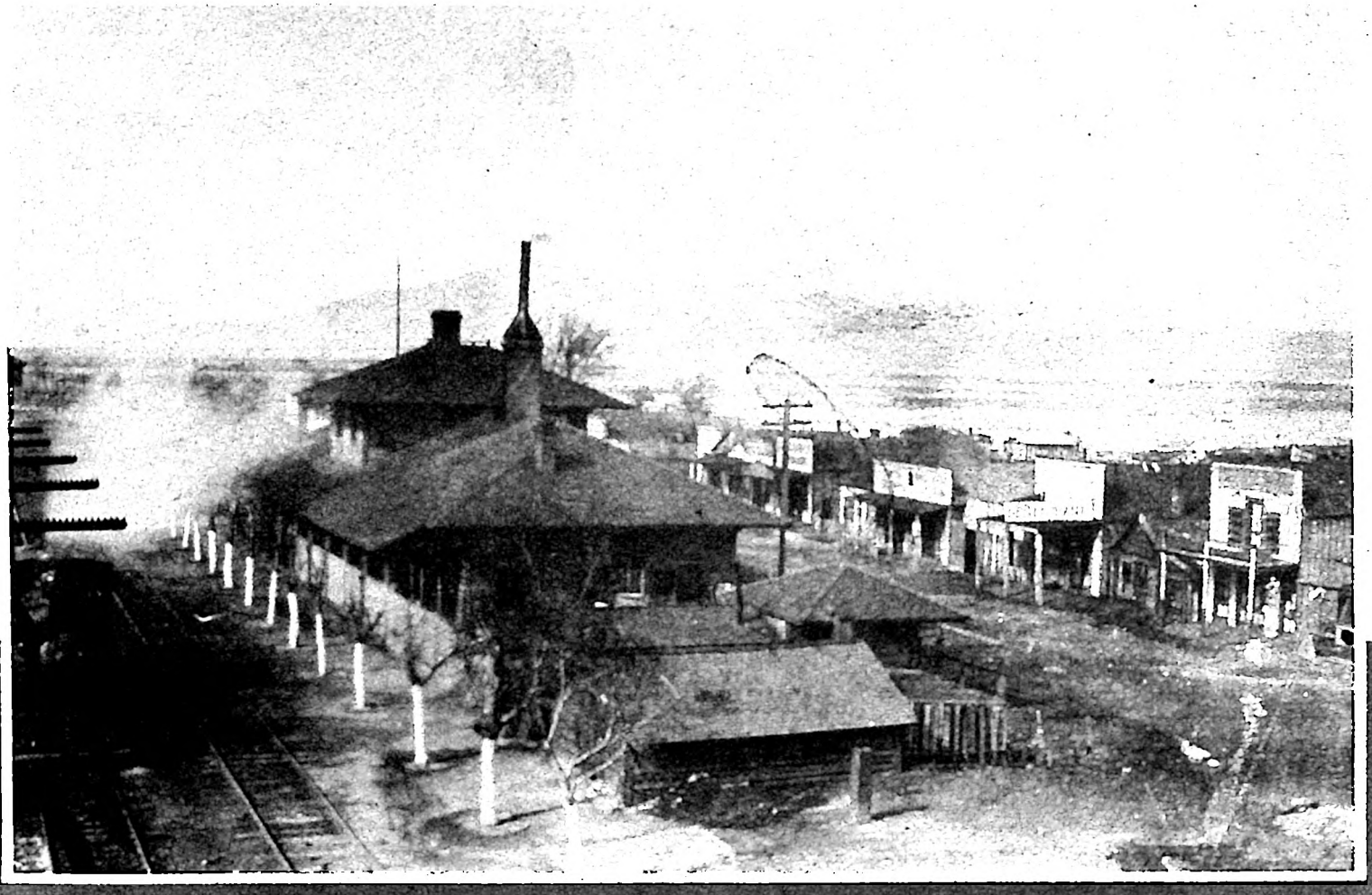
The biggest desert hunting expedition had occurred a few years before we moved to Monument and Mr. Baker at Locomotive Springs had participated. The Browning brothers, who owned a gunshop in Ogden, led the group which killed over 8,000 rabbits in one day. Mr. Baker and his brother hauled the carcasses to the train and they were shipped to Ogden and Salt Lake City and given to people to eat. Having seen the tremendous number of empty shellcases, I'm inclined to believe this story.

In all this desolate country there was one bright spot, a small kind of cactus about eighteen inches in diameter and growing close to the ground (four inches) which had the most beautiful waxy blooms, white, yellow and red.

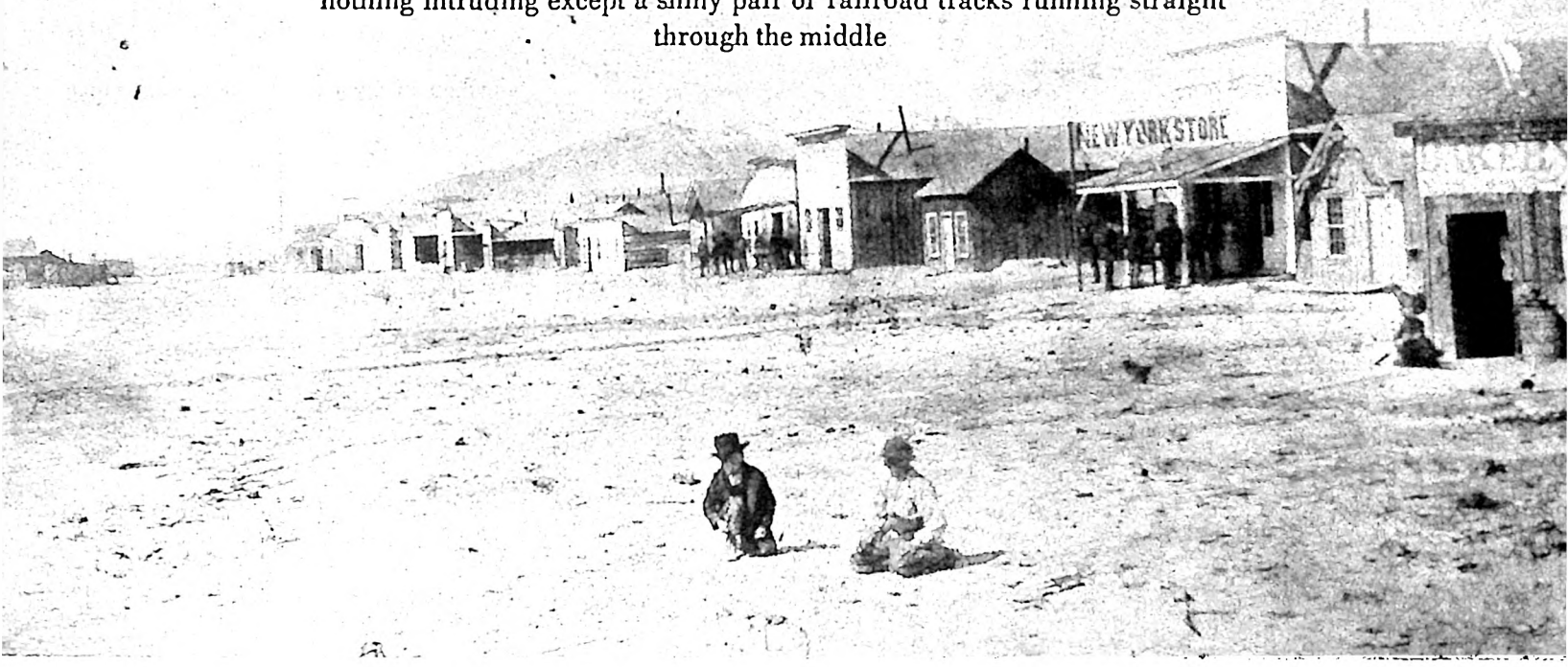
SOLDIERS used to come through in large trainloads from the Philippines. We would pick up the hats and canteens they lost out of the windows and those were the best hats I have ever had.

Picking up things along the tracks was about our greatest entertainment. One of the section hands walking out from the track at noontime found a $10 gold piece minted in 1858, evidently lost by someone on the construction gang thirty

Terrace, Utah in 1900



Boyhood recollections of the days when his world was measured from sky to sky with nothing intruding except a shiny pair of railroad tracks running straight through the middle



Two youngsters play in a Terrace street in this dim 1875 shot.

years before. That old Chinese never looked up for weeks; $10 was a fortune to him.

The pay car came through each month and stopped wherever the men were working. They were paid in gold and silver. Replacements for the old Chinese were hard to find when one quit or died. The roadmaster sent some Japanese to Dad but the Chinese would not let them use the cook house or get into the bunkhouse, so Dad flagged the next train going to Ogden and sent them back with a note to the roadmaster saying they would not mix and he did not want to be responsible for the results.

Our water supply was hauled by tank-car and emptied into a cistern of about 5,000 gallons capacity. The railroad told us to give water to anyone for human consumption but not for stock. Large bands of sheep roamed the desert in the winter—they were able to get by on the dew they found on the sage but the herders had to have water for themselves and their horses. Once, while out hunting, my dad found four springs, two of which had good water in them. Often, when herders would come by, we'd pilot them to these springs so they could water their animals—it was great to be able to talk to someone and take a two-and-one-half mile wagonride.

One day in 1901 a train with an observation car on the back stopped on the side track. We kids went out to visit with the men who were on the back platform. One man seemed to do all the talking, asked us our names, what our father did, and if we went to school. That night when Dad came home he was excited and asked Mother if she had seen the President go by. She wanted to know what time he went by.

"About 11:30," Dad said.

"Well, that must have been who the children were talking to."

Then we were sure quizzed. We had been talking to President McKinley and did not know who he was—the only President I ever spoke to.

CHICKEN cars are no longer used but then we had some in every train. They were partitioned off in about sixteen inch squares, running from side to side with a screen covering. How many chickens they held I never knew but it seemed like thousands. Some of these chickens would be crippled due to crowding and when a train stopped at our place, the man in charge would take out the culls and give them to us.

Mother tried to raise chickens but the coyotes got after them. One old Chinese made a trap from a five-gallon oil can. He wired the bottom of it to a couple of ties, then cut the metal of the other end into sharp triangles—sort of like you might cut a pie. He bent these sharp edges in toward the center of the oil can and tossed a dead rabbit inside. The coyotes would squeeze their head through this opening to get the bait, then be caught on the sharp points when they tried to get out, and would bleed to death. We caught a number of them in this way.

Those old Chinese had a cure for everything. One day they caught two large rattlesnakes, killed them and cleaned them, and were going to bring them back to the bunkhouse but my father wouldn't let them on the handcar. So they left the snakes, but kept the gall and dried it. One of them carried it in his purse. It was about the size of a bean and hard as stone. Not too many weeks later, Dad had the misfortune to get a piece of steel from a rail imbedded in his palm. Mother tried all the old poultices she knew but couldn't draw it out and they were getting pretty worried when the old China-man came to the house.

"Bossy Man pretty sick?" he asked. "Come my house, I got good medicine."

He washed Dad's hand in hot tea and bound the snake gall over the wound. The next morning the steel was drawn out and Dad's hand was well in a few days.

Once I saw an old Chinese catch a rattlesnake, hold its mouth open and spit tobacco juice down its throat. Then he turned it loose and it threshed around like it was having a fit. "Pretty soon die," he told me, and sure enough it did. That's a trick I never wanted to try.

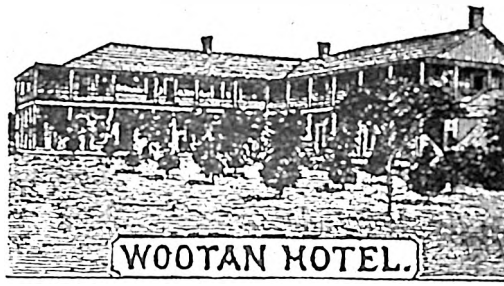
Those old guys were funny. Once one of them broke his pipe stem. He could have replaced it for about a dime but decided to make one for himself. He found a piece of greasewood the right size and fashioned a drill from a piece of wire. Each night for weeks he worked at drilling a hole through that piece of greasewood to make a pipe stem he could have bought for a dime.

EACH train or traveler that came through was a major event. Some of the trainmen used to throw us newspapers—I especially remember how we looked forward to the Sunday comics. Maud & Si, Happy Hooligan, Buster Brown & The Lady Bountiful, Foxy Grandpa, The Love of Lulu and Leander, The Katzenjammer Kids, Swinnerton's Ark, Alfonso & Gaston, and Willie Westinghouse Edison Smith—I remember them all so well. I do not think today's comics can compare with them.

One day Mother saw three Italians with some trained bears walking along the tracks. She got scared and took us on the run about two miles to where Dad was working. After the men and bears had gone, Dad loaded all of us on his three-wheel railroad speeder and brought us home. Mother sat behind Dad holding my two little sisters, and we three oldest sat on the 2x2 brace which ran across to the small wheel. I never see a bunch of highschool kids today, crammed into an old car, but what I think about our ride that day.

The road which paralleled the railroad tracks was very seldom used but once a blind man and his fifteen-year-old daughter drove by in a horse and buggy. They were on their way to California and stayed with us overnight. We never heard from them again and I've always wondered if they made it and what they did. They were completely destitute as

(Continued on page 69)


WOOTAN HOTEL.

The SWAN Wootan

By PEGGY J

Illustrations

A fond look at an old-time s
good time under the guise

"SPAWNED by a water witch, extinguished by a burning wasps' nest," would have proved an accurate epitaph for Wootan Wells (Wooten Wells), the great lady of entertainment and health resorts in Texas during the late 1800s and early 1900s.

This mecca, known far and wide for its curative waters, was located only three-and-one-half miles west of Bremond in central Texas.

In 1878, F. M. Wootan, a native of Alabama, moved his family to Bremond where he planned to engage in farming. After looking over the countryside for a homesite he finally chose the crest of the highest hill in the area.

As soon as Wootan completed the new family home, he had a seventy-five-foot well dug. The water was just the other side of "unpardonable." According to old records it wasn't fit to cook with, the coffee made with it turned blue when you added cream, the dishes washed in it turned a golden hue, and clothes rinsed in it turned a dirty red.

His wife declared that living under such conditions was unbearable, and soon the family moved to another location. Wootan felt most fortunate to have the opportunity to rent the "bad water" place to an indigent family for one bale of cotton per year.

His new tenants, both the children and their father, were in poor health, and "put up with" the bad water simply because their finances were too shaky to afford another house.

Before many months had elapsed, however, everyone began noticing a decided difference in the appearance of the ailing family. The youngsters had become robust, clear-eyed and rosy-cheeked. It seemed almost a miracle.

One after another, usually rather stealthily, people started carrying water from the Wootan well to cure a multitude of illnesses.

Word soon spread. This one got well from one ailment, that one from another, until the fame of the water was on everyone's lips throughout the entire countryside.

Wootan was overjoyed. At the end of the year he moved back onto his homestead and with the financial assistance of some Waco businessmen, he started erecting hotels and guest cottages.

IN THE late fall of 1879, a full-blown resort, complete with fine hotels, cottages and bathhouses, made its debut.

The cream of society, including Governor Hogg and his daughters, came from all over Texas to register at the spa. In peak periods there were up to 2,000 patrons strolling the spacious lawns and "drinking the waters."

To the lyrical tunes of the flowing wells, unimaginatively named Well #1; Well #2; Well #3 and Well #4 (with the local beer parlor affectionately called Well #5), Wootan Wells joined the ranks of thriving business towns.

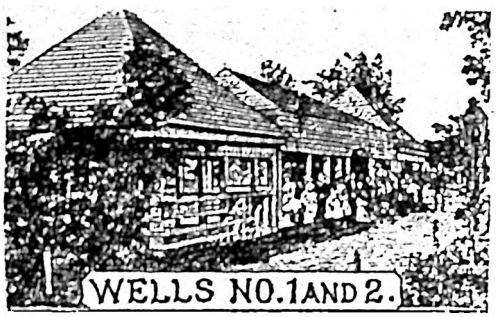
Every convenience for the pleasure of guests was incorporated. A mule-drawn trolley met the trains at the special Wootan Wells junction of the H&TC Railroad (now known as the Southern Pacific).

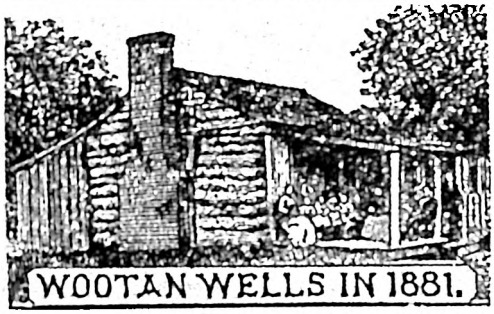
There were three hotels: a two-story brick where rates were $2.00 a day for room and board; the Wootan, a two-story frame hotel, which charged only $1.00 a day; and the European style Avenue Hotel, a three-storied frame building.

There was also the Gun Club, a post office, a dry goods store, drug store, grist mill and gin, the schoolhouse, doctor's office, several bathhouses, a soda water plant and a two-story billiard hall. The final gala touch was the elegant dance pavilion and its Mexican stringed band. Flickering shadows from the exclusive gaslights provided the town with a luxurious and romantic aura during the evening hours.

Even all this could not accommodate the large influx of people into the health spa. Many large groups traveled caravan style to the town in covered wagons and resided in them during their stay. Others would camp on the grounds just adjacent to the guest area.

A very good picture of the activities of the guests while they awaited "instant rejuvenation" was written by Joseph Temby, of Houston, Texas, in a letter to his daughter Belle:


WELLS NO. 1 AND 2.


WOOTAN WELLS IN 1881.

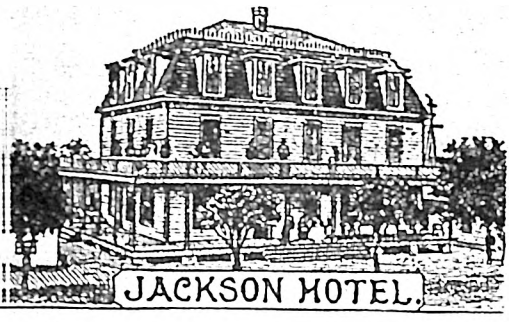
PAVILLION.

VIEWS OF WOOTAN WELL

COTTAGES.

VIEW IN PARK.

DRY GOODS & DRUG STORE.


JACKSON HOTEL.

SONG of Wells

YCE FLORIDA

rtesy Jim Turner

n where people could have a
f improving their health . . .

Wootan Wells
(Robertson County)
Texas Aug. 4, 1884

My Dear Belle,

We are all here enjoying ourselves in various ways. I was here a day before Mamma and Gwynne came. I had the room engaged and met them at the depot. The RR depot for the Wells is one and a half miles from the Wells. A horse car line runs to and from every train. It is very pleasant here and lots of pleasant folks. Some beautiful young ladies who dress in style, I tell you. There are about 150 guests at our hotel, The Wootan, and I'll tell you how we spend our time.

We have to get up about half after six so as to dress for breakfast which is announced by ringing of a bell at 7. All rush for the dining room where two long tables extending the length of the room are filled almost instantly by the hungry crowd. Gwynne and Mamma like it very well here and have good appetites. The food is only tolerable. We have plenty of good butter and milk so we get along nicely. After breakfast the ladies all repair to the parlor and spend the time till nearly dinner, chatting, singing and playing on the piano, and every hour or so they march out in squads down to the end of the park where the wells are located to drink water.

We gentlemen walk about and sit and chat and smoke and play backgammon, checkers, occasionally visiting the ladies' parlor and talking to the ladies.

There are croquet grounds here, and many little girls and boys play all the time when it is not too sunny. Gwynne is the champion and beats everyone here. A lady was telling me that her daughter, about 13 or 14 years old, came in last night overjoyed at besting in a game of croquet the "Champion player of Houston" meaning Gwynne. She told her mother she was sorry to beat him because he was a cripple but she said he can beat anyone here. Gwynne brot his bicycle and it is the only one here and the country folks look with open eyed wonder at his evolutions on it as he flies around the grounds and down the avenue.

We have dances here twice a week at the pavilion. Last Friday I attended and it was a fine affair, lots of nice dancers. They have good music and dance Cotillion, Waltzes, Polkas. I thought you would have enjoyed it much. Other evenings the Company visit the parlor and play all sorts of games and have huge fun.

The "Queer Family" makes more fun than anything. The Company stand in a row about the room. When some lady or gentleman is introduced they all do and say what he does. It creates more fun than a little. The old doctor here was introduced to the queer family and after talking and making all sorts of gestures, all of which the Company copies to perfection, the Dr. baffled them by taking out his false teeth and laying them on the table. This they could not do and he was excused.

There is a shooting tournament beginning here today which will relieve the monotony of the place for a day or two. You must write to us all the news. Take time to write a long letter. Gwynne and Mamma send love. So does your affectionate

Papa

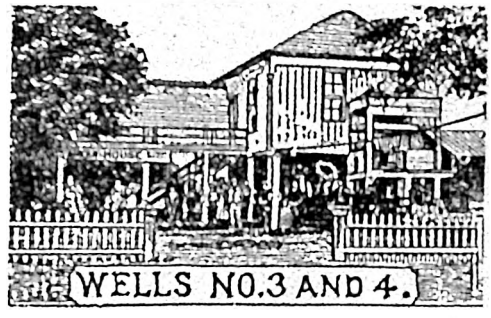
Things continued in this vein for many years but the kiss of fate, or the foresight of the men she touched, was short-lived.

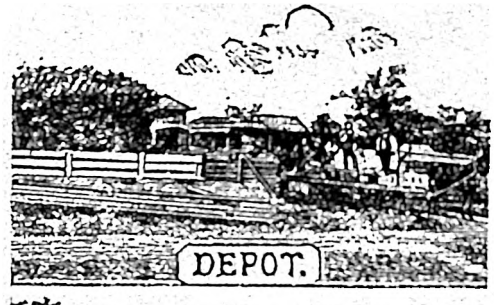
Marlin, a town located only some seventeen miles away and, ironically clearly visible from the top of the Wootan Wells Hill, made the startling discovery of natural hot curative waters when it dug its city water wells.

Residents and owners of businesses in Wootan Wells skittered onto the slippery path of fear and indecision. A rash of "accidental" fires broke out. While "burning a wasps' nest" in July, 1915 the Wootan Hotel became a sheet of flame and much of the town was razed.

A series of such blazes gradually wiped out the cottages, the bathhouses and the elaborate pavilion. Finally, in 1921, the Soda Water Works and the last hotel burned.

Now nothing is left but cavernous cisterns, empty of water, part of one hotel foundation, a lump of unused mortar, and the memories of a few former residents and guests to tell the story of Wootan Wells. Lush, whispering grass grows in the streets that witnessed "miracles."


WELLS NO.3 AND 4.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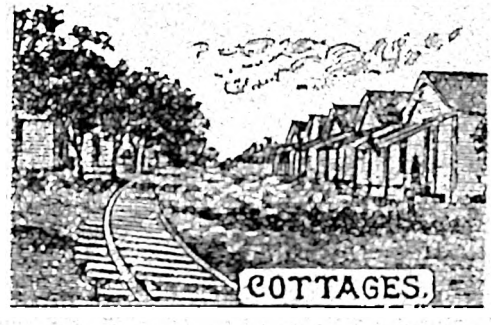
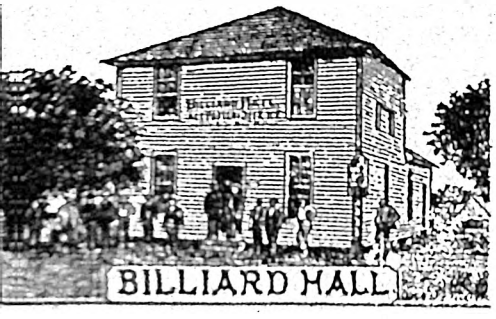
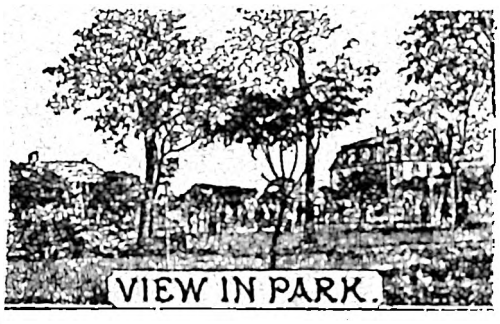

COTTAGES.

PHOTOGRAPHED by C.S.SLOCOMB


BILLIARD HALL


VIEW IN PARK.

COTTAGES.

The SWEET REVENGE of WILLIE GRAY FOX

. . . one of the best loved yarns of the frontier. Undoubtedly Willie pulled this stunt more than once, and every cavalryman who ever related the story had it taking place at HIS post. Here's the way they told it at Fort Sill . . .

Reprinted Courtesy Oklahoma Today Magazine

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Illustrated by Brummett Echohawk

IN THE mid-1880s at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, a shavetail lieutenant rode a good horse of whose speed he was inordinately proud. Fresh out of West Point and cocky as hell, the green young officer became quite obnoxious in his constant bragging that his crack mount could beat any horse in the Territory in a match race.

News of the lieutenant's rash boast reached the attentive ears of a crafty old Comanche brave named Willie Gray Fox. Willie, whose phenomenal skill as a horseman was second only to his adeptness at setting up a sucker for a race, owned a fleet little dun mustang appropriately called Deer Foot. The dun had earned a fat bankroll for his owner and rider in cleverly engineered betting coups. No longer would Willie's tribesmen or any of the other tribes in "The Nations" run their horses against Deer Foot, so old Fox was happy to hear of the lieutenant's brag. Willie smelled money, and acquiring money was his favorite sport since the white men had moved in to gobble up the land and slaughter the buffaloes.

Wily Willie was looking beyond a race with the lieutenant's horse to a lucrative match with the Kentucky thoroughbred of the colonel commanding at Fort Sill. Willie knew from experience that young lieutenants were chronically afflicted with the shorts, while colonels were usually loaded. The Fox loved "yellow birds," as he called twenty-dollar gold double eagles. His medicine sack was crammed with the gold coins, gained from the sale of the many horses Deer Foot had won for him. His last coup had been his best yet; 100 head in one race against the champion runner of the Kickapoos. But now Deer Foot had run clear out of opponents, with Willie's lust for gold still unsated. What better way to get more than by beating the Long Knives' horses at Fort Sill? In addition to the yellow birds to be won, victory would make up for some of the land and horses stolen by the Long Knives from the Comanches and for the countless buffaloes they had killed.

SO IT WAS that at the annual Fourth of July horse races at Fort Sill, a raggedy old Indian challenged Lieutenant James Curtis to a match race for $20 a side. His scrawny pony looked like twenty cents worth of dog meat compared to the lieutenant's sleek cavalry mount. Barely 14 hands, covered with shaggy hair and pitifully thin to boot, the wild little mustang looked anything but a racer.

Lieutenant Curtis at first laughed off the old Indian's challenge. Willie per-

sisted, and finally—goaded by the taunts and jeers of his fellow officers—Curtis in exasperation flipped a gold piece to a sergeant who had volunteered to act as stake-holder, and brought his prize mount to the starting line of the two-furlong course.

Bouncing around awkwardly on Deer Foot's bony back as if he had ants in his breech-clout, Willie Gray Fox quirted his frowzy little speedster home by a neck over the lieutenant's big horse. Like the riding genius he was, Willie made the close win look to be a sheer fluke.

Sniffing easy money, a captain next challenged Willie for $100 a side. Willie seemed reluctant to race his horse again, but allowed himself to be talked into the match. Again Deer Foot won, this time by a head and in the same unconvincing manner as before.

Smarting with humiliation, the two fleeced officers persuaded the CO to race his fast Kentucky racing mare Black Star against Deer Foot. Lieutenant Curtis stalked over to where Willie Gray Fox squatted stolidly on the prairie beside his pony and demanded: "How much money do you have, old man?"

Willie looked up at Curtis with a snaggle-toothed grin. Slowly, with the dramatic instinct of a born showman, he poured the contents of his medicine sack on the ground—fifty gleaming double eagles. "T'ousand dollar," he grunted. "Bet'em whole damn works!"

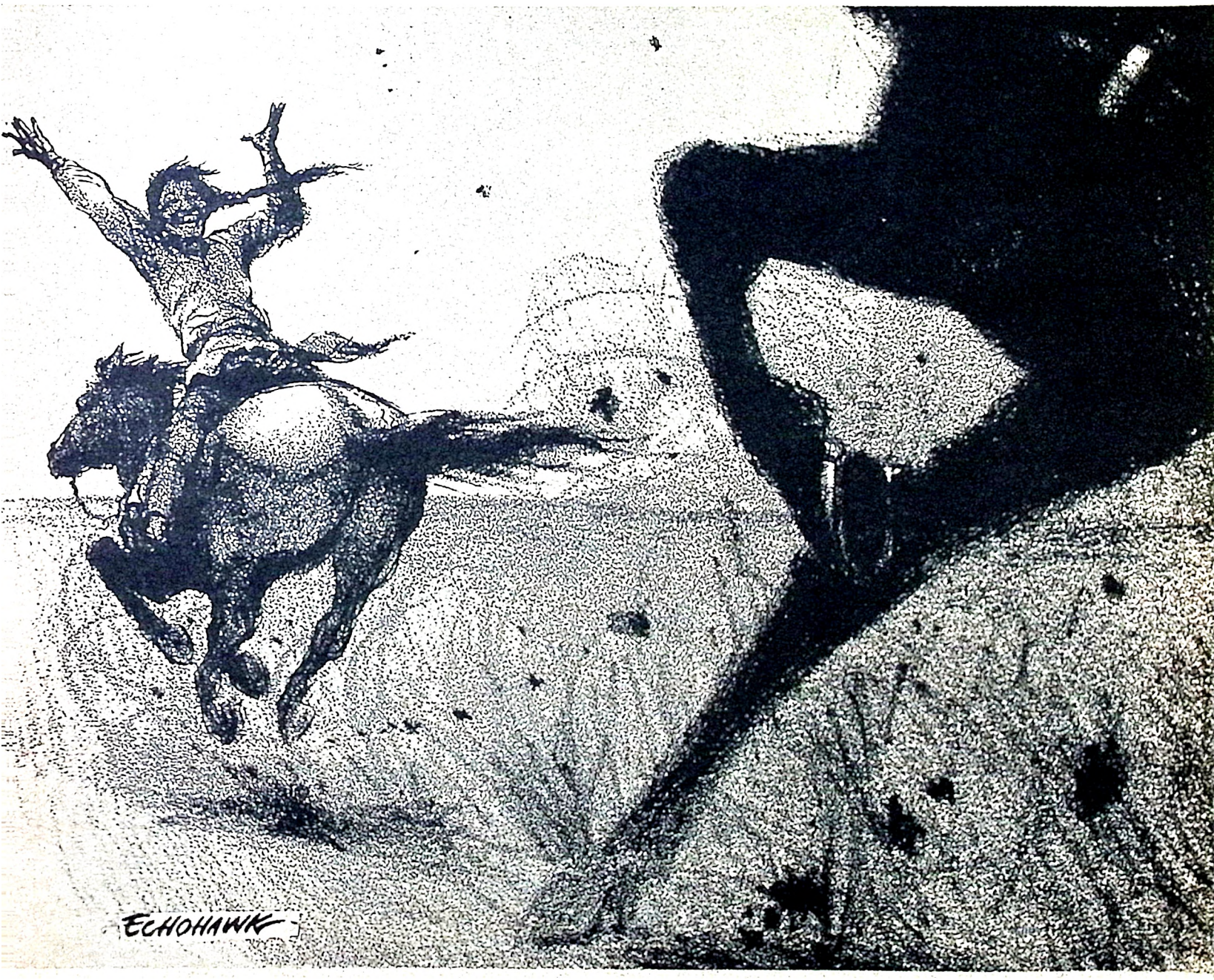
Jolted, Curtis reported back to the CO. "The old man's crazy! He wants to bet you a thousand dollars his rack of bones can beat Black Star!"

The colonel's eyes glinted. "Done! The idiot can't possibly win. Tell Corporal Thomas that I'll give him a hundred dollars to ride Black Star and beat this damned old Indian and his starving mustang."

Thomas, formerly a jockey in his native England, beamed at the offer. "Righto! Be like taking biscuits from a baby!"

Willie Gray Fox threw away his quirt at the start of this third and final race in his careful build-up to the kill, bent low over Deer Foot's neck and whooped piercingly in the mustang's ear. With a bound like that of a startled antelope, the dun took the lead at the break and widened it at every jump. The colonel's classy Kentucky mare never had a chance. For the last fifty yards of the quarter-mile course, Willie Gray Fox sat backwards on his pony thumbing his nose at the cursing, whip-slashing corporal aboard Black Star. Deer Foot streaked across the finish line six lengths in front of the straining thoroughbred.

The shocked CO and his staff stood silent and unbelieving as Willie circled back to pick up his $2,000 from the stakeholder and headed Deer Foot for his home village. One faint cackle of derisive laughter drifted to their ears as pony and rider disappeared over a roll of prairie.



Wild Old Days!

TRAGEDY AT MAVERICK DRAW

By Vada F. Carlson

THE WOMAN in the wagon looked with experienced eyes at the black, lightning-shot clouds in the west. Greenish-white streaks swept from them to the ground.

"Hail," she told herself, "and not far off. Better get to shelter."

She slapped the horses with the lines and yelled at them. They broke into a trot, heading for the shearing pens, where she was to pick up ranch provisions left by the freighter from Riverton.

The Wyoming air took on a chill as the sky darkened. Mrs. Wilson buckled her slicker and told her children—Carl and Fern, and Edna, their friend from a neighboring ranch—to get under the seat if the hail overtook them. Big drops of rain began splashing down as they drew up at the shed.

The children jumped to the ground and scuttled into the building. Mrs. Wilson cramped the wagon wheels so that the horses stood with tails toward the coming storm, then she, too, ran inside.

The hailstones were not large, but their clatter on the roof was deafening. The children sat on piles of rock salt while the fringe of the storm passed over them and on.

"We might as well get headed home now," the woman told the children. "No supplies. Trip was all for nothing."

She had been to the Bar G Ranch to get the horses shod; now there was the long drive home ahead of her, but it was only mid-afternoon of a summer day. There was lots of time.

As they drove homeward Carl, ten years old, pointed to one of the little waterways, already gurgling bankful with muddy water.

"I wouldn't want to be in that," he shuddered. "Sure is travelin'."

About half an hour later, they reached the bank of Maverick Draw. Mrs. Wilson was relieved. The draw was dry. A car had crossed it recently, according to the tracks. Cars were not too plentiful in 1915.

Funny about storms in Wyoming, she thought, driving down into the draw—you could go a half mile and be clear out of the mud all at once, as if the storm had been laid down along a chalk-line.

Thirty seconds more, a few more turns of the wagon wheels, and she'd have gone her way without harm. But flash floods give their victims no warning.

Maverick Draw twisted and turned through an area of powder-fine silt, and around one of those bends a great wall of water was tumbling toward them, run-off from the hills to the west where the storm had dumped its payload.

The horses were drawing the wagon up the far bank when the flood struck them with battering-ram violence. It caught the rear wheel. Spun it off its axle. Flipped the wagon over. Spilled the screaming children and the horrified woman into the muddy water.

Mrs. Wilson bobbed up, grasped the step of the wagon box and looked frantically for the children. She could see twelve-year-old Fern clinging to a bush on the bank of the draw, and Edna bobbing in the water, her arms about Fern's waist.

Just then two feet came into view. Carl's! With one hand she grabbed him about the knees and hauled him up.

He was gasping and mud was dripping from his head and face. His blue eyes looked at her pleadingly as she pushed him into the wagon box.

"Oh, mama!" he cried, chokingly. "Don't die! Please don't die!"

She had no time to reassure him. Another huge wave hit them. Carl was thrown out again, into the water. She saw the wagon swing around to crush his skull.

WHEN Mrs. Wilson opened her eyes she was lying on the bank of Maverick Draw alone. She sat up, her head reeling, and screamed the children's names. There were no answers.

Then she saw the horses. One of them had not a vestige of harness left on it. The other, cut and bleeding, still wore its bridle and a bit of the harness. She got up and staggered to it. Again and again she tried to climb onto its back. Each time she fell beneath it. But she kept trying, sobbing that she must—she must—get help for the little ones. Mrs. Wilson made it finally, and collapsed on the animal's back, her arms around its neck.

E. P. Wilcox, then mayor of the little town of Riverton, whose car tracks she had seen in the draw, found her scratched, bruised and cut, and in a state of shock. He had learned at the Maverick oil field of the flood that was rushing downstream and had come back with all speed to see about the safety of a friend who was on his way to the oil camp with a load of wood.

Putting Mrs. Wilson into his car he took her back to camp and placed her under the tender care of the camp cook, Mrs. Shipton. Mrs. Shipton discovered the force of the water had driven a half-inch of mud between the poor woman's corset and her body. The heavy slicker, fastened tightly from the neck down, had evidently served as a sort of a balloon which had been tossed, with its wearer, onto the bank by the force of the flood.

Fern, too, had miraculously escaped the wrath of the water. She regained consciousness on the opposite bank of the stream and after calling without response, started back to the Bar G Ranch, using Phlox Mountain as her marker. She found the road they had traveled only an hour before and backtracked, sometimes wading in water up to her armpits.

It was four o'clock the next morning when she knocked on the door of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Metzger of the Bar G and poured out her horrifying story. Fern was exhausted, her bare feet were bleeding, and she was suffering from shock.

For Carl and Edna there was no happy ending. Carl's body was discovered about five miles downstream; Edna had been carried eleven miles before the flood subsided.

MONOPOLY IN ICE!

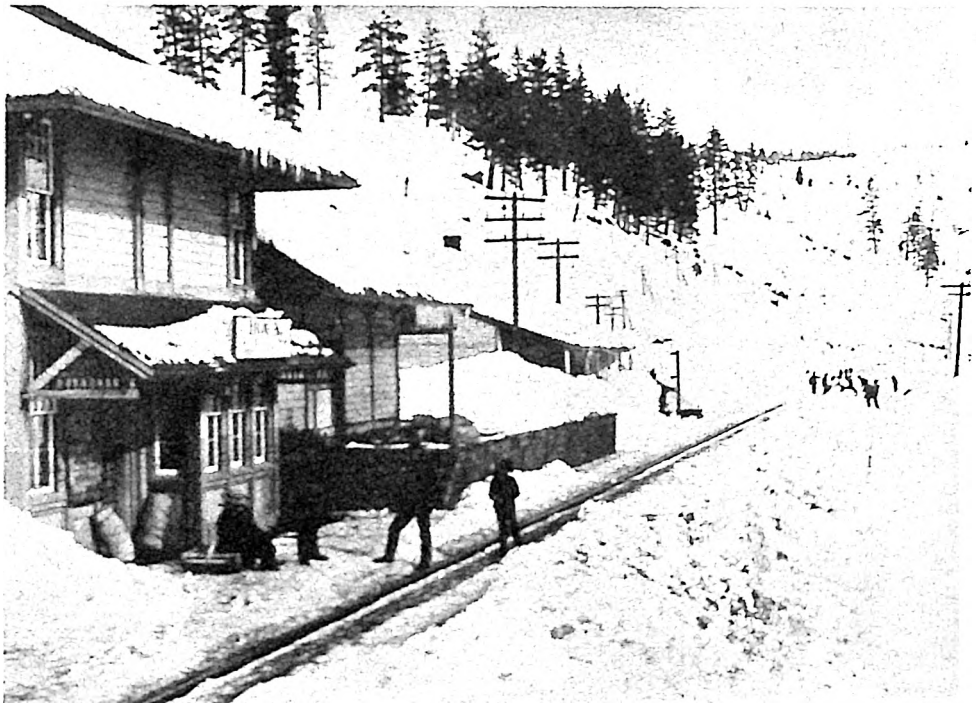
By Bruce D. Giffen

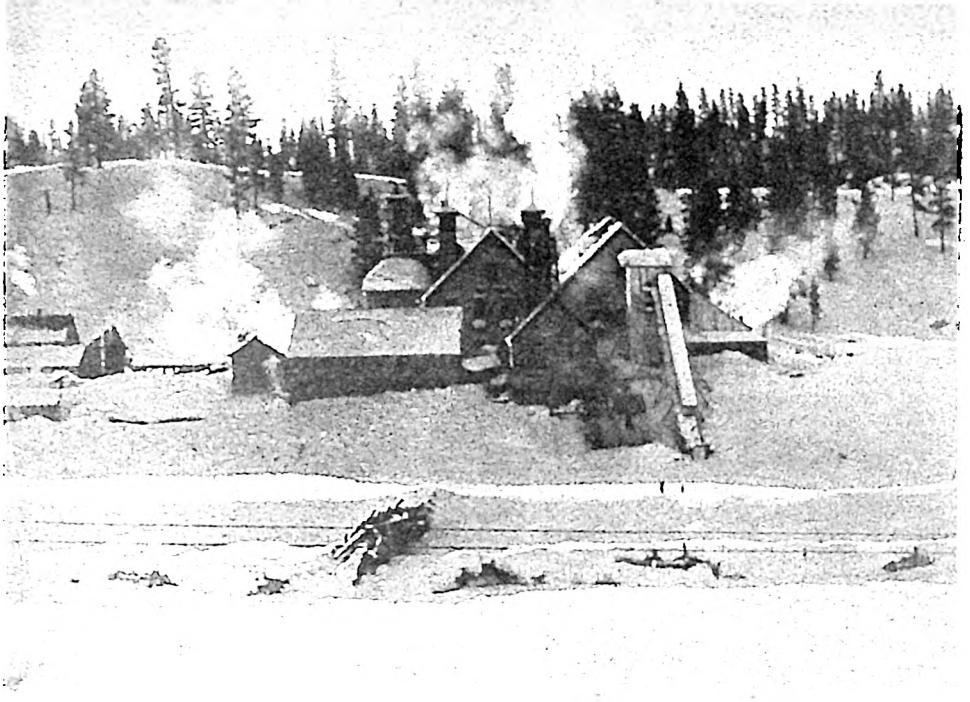
ONCE the center of the West Coast's beer and ice industries was nestled high in the midst of the historic and magnificently beautiful Sierra Nevada Mountains of California. Boca had its beginning around 1867 with the establishment of a construction camp by the Central Pacific Railroad on its newly constructed line crossing the summit to Nevada.

Early in 1868 the Boca Mill and Ice Company came into being. A dam built

Central Pacific station at Boca, California, winter of 1889-90

Courtesy Bruce D. Giffen





Courtesy Bruce D. Giffen

Boca Brewing Works, Boca, California, winter of 1889-90

across Prosser Creek, which still exists, created a reservoir covering some thirty acres. The following year an ice house was put up with a capacity of 8,000 tons. The ice that formed on the reservoir was cut by machinery and hoisted into the ice house by steam elevators. Boca at last had an industry, and began growing by leaps and bounds.

In 1870 competition arrived in the form of the Nevada Ice Company. Three ice houses were soon constructed with a total capacity of 10,000 tons.

Three years later, in 1873, the Boca Mill and Ice Company and the Nevada Ice Company joined with the nearby Summit Ice Company to form the Pacific Ice Company, making Boca their headquarters. This newly formed company controlled all the ice property in the State and had a combined storage capacity of 34,000 tons. One of the State's first monopolies had been born.

Soon after its forming, the Pacific Ice Company began to experiment with a flume three miles long, for the easy transportation of ice. This flume was abandoned after the trial run. An eleven-inch piece of ice was reduced to about three inches during the trial run of three miles, proving the flume to be quite impractical.

WHEN the new ice combine attracted Wells Fargo, it also made Boca interesting to some of California's more notorious citizens. Among this group was a charming lady known as "Dutch" Kate, whose specialty was holding up stagecoaches. She had a bit of competition in this endeavor with the periodic presence of Black Bart.

Another type of robbery was embarked upon by a gang headed by a former doctor who took the name of Tom Bell. This last group did not "specialize" but merely roamed the Boca area making periodic raids on the unwary and upon occasion stopping trains for purposes other than obtaining passage.

The industrial growth of Boca came to its peak in 1876 with the completion of the buildings which housed the Boca Brewing Company. These structures covered an acre of ground and were put up at a cost of $110,000, a sizable investment for that time. This single brewery produced more beer than all of the fourteen others in Nevada County. Its product was a favorite all up and down the West Coast.

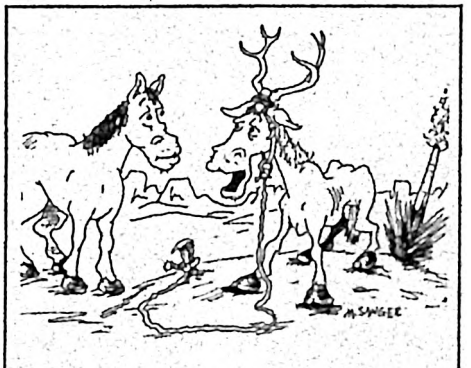
With the passage of time the ice business declined, the surrounding forests became cut out, and public taste in beers changed. Boca became another boom town gone bust, but is still an interesting place to visit. The Southern Pacific continues to operate on the old Central Pacific line and much is still there to remind us of Boca's cold and bubbly past.

DEAD MULES BEAT THE COMANCHES

By L. L. Prout

THE PARTY of mountain men returning from California to South Park in the Colorado Rockies in 1834 paused at the headwaters of the Rio Grande. Joe Meek, Kit Carson, a trapper named Mitchell, and three Delaware Indians, Tom Hill, Manhead, and Jones, decided to leave the group for a few days and go on a hunting expedition into the country to the east between the Cimarron and Arkansas Rivers.

One beautiful morning in May they were riding their mules across an open plain, when far in the distance they saw a dust cloud raised by a large Comanche war party galloping toward them at full speed. The Indians, brandishing spears, were well mounted on powerful, fast horses. It took but a moment for the mountain men to assay the situation and realize that flight was useless.



"Ever get that 'not wanted' feeling?"

The terrain offered no ravines, ridges, brush, or cover of any kind. Life in the mountains, however, in these early years had whetted the instinct of self-preservation to a fine edge, and had provided the ingenuity to go with it. In an instant Carson and Meek had the answer. They maneuvered their seven mules into a close ring. Then, at a signal, each animal's throat was swiftly sliced with hunting knives, and the animals held in position by their bridles until they bled to death and sank to the ground, forming a circular fort.

The remaining moments were precious. With knives and hands the trappers scooped up what dirt they could to improve their breastwork. Only three men were to fire at a time, thereby giving the others a chance to reload.

With a tremendous din, the Comanches were upon them; the medicine-man in front, whooping, yelling, and shaking a rattle violently, as he led the others into the wild charge. Then a strange thing happened. As the Indians raced toward the fortress, their horses became uncontrollable. They reared and snorted, and would not come near the dead mules with the smell of fresh blood about them. The spears with horsehair ropes attached with which to retrieve them, were ineffective. The recoiling horses caused them to fall short of their mark.

Three shots were fired. The medicine-man and two braves slid into the dust.

Angered beyond description, the warriors retired to choose a new leader. Then a second furious charge was made. Again the horses balked, and another red trio departed for more peaceful lands. Over and over the frantic attempt was made, but each time the horses refused to approach the dead mules in spite of the fierce beating and kicking they received. The Indians' time out to confer on strategy gave the mountain men their only rest, except when the squaws appeared to carry off their dead and injured.

At length the strenuous day ended. Forty-two Comanches were dead, and several wounded. The trappers were begrimed with dust and gunsmoke, and their tongues were swollen with thirst, but no injuries had been sustained. This was one of the few instances in Western history when dead mules were worth more than live ones.

With darkness, what remained of the proud Comanches retired to mourn their dead, and to appraise their medicine, which had that day proved quite weak. Of their one hundred braves, scarcely fifty were alive and healthy.

Joe Meek, Kit Carson, and company, took advantage of this opportunity and, carrying only their guns and blankets, crept off into the darkness. In the style of mountain men in a hurry, they dog-trotted all night. It was seventy-five miles before they came to water. After a long, cool drink, a swim, and a short rest, these rough and tough, high-spirited trappers were on their way to join their comrades, and to entertain them with boisterous accounts of their skirmish with the Comanches, whom they had left on the prairie to bury their dead, and to eat crow along with the meat of seven mules. *(Continued on page 49)*

By ROBERT W. MILES

Photos Courtesy The El Paso Times

The TIGUA INDIANS—

CAN THEY PROVE WHO THEY ARE?

Jose Granillo
cacique (chief)
of the Tiguas
of Ysleta

The fate of a small colony of forgotten people is bound to a rule that the only way Indians may officially be recognized as Indians is by signing a treaty with the United States or by an act of Congress. In this case, the red tape is redder than the red men themselves!

The little town of Ysleta in the fertile El Paso Valley has long been known as the oldest permanent settlement in Texas and, in many ways, it has changed little since it was founded by the Spanish nearly three centuries ago.

The Tigua Indians of Ysleta del Sur are a case in point. The first inhabitants of the village, most of the remaining Tiguas live today much as they did in the 16th Century—poor, uneducated and virtual slaves to an alien culture.

The Tiguas are descendants of Indians who accompanied the Spanish when they fled New Mexico during the bloody Pueblo Revolt of 1680. Tigua is the Spanish spelling for the native Tiwa, a group of Pueblo Indians of New Mexico.

When the 1680 revolt began, a strong Spanish force was at the Isleta Pueblo, one of the Tiwa villages. In the fighting that followed, the Tiwas of Isleta did not take an active part, either through fear of the superior Spanish force or because Pope and other organizers of the revolt failed to notify their pueblo of the plans.

When the Spanish fled south to what is now the El Paso area, a number of the Tiwas went with them, either as captives or burden bearers. The Spanish settled at a place called La Salineta and settled the Tiguas at Sacramento Camp at or near the present Ysleta Mission. However, the Tiguas did not appear satisfied with their new home for the records indicate that the Indians tried to found Ysleta del Sur, named after their old home near Sacramento Camp, a short time later.

The Spanish governor, Otermin, tried unsuccessfully in 1681 to reconquer New Mexico. While his attempt failed, he did capture the Isleta Pueblo, bringing all but a few of its inhabitants back to Ysleta del Sur and leaving Isleta deserted for some twenty years.

Otermin returned with about 300 captive Tiwas, some 100 of them having escaped on the trip across the Jornada del Muerta. The newcomers were settled with their tribesmen but Spanish records of 1682 say that, the new Tiguas "failed to stay in Ysleta del Sur." In 1683, the records affirm "the Tihuas joined the Camp of Sacramento and it is now called Sacramento de los Tihuas de Ysleta, with Sacramento and San Antonio as Patron Saints."

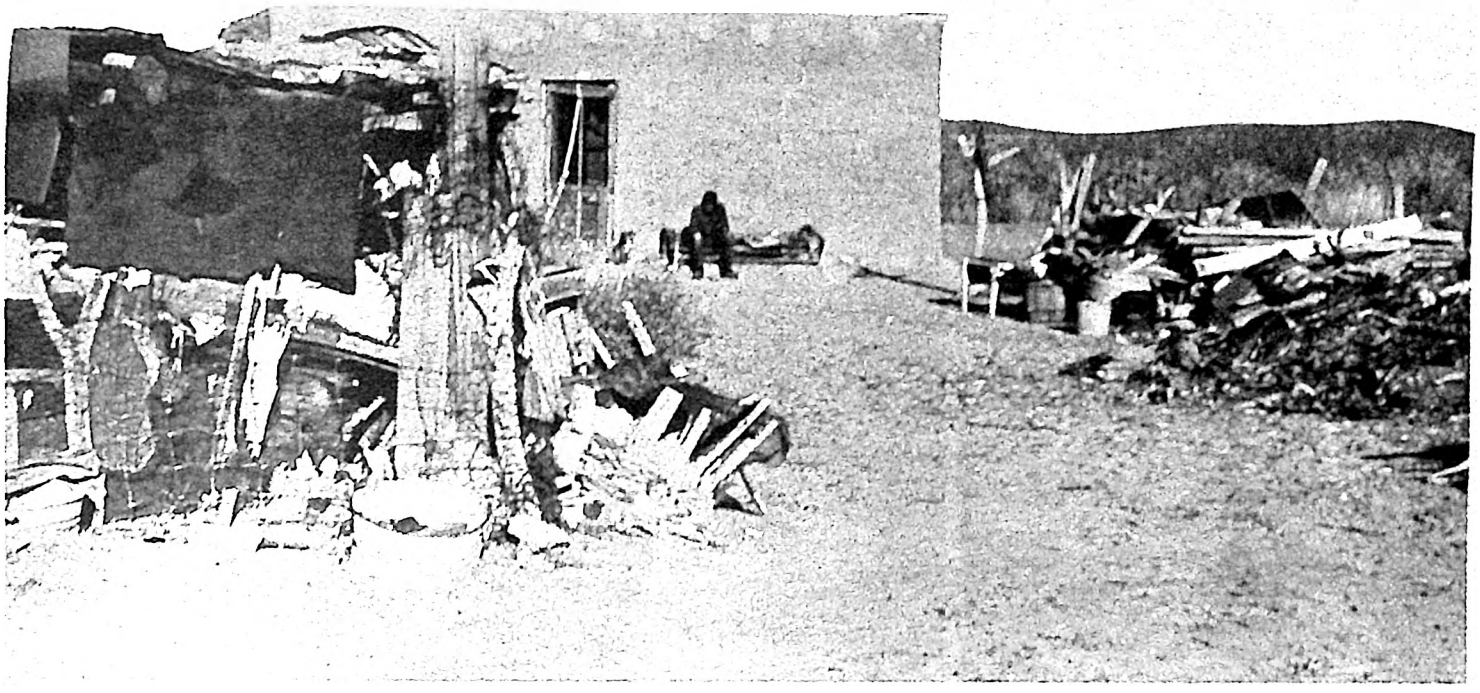
The construction of a new church at the Tigua village was authorized by Governor Diego de las Vargas in the name of King Carlos II of Spain in 1691, giving Friar Joaquin de Hinojosa official responsibility for the mission and giving it the new name of Mission of Corpus Christi de los Tihuas de Ysleta.

In 1749, the new church, part of which is still in use, was built. In 1760, Bishop Tamaron of Durango visited the church and pueblo and said it consisted of 135 Spanish and 425 Tiguas.

FOLLOWING the Spanish rule, the Tiguas of Ysleta del Sur have received little historical mention. In the late 1880s, two Tiguas from Ysleta served as scouts with the U.S. Army in the campaigns against the Apaches. The pair was discharged in 1880 from the 10th Cavalry Indian Pueblo Scouts. Their descendants still have the discharge papers and an old Sharp's rifle carried by one.

A delegation of Tiguas from Ysleta traveled to Dallas for the Texas Centennial in 1936, where they made President Franklin D. Roosevelt an honorary *cacique* (chief) of the Tigua Indian Nation.

In recent years, the Tiguas' chief claim to fame has been their annual St. Anthony Day festivities at the Ysleta



The *cacique* of the Tigua Indian tribe and his brother live in this one-room adobe shack in the Indian Town section of Ysleta, Texas. The shed in the foreground serves as a pantry and storeroom. The wood pile on the right furnishes fuel for the stove.

Mission. They are devout members of the Catholic Church, still retaining portions of their native religion in that curious mixture of Christianity and paganism which occurs in most other Pueblo groups.

Today, the Tiguas, for the most part, live in poverty in an area of Ysleta known as Indian Town, near where they were settled nearly 300 years ago. At least 100 pure-blood Tiguas survive with about 300 mixed-bloods who are still considered Tiguas by the tribe.

A similar branch of the Tiguas live in nearby Tortugas, New Mexico, near Las Cruces. This branch is believed to have gone there from Ysleta sometime prior to 1919 in search of work as farm laborers.

The annual income of the Tigua Indian today is less than $1,000, the majority of the tribe earning their meager living picking cotton two months out of the year. It is estimated by one member of the tribe that only ten of the full-bloods are regularly employed.

Many of the Tiguas are illiterate, few of them even completing elementary school. School authorities usually overlook these dropouts. The children are often ashamed to go to school because they have no decent clothing. Recently, one Tigua, a widower with several small children, was jailed for failing to return his fourteen-year-old daughter to school after she had been sent home ill.

This incident appears to be one of the few in which a Tigua has been in trouble with the law other than one's occasionally being taken into protective custody while drunk.

Many of the homes in Indian Town lack even the most simple modern convenience. There is no refrigeration. Meat is jerked in the sun as are corn and other items suitable for this ancient manner of preservation. Cooking is done on a wood stove and several of the old Pueblo beehive outdoor ovens are still used. Electricity and indoor plumbing are absent in most of the homes.

The Tiguas still elect tribal officers as the early Spanish taught them to do. Present officers are Jose Granillo, *cacique;* Salvador Granillo, assistant *cacique;* Trinidad Granillo, *capitan major* or *capitan de guerro;* Antonio Silvas and Rudolpho Silvas, *capitans;* Santiago Bustamente, *aguacil,* and Johnny Hiza and Pablo Silvas, *mayordomos.*

The Tiguas, like many of the poverty-stricken minority groups in the Southwest, have not taken advantage of the various poverty programs either because they are unaware of their existence or because of the red tape involved.

The Tiguas are still a proud people; proud of their Indian heritage in spite of the fact that the Mexican people of Ysleta often call them *Indios* in a derogatory manner.

Poverty and their fierce spirit of independence cause the Tiguas to turn to each other in times of need. Tribal midwives still deliver the babies, and other prepare and bury the dead, although the old cemetery near the mission which they have used for centuries has recently been closed, presenting another problem. The *cacique* keeps numerous herbs in his home to care for the sick. He himself has only been to a doctor once in his more than sixty years.

In many cases, the Tiguas are about to lose even their poor shacks because of taxes they are unable to pay. Proceedings by the City of El Paso to collect the back taxes are what called the plight of the Tiguas to the attention of people sympathetic to this oppressed people who have never received any of the Government aid given to other Indian tribes. One of the city tax collectors, Alex Candelaria, himself part Tigua and the tribally appointed agent, brought the situation to the attention of El Paso at-

Salvador Granillo, assistant *cacique* of the Tiguas, prepares a meal on a wood stove.

torney Tom Diamond when it became clear that several of the Tiguas would lose their homes unless something was done.

Early in January, 1966, Congressman Richard C. White announced at a press conference that he, as a member of the Congressional Subcommittee on Indian Affairs, pledged his support to aiding the Tiguas. Since that time, Diamond, who is representing the Tiguas, has received several letters from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, expressing interest in the problem.

THE TIGUAS have maintained a surprising degree of tribal identity, although it has been popularly believed that they had become completely "Mexicanized." Diamond said that proving this fact is the first step in securing aid.

The Indian Bureau has been contacted, but states that it is unable to act since the only way in which Indians may officially be recognized as Indians is either by signing a treaty with the United States or by an act of Congress. In addition, the Indian Bureau pointed out that as Texas Indians, the welfare of the Tiguas is the responsibility of the State of Texas. The latter was brought out in reply to a letter to former El Paso Mayor Ralph Seitsinger who wrote the bureau in 1960 in an attempt to gain aid for the Tiguas.

Efforts are underway to establish the tribal identity of the Tiguas. In November, 1965, an ethnologist from the University of Arizona visited Ysleta. Prior to his visit, he expressed doubt as to the tribal identity. In a letter to Diamond he said, "I am frankly astounded that anyone continues to live in El Paso who is identifiable in any way as a southern Tiwa Indian. I had been told by several anthropologists in New Mexico and by others that the El Paso group was extinct as an identifiable entity."

Following his November visit to Ysleta where he visited with several of the Tiguas, the ethnologist, Dr. Bernard L. Fontana, again wrote to Diamond. In this letter he said, "I want to say that the fact these Indians have survived as well as they have is indeed a minor miracle. And there can be no mistake that they are Indians. Parts of the aboriginal politico-religious structure has survived."

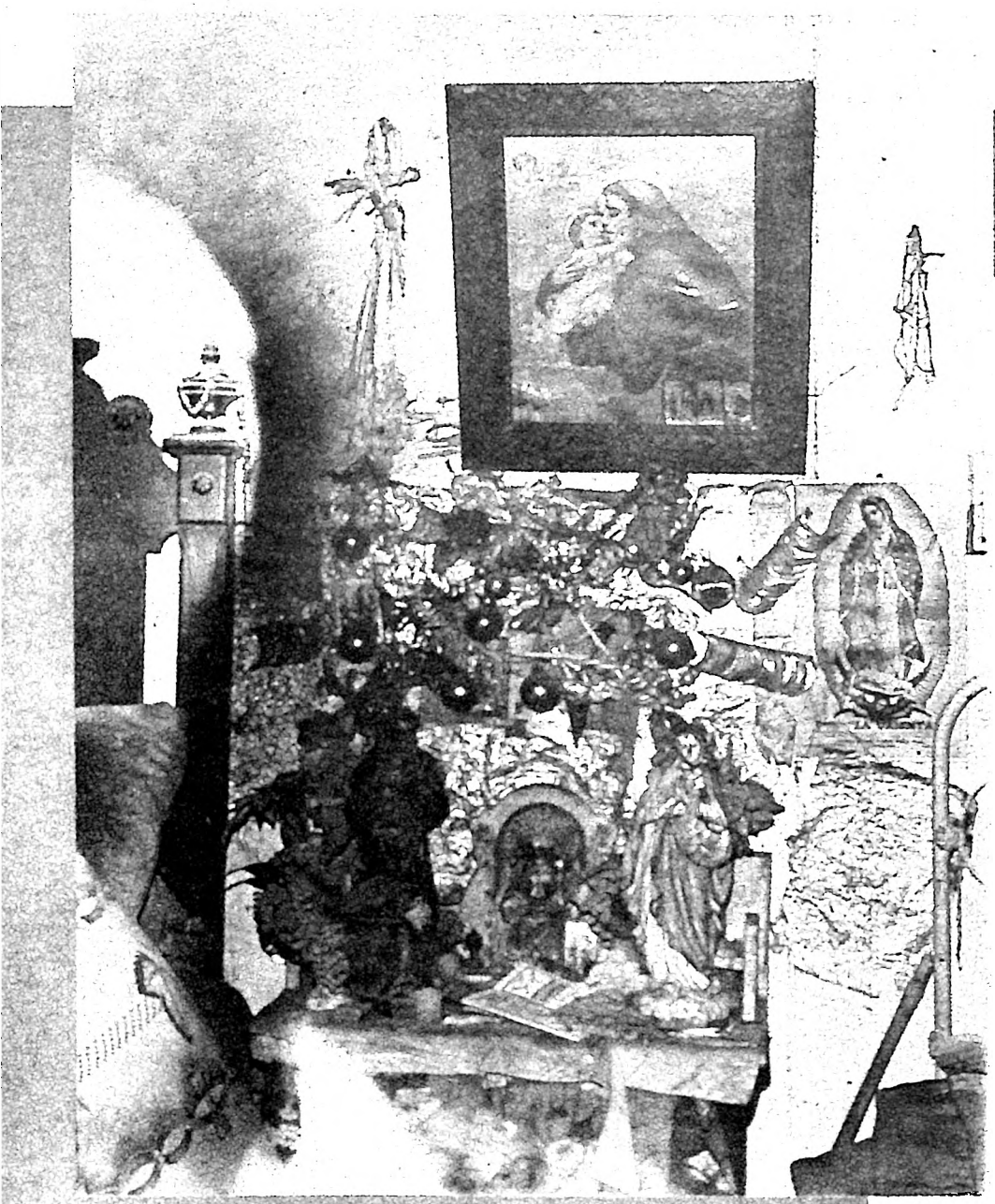
He goes on to mention that one of the tribal officers "has the *kiva*—or *tula*, as they call it in Tiwa—in his house, and in it has stored the tribe's ceremonial paraphernalia. This includes the pueblo drum, bows, arrows, fetishes, and kachina masks—not to mention rattles and secret items of material culture.

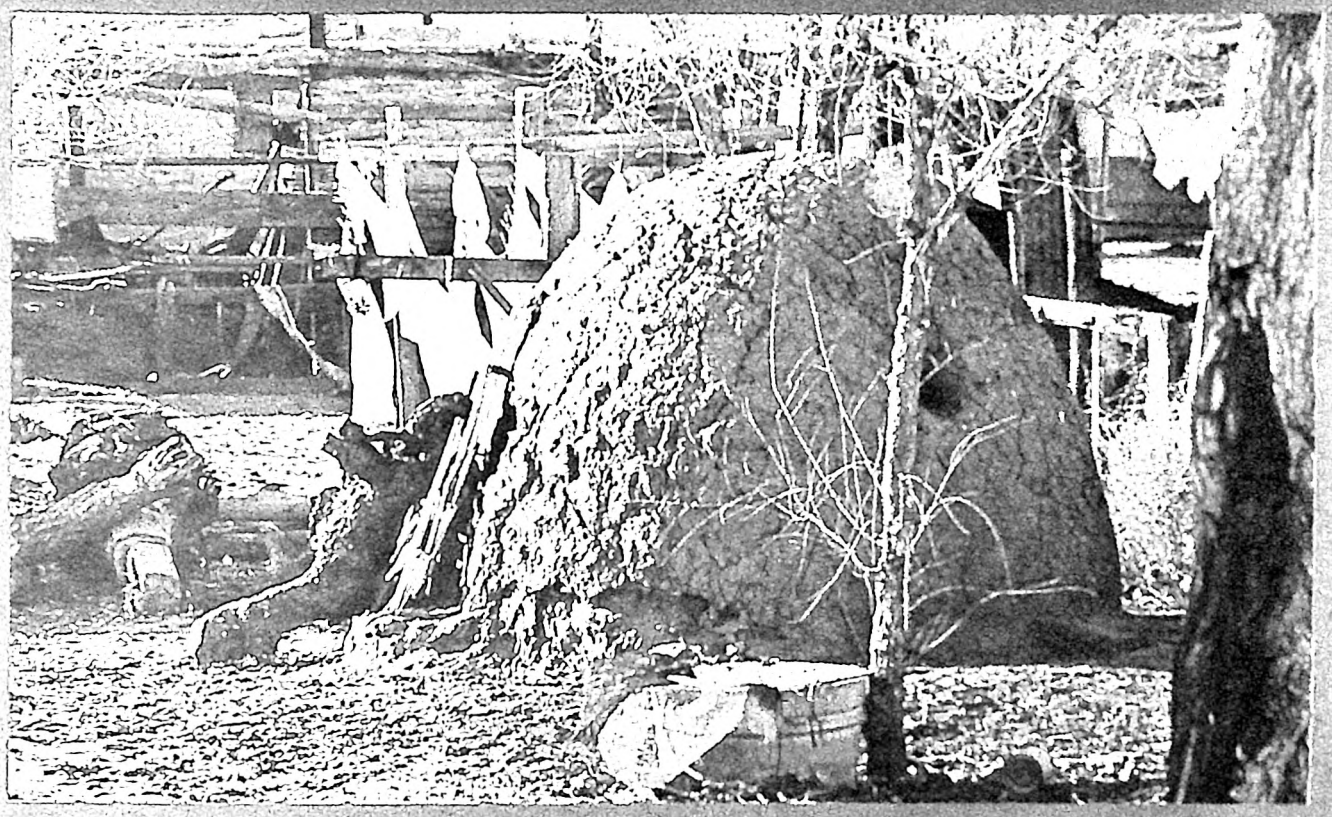
"That words of Tiwa have survived is obvious, as is the fact that Tiwa songs—including songs of war and of the hunt—have lasted since these people left their homeland some 285 years ago."

It is apparent from the tone of Dr. Fontana's letter plus the fact that he intends to send a graduate anthropologist to Ysleta in the near future to further study the Tiguas that he is convinced these people are truly Indians, even though they speak Spanish now and remember little of their original tongue.

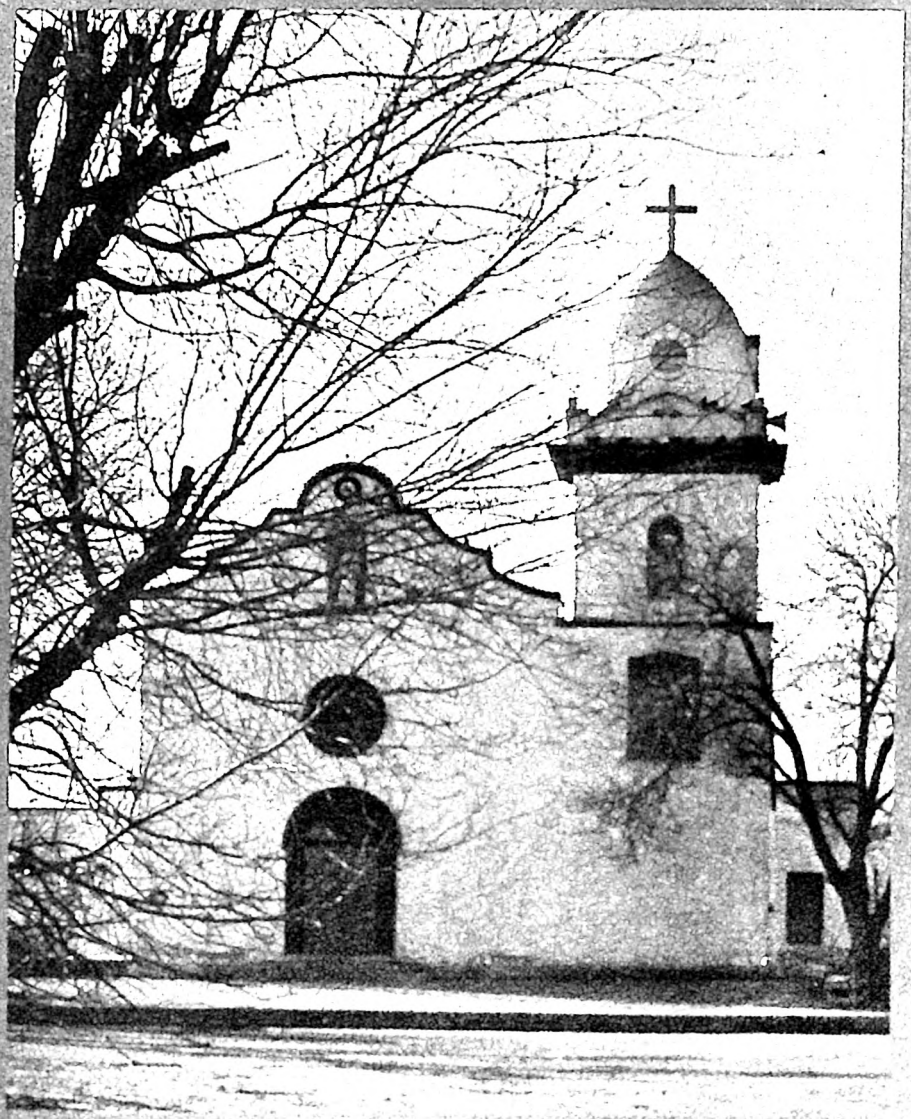
Simple people, the Tiguas' wants are simple. They would like to have some place, a reservation perhaps, where they would be free from taxes and could retain their cultural identity. They want education for their children; schools where they can go without ridicule or having to worry about whether or not they have shoes to wear. They want to be trained to work and given a chance at decent jobs. They want medical care for their sick and a place to bury their dead at costs they can afford. They went

A homemade shrine, below, stands between the beds of Jose and Salvador Granillo, bearing testimony to the religious faith possessed by the people. The Granillo brothers obtain water from the old hand pump at right.





Pueblo-type outdoor ovens such as the one above are not an uncommon sight in Indian Town. The Ysleta Mission, right, is still the place of worship for the Tiguas as it has been for nearly 300 years.



to be recognized as the Indians they are and, strange as it may seem, they want a place to hunt.

Although the wheels have began to roll, much has yet to be done before the Tiguas are granted the rights shared by other Indian people throughout the nation. Perhaps soon, after nearly three centuries of poverty and ignorance, the Tigua Indians of Ysleta del Sur will be given a chance to once more become a proud nation.

As further evidence that the Tiguas are truly Indian, they were accepted as sustaining members by the National Congress of the American Indian executive board at a recent meeting in El Paso. The Tiguas appeared before the board, made up of representatives from throughout the United States, to present their case.

As final proof of their identity, Andy Abieta, governor of the Isleta, New Mexico Pueblo from whence the Tiguas of Ysleta originally came, also visited the Tiguas in Ysleta late in 1965. Abieta is the man who gained national publicity for expelling a Catholic priest from his village for interfering with the Indians' religious practices.

After visiting with many of the Tiguas in Ysleta, Abieta said that these people were definitely Tiwa Indians as are the people of his Pueblo. Their chants and dances are almost identical, he said.

Diamond reports that, as he and Abieta were leaving the home of one of the Tiguas in Ysleta, the man said to Abieta, "I don't tell many people I'm an Indian because they only laugh."

Governor Abieta embraced the man and said, "You were born an Indian and you will die an Indian."

The Last Ride

(Continued from page 9)

Frazer is still very much alive despite the efforts of the Miller gang at Pecos to exterminate him. He is now in the city of Eddy where he is conducting a livery business."

Both Miller and Frazer surrounded themselves with friends while in El Paso and if the two groups had run into each other there would have been a battle royal. The *Times* noted, "It is understood that a lot of the people interested in the Frazer-Miller case from Pecos came to El Paso armed to the teeth and they will no doubt be taught the lesson that El Paso has her own peace officers. The day for man-killers in this town has passed."

The trial finally got underway, but due to conflicting testimony there was a hung jury. Judge Buckler dismissed the jurors on April 14 and set a new trial for May, 1896. To say Miller was disgusted would be putting it mildly. To make matters worse, he had to hunt up a new lawyer since John Wesley Hardin was killed in an El Paso saloon in August, 1895.

Miller went back to Pecos and his hotel, while Frazer headed back to Eddy. The two men kept themselves posted on each other's movements through friends in the two towns and there is evidence that on at least one occasion Miller tried to ambush his old enemy, but failed. Mrs. Miller's cousin, John Denston, and Bill Earhart were both Miller men who kept a close watch on Frazer's movements in Eddy. When the time for Frazer's second trial arrived, it was held at Colorado City and Bud was acquitted.

Frazer hung around El Paso with friends for a time and then went on back to Eddy. From Miller's threats and actions, Bud knew it was only a matter of time before there would be another encounter. He bought a new pistol and checked the sights by firing it while it was clamped in a vise. To give him extra odds, he bought some special cartridges known as "explosion balls" which would make a larger hole than an ordinary bullet. Meanwhile the game of watchful waiting went on in Eddy and Pecos.

In September, 1896, Frazer went to the small town of Toyah to help some friends with a political campaign and to visit his mother and sisters who lived there. Toyah was in Reeves County and only some eighteen miles from Pecos, but Bud was met at the train by a group of friends and evidently wasn't aware that he was being watched. That night, according to report, Bill Earhart rode over to Pecos and called on Jim Miller, setting the stage for the final act of tragedy.

On the night of September 13, Miller walked to the outskirts of Pecos where Earhart was waiting with two horses. They rode over to Toyah and settled themselves in a hotel room Earhart had rented across the street from Frazer's favorite saloon.

Miller was up early and sent Earhart down to the saloon while he waited at the window. Around 9:30 A.M., Bud Frazer strolled leisurely into his favored drinking spot.

Miller came out of the hotel by a side door and hurried across the street carrying a double barreled shotgun. Stepping into the saloon alley, he glanced through a window and then glanced up both ends of the street.

Inside the saloon, Frazer was playing Seven Up for cigars with some friends. Pat Flowers was tending bar while Johnson Tate, Andy Cole and J. E. Jerrell were playing cards with Bud around a table. J. D. Shelton and Earhart were spectators, Earhart having given his seat in the game to Frazer when the latter had come in. Bud was facing the door and was playing cards, completely oblivious to any kind of danger. He must have looked up when the light from the doorway was blocked off and what he saw was the last sight he was to see on this earth. Standing just inside the door, Jim Miller fired one barrel of his shotgun, and then a moment later the other barrel. There was no need for the second shot and little was left of Bud Frazer's head.

Cole, Shelton and Tate all ran past Miller into the street while the killer stood in the dissipating smoke haze plucking the empty shells from his weapon. Shelton and Cole attempted to go back inside the saloon, but Miller told them to keep out. In a moment Jim had reloaded his shotgun and changed his mind. He stepped up to the bar where the dazed bartender was still staring at Frazer's body.

"Step in, gentlemen," said the cool killer, "and have a drink. Pour me one, too."

MILLER was anxious to establish an alibi and according to later testimony by Flowers, Miller had claimed he didn't know Frazer was there when he came in.

"I wouldn't have killed him if he hadn't made a gun play. You saw the gun play, didn't you, Flowers?"

Flowers said that he had told Miller he hadn't seen a thing as his back had been turned at the time.

After finishing his drink, Miller walked across the street to the hotel and was soon riding back to Pecos. One of Frazer's sisters came running into the saloon shortly after the killing and threw herself on the body, sobbing. She asked Flowers if he had a gun, but he told her "no."

"Well, Bud ought to have one," she said and she searched the body but it had already been removed.

(This sister reportedly armed herself and confronted Miller on the streets of Pecos one day. Jim told her that if she was going to act like a man, he'd treat her like one and shoot her face off if she raised her gun. The pistol stayed down, but she gave him a tongue lashing that he didn't soon forget.)

News of the murder preceded Miller to Pecos and he surrendered to Sheriff Murphy upon arrival. All witnesses to the murder testified at the preliminary hearing, but were careful not to offend Miller. Earhart was the only one who claimed Frazer had reached for his pistol when he saw Miller in the doorway.

A trial date was set, but Jim's lawyer was able to obtain a change of venue to another county because of prejudice. The town of Eastland, near Fort Worth, was selected and Jim Miller set about clearing up his affairs in Pecos. One of those affairs was Barney Riggs.

The macabre boast of Barney Riggs was that he was the only man on record who had killed a man and was sent to prison, then had killed two more and got out. Riggs was a Texan who had gone to Arizona as a young man and worked as a ranch foreman. When he discovered his wife was having an affair with his boss, Riggs promptly killed him and was sentenced to Yuma Prison for life. While serving his sentence, there was an escape attempt and Barney killed two prisoners, saving the warden's life, and winning himself a pardon. A free man again, Riggs went to Fort Stockton, near Pecos, and married one of Bud Frazer's sisters.

Riggs was a tough customer, but he seems to have tried to stay clear of Frazer's troubles with Miller. After Frazer's death, speculation was rife as to whether Riggs would try to settle Miller's hash.

Barney apparently only wanted to be left alone but Miller was convinced that Riggs was a source of potential trouble and wanted him out of the way. On a trip to Fort Stockton, Miller dropped into a saloon with the intention of getting the drop on Riggs. He offered to buy Barney a drink and then a cigar, but the crafty gunman refused both invitations and watched Miller so closely that Jim finally gave up and walked away.

But Miller wasn't to be put off and if he couldn't get Riggs one way, he would get him another. One day John Denston and Bill Earhart showed up in Pecos to attend a local circus performance. Riggs was in town for the same reason and word was whispered around town that Earhart and Denston were out to "get" Barney. Speculation has always had it that Miller put the two gunmen up to an attempt on Riggs' life, but the old adage of not sending boys to do a man's work was never more appropriate.

Riggs had heard the talk around town and he kept his eyes open. One day when the bartender in the Orient Saloon wanted to take a break, Barney relieved him, and he was mixing drinks when Earhart and Denston walked in. Riggs watched the two men and was especially careful not to turn his back on them. He was polishing glasses when they started a row, hoping to catch him off guard, but Riggs was waiting for just such a move. He shot Denston in the head and as Earhart ran out the door, he too dropped in the street with a bullet behind the ear.

Friends convinced Barney that it would be wise to get out of town in case Miller decided to make another move against him.

Riggs was tried and acquitted in May, 1897 but even before that, Jim Miller decided he had had enough of turbulent Pecos.

WITH his trial coming up at Eastland, Jim moved there well ahead of the scheduled date. He had his church membership transferred there along with letters of introduction from Pecos friends. Quiet, temperate Jim Miller had no trouble getting acquainted with the better class of Eastland citizens, and made an impression that would serve him well during his upcoming trial. Too, Jim was a family man now. He had a boy five years old and another going on two.

The trial was long and hard-fought and people came from all over Texas to witness the proceedings. One newspaper account claimed there were over 150 witnesses from west of the Pecos River alone. Reportedly, all the badmen in west Texas were in Eastland to attend the trial. The usual rumors flew around town —one was that one hundred Winchester rifles were coming in on the train. There was quite a bit of excitement and some of the local people howled for the militia, but nothing came of it.

The trial itself dragged on and finally wound up with a hung jury. Miller's Pecos friends swore he was a peaceable citizen,

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one church deacon reportedly testifying that Jim's conduct was as exemplary as that of a minister of the gospel. Miller evidently had another ace up his sleeve if everything else failed. There was one lone juror who held out for acquittal and wouldn't give in.

In Eastland, Jim had again gone into the hotel business and, according to one old story, he and a partner also bought a saloon. Miller didn't put up any money in the saloon venture, however, and for a very good reason.

Jim left town one day and shortly after, the partner was seen buggy-riding about town with Mrs. Miller. When the partner was informed that Miller had heard of the buggy ride and was going to kill him, the partner quickly left the country. Miller, so the story goes, assumed sole proprietorship of the saloon and, without ever investing a cent, sold the business at a handsome profit. This story is not verified, but it is typical of his operations and could very well be true.

Despite his veneer of respectability in Eastland, Miller was soon in trouble again, this time on a perjury charge. Jim and a crony named Joe Earp had gotten together and framed a man named Joe Beasley for a $10,000 reward. Earp claimed that he had been a witness to a murder in Collingsworth County and had identified Beasley as the killer. The case was all set to go to trial when Dee Harkey, a New Mexico lawman, showed up at Vernon where the case was being tried.

Harkey told the District Attorney that he had played poker with Beasley in Eastland at the time of the murder and so he could not be guilty. When Earp was confronted with Harkey's testimony, he turned state's evidence and affirmed Beasley's innocence and the fact that Miller had cooked up the whole scheme to get the reward. When the trial was called the next morning, the case against Beasley was dropped and Miller was indicted for perjury.

Jim was tried and convicted this time, being vigorously prosecuted by District Attorney Stanley of the Forty-Sixth Texas Judicial District. But again a dark angel seemed to be guiding Miller's destiny and when the case was appealed by his lawyer, it was reversed on a faulty indictment.

After his near brush with prison, Miller suggested to an acquaintance that if he watched the papers he would see where Joe Earp had died of lead poisoning. Earp made himself scarce immediately, but three weeks later he was ambushed and killed in Coryell County. (Miller later confessed that he had ridden one hundred miles the night of the murder to establish an alibi by sending a telegram.)

Not content with Earp's murder, Jim next watched for an opportunity to kill District Attorney Stanley, who had prosecuted him. Miller moved to Memphis, Texas, soon after his trial and went into the saloon business. Stanley came to town on business and stayed at the local hotel. One night he took sick and died the next morning, supposedly the result of food poisoning.

When an autopsy was performed, the doctor said death was the result of peritonitis and the incident was dismissed. Later this doctor told a friend that Stanley had died of arsenic poisoning, but he didn't report it because he didn't want to get involved with Miller. Upon further investigation the doctor discovered that the regular hotel cook had not been on duty during Stanley's stay and a new man had replaced him. When Stanley died, this new cook disappeared. Small wonder the good doctor didn't want to get involved with Jim Miller.

MILLER joined the Texas Rangers for a time although it's hard to imagine how a man with his record would be considered eligible. Little is known of his activities while a Ranger, although he is said to have killed two suspected rustlers in Ward County and was arrested, but not indicted, for a killing in Collingsworth County. Later he lived briefly in Monahans and Gainesville, finally moving to Fort Worth in 1900. The Millers lived on Weatherford Street, opposite the courthouse, where Mrs. Miller again operated a rooming house.

Jim reportedly dabbled in real estate and gambled for a living, but he was a man of peculiar talents and by this time he had evolved into a deadly, emotionless machine. The word went out that Jim Miller's gun was for hire and he would kill anyone for a price. He reportedly assassinated a man named Ford in Fort Worth and there were many other mysterious murders in Texas that rumor said could be traced back to his door.

Since he was seldom officially connected with these murders, there is no way today to know for how many deaths he was responsible. Miller, himself, while living at Memphis, quietly told an acquaintance that he had killed eleven men that he knew of, but had lost his notch stick on Mexicans killed on the border. He was a frontier enigma, a badman who would shoot it out in a face-to-face encounter or murder a man with a shotgun blast in the back.

"He was just a killer," recalled a judge who had known him, "the worst man I ever met."

It wasn't long before Miller was again in trouble, this time as the result of a personal encounter. He had had trouble with a man named Frank Fore and friends of both men predicted a showdown. In 1904, during a cattleman's convention in Fort Worth, Miller spotted Fore going into the men's room of the Delaware Hotel. It was the chance he was waiting for and Jim quietly walked in after his man. Bystanders in the hotel lobby heard a shot and a moment later Miller came out of the washroom and walked up to a peace officer, offering to surrender.

Knowing Miller, the officer didn't want anything to do with him and Jim surrendered to a merchant across the street. He was tried in April, 1905, but the defense produced two witnesses who swore they had been in the washroom at the time of the killing and that it was self defense. Miller was acquitted and it was later brought to light that the two "eyewitnesses" had actually been in the lobby and had not seen the killing at all. But Miller was again free and at large.

Between his "professional" jobs, Jim speculated in real estate or any shady deal that turned up. In Fort Worth he reportedly paid for a herd of mules with a worthless check, but the holder said nothing. He figured it was better to lose the money than his life.

Miller was also credited with defrauding a man out of several thousand sheep at Portales, New Mexico, and between these operations and his other "business" dealings, he must have done pretty well for himself. He always dressed well in a white Stetson and finely tailored suits and sported diamond stick-pins. With his modest manners and good looks, Jim Miller was the very essence of a respectable businessman, but that business was death and his reputation spread like an evil shadow over the Southwest.

EARLY in 1907, Miller was called to Oklahoma and was allegedly hired by a family named Pruitt to kill a deputy U. S. Marshal. The marshal was an Indian named Collins who had shot Poke Pruitt through the spine, crippling him for life.

Miller rode quietly into Johnston County and ambushed Collins, killing him near the small town of Emet. According to W. E. Cook, an Ardmore policeman, Miller had previously hired a couple of farmers to haul a large piano box to the town of Duncan, about one hundred miles to the west. After killing Collins, Miller rode to the box and hid inside with a supply of food. The unsuspecting farmers hauled the box and Miller to Duncan, where the killer then made his way to Hobart some miles farther west.

Despite his elaborate precautions, Miller was traced to a house at Hobart where he surrendered to U.S. Marshal Abernathy and Frank Canton. As usual, Jim had no trouble making bond and soon was free to answer a summons from his old friend and brother-in-law, Mannie Clements at El Paso.

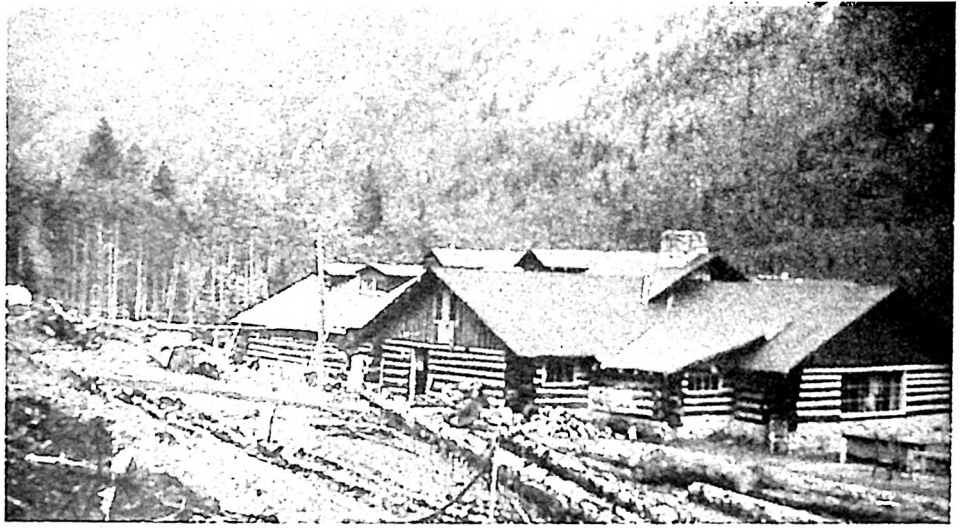
In February, 1908, Pat Garrett was killed while driving between his ranch and Las Cruces, New Mexico. Famous as the slayer of Billy the Kid, Garrett was a legend in the Southwest.

The old peace officer had made enemies in his later years, enemies of the sort that couldn't be placated in a manner that Garrett could understand. He had been a persistent investigator of the murder of Colonel A. J. Fountain and although the murder has never been solved, Garrett had evidently gotten closer to the facts than was comfortable for someone. Too, he had made political enemies and had become indebted and otherwise involved in difficulties with neighboring ranchers.

Sometime in 1907 Jim Miller received his summons from Mannie Clements who was then living in El Paso. Clements told Miller that a certain big cattleman wanted Garrett out of the way and was willing to pay $1,500.00 to have the job done. The deal was consummated in an El Paso lawyer's office and it was agreed that the cattleman would supply someone to take the blame for the murder. Miller brought in a relative by marriage, one Carl Adamson, and together they cooked up a scheme whereby they would claim to be partners in an Oklahoma ranching venture. Wayne Brazel was furnished by the cattleman to lease some land from Garrett and Adamson was then to try and buy the leased land and stir up trouble. Little is known as to the actual details of the plot, but evidently Miller and Adamson planned to maneuver Garrett into a situation where Miller could safely kill him. Brazel was to be present at the murder and would then confess to the crime, pleading self-defense.

On February 28, 1908, Garrett and Adamson encountered Brazel on the road while all three were traveling to Las Cruces. It's not too difficult to speculate on what happened that fateful day. On the pretext that he had to relieve himself, Adamson had Garrett stop the buggy at a spot where Miller was hiding behind some thick clumps of brush. Miller then shot Garrett through the back of the head, toppling the old lawman to the

(Continued on page 50)



The Taos Ski Lodge now stands near the site of the hotel which was Twining's center of activity.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 41)

TWINING'S COPPER BUBBLE

By Troy Kemper

THE HONDO VALLEY north of Taos, New Mexico is noted as a year-around recreation spot, but sports enthusiasts may or may not know that their skis skim over the site of the old town of Twining.

. The copper camp, located at 8,800 feet on the western slope of Fraser Mountain, was named for the president of a bank in Asbury Park, New Jersey, who was the heaviest (and unhappiest) investor in the mining venture. He joined William Fraser in forming the Fraser Mountain Copper Company, a hapless organization if there ever was one.

In May, 1899, Fraser made a rich copper strike five miles above Amizett, a gold camp in Hondo Canyon. He had been a promoter and prospector in New Mexico for over twenty years, and just before making his copper find, had sold his group of gold mines on Rio Hondo to New York capitalists for $100,000.

Albert C. Twining came to New Mexico to give the new enterprise his personal supervision but the hoped-for riches seemed to stay beyond his reach. The kindly, tolerant banker spent most of his time in the Twining Hotel, a large one-story building perched on the side of Hungry Gulch, where he ate his favorite dishes prepared by Tenderfoot Katie, the hotel cook, and waited for the mine profits which never came. (Katie got her nickname because of constant complaints that her feet hurt.)

In 1903 Fraser was employing about 150 men. O. W. Alexander of Cerrillos was hired to boss the smelter operations and expected to treat 220 tons of ore per day.

The plant yielded some production in 1903 and 1904, but poor management, low-grade ore (which averaged less than $5 a ton in copper, gold, and silver), and high costs of operation cancelled any hopes of decent returns from the venture.

Two Asbury Park financial firms which had become embroiled in the Twining venture went into receivership, and sought damages against Fraser and his Fraser Mountain Copper Company in court actions in Taos County. In February, 1904, Receiver John E. Lanning for Monmouth Trust and Safe Deposit Company was given a judgment of $24,100.48, and John W. Schofield, receiver for the First National Bank of Asbury Park, was given a judgment of $10,571.58.

In an answer to Lanning's complaint, Fraser denied there had been fraud and collusion between himself and Albert Twining, the copper company's former president who was now deposed and impoverished. Twining had become so hopelessly involved in investing other people's money in the venture that he had been forced into bankruptcy, and the mining property had reverted to Fraser.

In a book published in 1934, *When Old Trails Were New*, Blanche C. Grant reported that about $300,000 had been sunk in the struggle for success at Twining, and that most observers thought Fraser, by deliberate mismanagement, played for failure hoping the whole plant would swing into his hands.

BY 1910, Fraser was about to lose the property for unpaid taxes. He talked a Taos banker, C. A. Probert, and a gold miner, Jack Bidwell, into advancing $2,000 and used the money to clean and repair the tunnels and refurbish the buildings, then managed to sell out for $85,000. A dispute developed once again, and the case went to the New Mexico Supreme Court, which ruled that Fraser, Bidwell, and Probert each had a one-third interest in the group of mines they controlled in the Twining District. After years of litigation, the enterprise went into the hands of a receiver and in the process, Fraser managed to break Probert's bank.

Things rocked along until 1914. Fraser had forbidden Bidwell to do development work on the claim, but Bidwell continued his prospecting. On July 16, Fraser came upon Bidwell at the Twining mine, repeated his orders, and started to back up his threat by going to his wagon to secure his gun. Bidwell went into the building, got his weapon, and came out just as Fraser leveled his gun and took aim. Both men fired almost simultaneously and Fraser fell, mortally wounded. Bidwell's bullet entered Fraser's right arm, passed through the right side, and emerged at the middle of the back. A coroner's jury exonerated Bidwell on the ground of self-defense.

No further development of the mine was attempted, and Twining remained in the ghost town category until 1924, when the hotel and nearby buildings were torn down. In June, 1932, the red mill was destroyed by fire, leaving no trace of the settlement except abandoned machinery.

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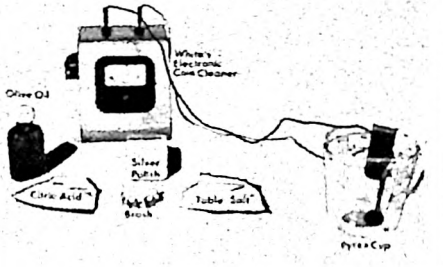

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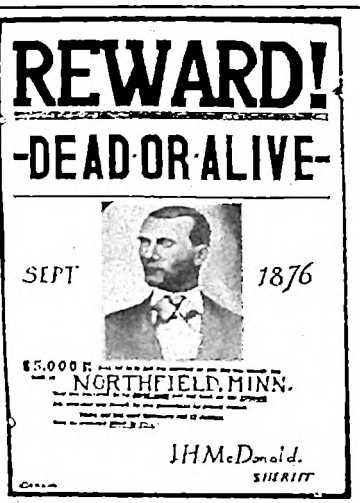

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The Last Ride

(Continued from page 48)

ground. Brazel shot Garrett again through the body and he and Adamson then rode to town and reported the tragedy. Miller rode off also, presumedly south to El Paso. A local rancher immediately raised Brazel's $10,000 bond and the most prominent attorney in the territory was secured as counsel.

Miller killed a horse making his getaway that night, but he needn't have bothered. Many suspected him of the murder, but his name wasn't mentioned until after Brazel had been tried and acquitted. Jim Hervey, the territory's attorney general, and Captain Fred Fornoff of the New Mexico Mounted Police, conducted an investigation of the affair and were convinced Miller was the assassin, but they were unable to come up with concrete evidence. Miller and his employer both escaped justice to await the verdict of a much higher court. Miller must have lain low for awhile since little is known of his activities for the rest of the year.

In November, 1908, he was again contacted to do a "job." He was approached by a man named Berry Burrell, in Fort Worth, and plans were formulated and set in motion. Burrell was representing Jesse West and Joe Allen, both of whom were large cattlemen in the Panhandle and former residents of Oklahoma. Miller was hired to kill one A. A. "Gus" Bobbitt, a rancher of Ada, Oklahoma, who had been feuding with Allen and West for some years.

Bobbitt was a former deputy U.S. Marshal and the feud seems to have originated just after the turn of the century when he was an officer. Old newspaper accounts suggest that Bobbitt had charged the two men with cattle rustling and had run them out of Oklahoma. Later, Bobbitt had allegedly killed West's son in line of duty, incurring the undying wrath of the father. Whatever the causes of the trouble, the bitterness grew until Miller and Burrell were hired, at a reported $2,000.00, to assassinate Bobbitt.

BURRELL dabbled in real estate, as did Miller, and this is how the two men probably met. Burrell had formerly lived in Dallas, where charges were pending against him for forgery.

As the first step in the plan, Miller sent his young nephew, Oscar Peeler, to Ada to rent a house. Burrell registered at a local hotel and since he was known in town, he was to all intents and purposes merely on another hog buying tour, an occupation in which he sometimes engaged. Miller showed up before long and put up at the Peeler house, spinning his web of murder like an evil spider. He had just received word that Mannie Clements had been mysteriously murdered in an El Paso saloon and he told friends that as soon as he finished his Oklahoma business he would find Mannie's killer.

Gus Bobbitt tended to his ranch and suspected nothing. He well knew the nature of West and Allen since they had threatened him many times, but aside from providing a reward for the apprehension of his murderers in his unique will, there was little he could do.

February 27 was just another work day to the rancher and late in the afternoon he stopped by a supply store in Ada to pick up a load of cotton seed meal on the way home. Bob Ferguson, his foreman, loaded up a second wagon and followed Bobbitt back to the ranch.

Unknown to the two ranchers, Burrell had pointed Bobbitt out to Miller while they were in Ada. Burrell was seated in a buggy while Jim Miller hunched in the saddle of a yellow pony he had borrowed for the occasion. The two men talked for awhile so that Bobbitt could get a head start, then Miller pulled his hat firmly in place and walked his pony to the edge of town. Reaching the outskirts, he then spurred his mount into an easy gallop and soon was in sight of the two wagons.

Miller passed each of the ranchers without arousing suspicion and then lay in ambush behind a large tree about one half mile from Bobbitt's home. "Oh, Lord," cried the rancher as two loads of buckshot toppled him from the seat of his wagon.

Bob Ferguson leaped from his wagon as he saw his employer fall, and a moment later Miller dashed by on his pony. Cutting across country, Jim snipped several fences in his flight and headed for the farm of John Williamson, near the small town of Francis. He reached the farm between nine and ten o'clock that night and after eating a light meal, Miller complained of a headache and went to bed. The next day he paid Williamson to guide him part of the way toward Ardmore, and from there he took the train to Fort Worth.

The citizens of Ada were shocked at Bobbitt's brutal murder. While knots of excited people gathered on every street-corner, the officers of the town, aided by citizens, began a search for the killer. Besides the $1,000.00 reward offered in Bobbitt's will, his brother Masons quickly subscribed an additional $500.00. The Governor and other citizens added $1,000.00 and for the first time in his life, Jim Miller had a price on his head.

A net of evidence quickly surrounded Miller and his accomplices. The horse Miller had ridden was traced to the Williamson farm and Williamson was taken into custody. The wire cutters Jim had used were found and traced to Burrell, who had bought them at an Ada hardware store. Several people had seen Miller on the road prior to the murder and these witnesses, together with Williamson's testimony, identified Miller and led to the house rented by Oscar Peeler.

With Williamson and Peeler in custody, it was only a matter of time before the others were apprehended. Burrell was arrested on March 12 in Fort Worth, and Allen and West were picked up early in April in Oklahoma City. A few days later Miller was traced to a house near Fort Worth and surrendered quietly to officers as was his custom.

Miller, Allen and West all feared being returned to Ada, although they waived extradition proceedings. West told officers that they would be shot by Ada people, and the officers promised to return their guns if attacked. Miller was conducted to Ada by Deputy Sheriff Snow of Fort Worth and two Oklahoma officers.

FEELING was running high in Ada. Miller settled himself in the Pontotoc County jail and sent telegrams to friends in Texas and New Mexico, stating that there might be trouble. Aside from this he was his usual calm self and according to one newspaper account, set out to improve on his surroundings. Tradition has it that Miller had carpeting installed in the prisoners' cell and that he tipped the jailer with $5.00 bills to take out his laundry regularly. He had his and his

colleagues' meals prepared at the Elite Restaurant.

When word of these goings-on reached the citizenry, they were further enraged. By that time the people of Ada had learned of Miller's past and of his history in escaping justice. Ada watched sullenly as influential Texans began drifting into town and registering at the local hotel. By the time the preliminary hearing was held on April 17, the very air about Ada was charged with excitement.

No newspapermen were permitted at the hearing and everyone was searched for weapons upon entering the door. Despite precautions, however, word leaked out that Oscar Peeler had made a detailed confession implicating the four men, and his statement and the already established evidence was enough for Ada citizenry. There was work to be done.

About one o'clock Monday morning, April 19, a mob of between forty and sixty men gathered in front of the jail. The town's power was cut off and despite the pleas of County Attorney Wimbish, who had hurried to the scene, the crowd forced its way into the jail. The four jailers were quickly overpowered and tied with wire, and Miller, Burrell, West and Allen were led from their cells. All but West submitted resignedly, he having to be subdued by repeated beatings over the head with six-shooters. The four men were quickly taken to a large barn nearby and a white horse was led up to the prisoners. The men were asked to confess to the Bobbittt murder, but none of them would talk.

"Come on," Miller is reported as saying, "you've got a job to do, so let's get on with it." He then removed a diamond from his shirtfront and requested that it be sent to his wife. From his tie he also took out a diamond pin and asked that it be given to guard McCarty for his kindness to him. It was then almost two o'clock in the morning.

Miller stood stony-faced as the white horse was led over and he was helped to mount. Four ropes were dangling from the rafters and in a few moments four men's bodies were slowly twisting in the wierd shadows cast by a dozen lanterns. It was Jim Miller's last and shortest ride.

Several Texas and New Mexico cattlemen were at a local hotel, reportedly in town with Jim's bond money. Leaders of the lynch mob called on them and, after informing them of the night's work, warned them that they had fifteen minutes to get out of town. One of the men later recalled that he was able to give the townsmen ten minutes change.

Telegrams poured into Ada congratulating the town for its action. The lynching was generally regarded as not only one of the few justified mob actions in Southwestern history, but as one of the closing dramas in the story of the Old West. Governor Haskell threatened a full investigation and there were rumors of sending the National Guard in, but nothing happened and the lynchers were never identified.

In Fort Worth, Mrs. Miller received the news at 7 o'clock Monday morning and wired for the body to be shipped home immediately. Jim's mother-in-law was living with the couple at the time and the two women and three Miller children were, of course, heartbroken over the tragedy. Sallie Miller had just received a letter from Jim the day before, saying he was confident of being released on a writ of habeas corpus.

By some strange quirk of fate, Wayne

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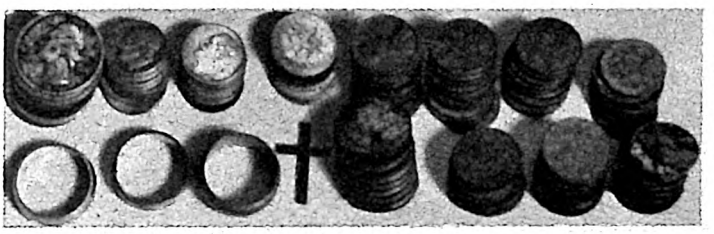

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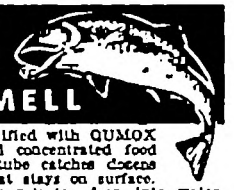

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Brazel was tried and acquitted for the murder of Pat Garrett on the same day Jim Miller died.

Jim's body arrived in Fort Worth early Tuesday and was taken to the undertaking parlors of George Gause. Two thousand people are said to have viewed the remains. Many of them were men who at one time or another had had trouble with the man lying before them. It's no wonder they wanted to make sure that Jim Miller was finally, and irrevocably, dead.

Dead Outlaws' Loot

(Continued from page 19)

the premises and around the spring.

The new owner met them somewhat gruffly. "That crazy old coot with the willow stick?" he jeered. "He was all over the place hunting an artesian water source, so he claimed. Find gold around here? You fellers crazy?"

The hunters found where Short Jimmy had bedded down under a tree, kicked over his coffeepot, and noted one smelly sleeping blanket. No set of tracks did more than wander around aimlessly, as far as they could tell. At the end of a week the last die-hard gave up.

It was believed that Short Jimmy found the treasure in a place and under such conditions that he could only rake out a few coins without help.

LATER OWNERS of the old Veit ranch never knew the story of buried loot. Some hunters, such as George McCormick, of course, came around "prospecting." When he passed on in 1947 his son Melvin, who started hunting with his father when just old enough to sit a saddle, continued seeking over the years.

"Mac," as he is best known, is most likely the man who has hunted more lost mines and buried treasures than any other in the great Southwest. He thinks it is possible that an earthquake moved the high bench wall of granite over the cache. One occurred there, for the mouth of the ice caves, once used by ranchers as a source of ice and as a refrigerator, has long been closed. Today even its location is in doubt.

Nevertheless, in recent years Mac has searched the old Veit ranch with a costly piece of detecting gear. The McCormicks in the summer of 1935 had their interest in the ranch suddenly renewed. Charles J. Halliday bossed a crew of workers for the Forest Service, putting in a fire guard road across the ranch. Not knowing the long abandoned place was still under private ownership, they camped in the forest ranger's log house, which had been built a few yards west of the ruined walls of the original cabin.

One morning while at work on the road, a small, hard-faced little man out of nowhere suddenly descended on them.

"I bought this land solely to find buried treasure on it," he informed Halliday. "Should any of your equipment uncover it, come and get me, and I'll take it out!"

The story was too good not to repeat. So Halliday told it. The McCormicks heard, and made a bee-line for Veit Spring. They hunted until snow stopped their operations that fall.

Busy seeking other lost treasures in recent years, Mac almost forgot about the robbers' loot. Last fall he finally found a treasure, one hunted with his father since he was seven years old. It is now buried so deep under a mountain landslip that costly machinery will be necessary to dig it out. This he discovered only after building a road to the site costing $4,400. But his detecting gear says it's there, and he believes it. So the location must remain secret until the day he makes a stake big enough to buy the equipment.

While that situation endures he gives attention to other lost treasures more easily secured. One of them is that mysterious loot buried by the dead outlaws. It created more interest this year because of an old cowboy's story. According to him, he was rounding up some JC branded mules and horses on the old Veit ranch one afternoon in 1913. He came abruptly on Short Jimmy filling a hole at the base of the high rock wall. Merely noting that the man acted "peculiar" on being discovered, he thought little about it. He remembered the incident the next day in town on hearing that Short Jimmy's pockets were filled with gold when he dropped dead. On returning to the old ranch later he couldn't find where he spotted Short Jimmy working.

Recently I drove high onto the mountain over a washed-out road to Veit Spring. The place is now in possession of the Forest Service. It came as no surprise to find Mac there with his detecting machine—nor yet that Halliday was helping him. These two know more about the buried loot than anyone else.

"This detector isn't much good," Mac explained their failure to get any *buzzes*. He added, "I'm getting me a better one that costs over two thousand dollars. Then I'll find it!"

A few days later Halliday told me about the "X" and "NI" marked rocks. We went back up there, but for several reasons I couldn't get them on photo negatives. It was then while inspecting the ruined walls of the first cabin that Halliday found the Veit inscription. Mac had been there many times over the years. Halliday spent two summers living in the ranger's log cabin. Yet neither of them knew the inscription was there until the afternoon Halliday discovered it!

There are at least three "professionals" hunting the treasure at Veit Spring using the latest electronic devices. But the robbers' gold and silver loot eludes them all.

Run-In with Amarillo Joe

(Continued from page 27)

Texico, New Mexico, only thirteen miles away across the line.

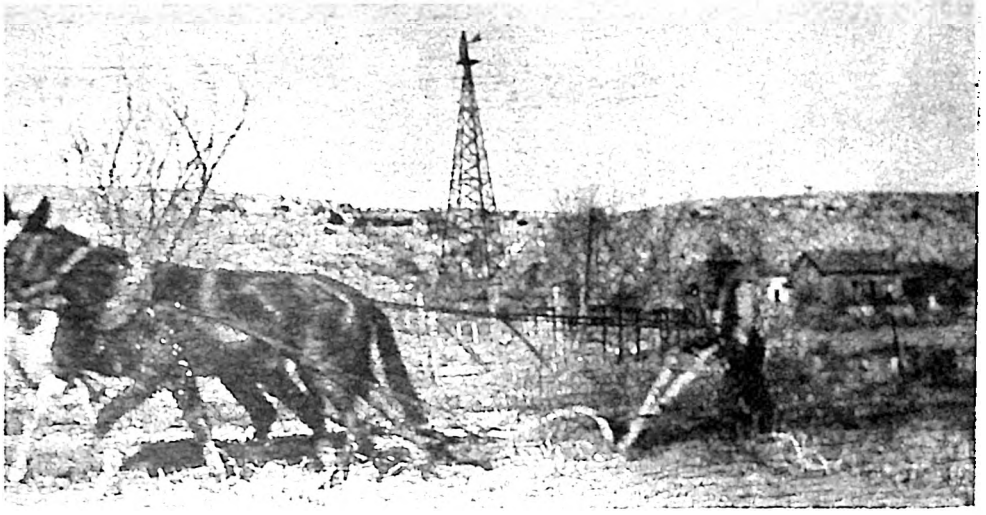
IT WAS not long until we rode into the little wide-open town of Texico, some going to the saloons, some of us heading for the Red Lights. I was well known at the five houses there, as I was not a bit stingy. Bertha's Place was where I headed. The house had about five girls, a piano, and a dance floor in the front rooms where the girls would meet you, dance and drink. I was dancing with one of the girls when in came Amarillo Joe and Tom. Tom was a brother-in-law of Mr. Hill and one of the L.F.D. hands.

Joe promptly muscled in and interrupted our dance.

At this I said, "Joe, the girl is occupied right now."

"Milt," he said, "you keep your mouth shut. You give orders on the work, not here. I'm giving the orders here." He took the girl by the arm but she pulled away from him.

I then stepped between them, and at this he pushed me to one side. With my good right arm I planted a haymaker



Hamlin Hill behind a team plowing a garden spot on the Yellowhouse (LFD) about 1908. The windmill in the background was 132 feet in height and believed to be the world's tallest when it was constructed.

on his jaw and he dropped to the slick floor. I did not get on him while he was down. I waited until he was back on his feet.

"Take off your gun," he said. "I'll learn you not to lay your damn hands on me."

Well, I removed my belt and gun, a .45 Peacemaker Colt, which I called my "best sweetheart." I laid it on top of the piano and told the piano player to watch it for me.

At this, Joe ran at me to get the first lick in, and he hurt me. We went at it, the floor was slick and the bottom of my boots were slick from walking on the grass and it made it hard to stand.

We worked each other over for a while, when my right fist connected with the point of his left jaw and he went down for the count. I was standing over him when Tom hit me from behind with a chair. The lick did not floor me. I took the chair from him and that right fist of mine went into action again. He landed on the piano, cutting his right eye wide open. The blood was flowing freely.

Tom left the house and I thought he was going for the law. I said to Amarillo Joe, "Let's forget this trouble as you have had a few drinks. Let's go and save trouble for the woman who runs the house." He said he not going anywhere.

Knowing the state line was only a quarter of a mile away, I went to the hitching rack, mounted my horse and rode across the line and back to the wagon at the Bovina stock pens so the law could not get me.

As I was making that ride back I had lots of things run through my head. For one, knowing that Tom was Hill's brother-in-law, I knew Mrs. Hill would be upset. I told Hill all this when he crawled out of his bedroll. He said, "Don't worry about this. I'll get the true story. The cook told me last night that Amarillo Joe had said he was going to get even with you for getting him bucked off and laid up."

I told Mr. Hill I wanted to move on as I didn't want to be a part of a killing.

"You know best," he said.

I told him I had two saddle horses at the ranch and would like to sell them to him.

He said, "Milt, you have one good horse and one not so good. I'll give you two of the horses you broke in exchange." I thanked him and took Black Jack and Old Buck, two real cow horses, both 15½ hands high and 1,100 pounds each. Hill had me ride by the stock pens where the branding irons were. We tied the horses to the fence and he crossed out the ranch brand and the year brand on the jaw, meaning that Old Buck, who had the 00 brand was born in the year 1900 and on Black Jack 01 meaning he was born in 1901.

I mounted Old Buck and, leading Black Jack packed with my bedroll, .30-30 rifle and my other belongings, I headed west down the dusty dirt road. I turned in the saddle and waved goodbye to my boss.

Back in those days on the Staked Plains of Texas, respect and friendship between a good boss and good cowboy became a strong bond. Hamlin Hill was a real man.

Walt Coburn's Tally Book

(Continued from page 15)

long morning circle, high trotting without letting up, you'd have to be a real cowhand to follow him. I never heard him holler, "Enough."

Jake's education was limited, but he had a head for figures and a shrewd brain that could out-think and out-figure men with college learning. He always figured the other man was out to get the best of him and he tried to outsmart him from the start. And chances are he did.

When it looked like there was bound to be a range war, Jake would saddle his horse and shove a .30-30 into his scabbard and ride off. Usually he took me along. "They'll think twice before they'll kill a kid," Jake would grin. "In case anything happens to me, you high-tail it back to the ranch," he'd make me promise.

I've never known more prideful hours than those I rode with Jake on his prowls. Night and day meant nothing. Strong black coffee kept us awake. Looking back on it now, Jake had more than his share of guts and the shrewd calculating brain to back the gun he packed.

First year Jake ran the wagon, the Old Gent told him to make a cowhand out of me. He put me on day herd, on cocktail guard and on last guard. He really poured it on and the boys ribbed me into quitting. I bowed up, forty miles from nowhere: I caught my Snowflake pony and bunched 'er. I was headed yonderly a little after daybreak when Jake rode up. "Where do you figger you're goin', button?"

I was bawling mad. "I've stood all the dirt I'm going to take! I'm heading for the home ranch."

"Suit yourself," Jake told me. "But you're headed the wrong way. You'll be acrost the Canadian line by dark."

"I ain't lost," I lied.

"Suit yourself." He loped away and out of sight. He headed me off a little after sunrise. "I got a string of Texas horses for you," he said. "Little ponies about your size. I'm takin' you off day herd. The Old Gent said I was to make a cowhand out of you. You'd look shore purty ridin' to the home ranch and tellin' him you couldn't take it."

I rode back to camp with Jake. I always did. If I wasn't a cowhand, it wasn't Jake's fault. He was a top hand and he tried to pattern me after his ways. Jake always claimed he did a good job. I don't know. I did my best. He did the bragging.

I remember the time at the ranch, when his wife, Janie, had bought some setting hens. One of the hens hid her nest and Janie spent a lot of time prowling the brush along Dry Beaver hunting it.

There was a three-holer near the office. One morning I was in there and I could hear Jake telling Janie, loud enough for me to hear, that the hen had made her nest on some old newspapers in the out-house and that she'd better move it. I sat there with both legs propped against the door, too scared to holler out. When Janie found the door shut tight from the inside, she broke into a run, and Jake was laughing loud enough to be heard a mile.

Their daughter Cecil was a few years younger than me. Jake would coax me into their private dining room off the kitchen to eat with them. About the time we tied into the grub, Jake would commence his hurrawing. Janie would try to hush him up but it only made matters worse. Those were the most miserable and embarrassing meals a bashful kid ever sat down to. Cecil would bawl and I would sweat under the rough joshing. I'd swear never to speak to Jake again. But an hour or so later I'd be riding along with him.

WHEN the Circle C sold to the Matadors, Ben Phillips, a sheepman, took Jake in as a partner in the sheep business. Jake knew sheep like he knew cattle, because the last five years our outfit had to run some sheep to protect our big range. Jake made the sheep business pay. He had his hand in a lot of things and made a couple of good-sized fortunes.

I lost track of Jake when I left Montana, but now and then I'd get word about him from men who drifted into Arizona from the north. A few years before he died he showed up at my place. Jake hadn't changed. But I had. I wasn't a forty-a-month cowboy anymore. My horns had been sawed off down to the nubbin'.

Jake couldn't get used to it. I'd ketch him looking at me while we sat around, trying to figure me out. He had calculated on finding me like I was when he last saw me, still pretty much of a kid. His hair was snow white by then, but he still walked the floor, restless, a cup of coffee in his hand, the bulge of his gun showing.

Jake never was a boozer, but he liked to gamble. He'd gamble on anything. He never said, but I heard the big gamblers took him for plenty. But he always had enough left.

Jake had traveled a few thousand miles to talk to me, to tell me some things I never knew for sure. We talked far into the night and he said when he was dead and gone I could tell it in the yarns I wrote. But knowing all the time

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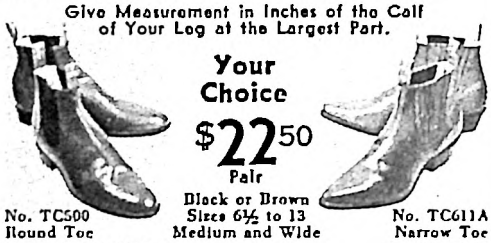

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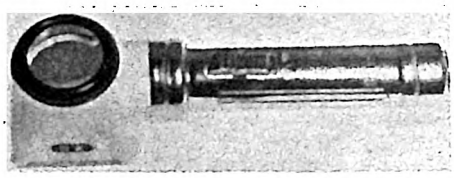

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I never would.

Jake always kept a room at the Great Northern Hotel at Malta, Montana. He had a standing bet with "Dolly" Pearson, who owned the livery and feed barn there and who was about Jake's age, on which of them would die first. Jake lost the bet by a few days, I heard. The barn man died a week later.

"That grizzly son beat me to it," Pearson said when Jake died, and took his morning drink, the lonesome feeling inside him.

Jake Myers never knew that he was making a legend, centered around the Circle C home ranch, the outfit he ramrodded during the years I was growing into manhood, before the barbwire fenced the open range.

I can just hear Jake giving the Old Gent and Bob and Will the news, after he'd asked Saint Peter at the gate where he kept the coffeepot.

"The kid turned out all right, after all," he'd tell them. "Makin' better wages writing stories. I kept tellin' you all along, he was worth savin'. If it hadn't been for me, he'd have been in the pen, makin' horsehair bridles!"

And the hell of it was, Jake died believing just that.

Twenty Years Among Our Hostile Indians

(Continued from page 31)

should they lie down with the pack they would be unable to rise again unless the pack was removed. Of all expert packers in the mountains and on the plains, none could compare with Indian women.

People of today little realize how long it took the Indians to acquire or accumulate the small amount of stuff they had in their keeping. Beads, porcupine work, Iroquois shells, claws and teeth of bears and mountain lions, arrowheads, lances, shields, pipes and stems, bows and arrows, and horse equipment largely made up their possessions. These were handed down from generation to generation, and were much prized as having been the property of their forefathers. As they never cleaned or washed their effects, their dirty condition can be readily imagined. All their habitations were foul-smelling from the unutterably filthy condition of their belongings.

All Indians were fond of trinkets, particularly of the Iroquois shell. The Iroquois is a shellfish caught off the coast of British Columbia in the waters of the Pacific Ocean. The method of catching it was to attach a piece of fresh meat to a rope and sink it to the bottom of the sea, were the Iroquois would settle upon it as thick as the quills on the back of a porcupine. The meat was then drawn to the surface, the shellfish were laid in the sun, and the animal life soon passed out. The shell, when cleaned and polished, was a beautiful white, like ivory, and slightly curved like a bear's claw. It was from one to two and one-half inches in length, tapering from the diameter of a rye straw at the larger end nearly to a point. The Indians passed sinews through these shells and made necklaces and breastplates of them for their women; the men also wore them when they could procure them. The shells were highly prized and expensive because they were difficult to obtain.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE

ALL Indian nations spoke a different language, and this diversity has given rise to much discussion among philologists. It must be conceded that the Indian nations had a very ancient history, as they lived in comparatively close proximity to each other and yet spoke wholly different tongues.

The sign language of the Indians was nearly universal among all Indian nations, and was handed down from a remote period. Neither the learned nor the unlearned can throw any light on its origin. The Indians themselves did not know how they acquired it. It descended from their ancestors, and that is all they knew about it. The hieroglyphs of the Aztecs are not more mysterious in their origin that the sign languages of the Indian races of the West.

The wild Indian had the faculty of adapting himself to his surroundings, so long as they were congenial, and found means at all times to utilize everything suited to his needs. Nothing in his entire existence was more useful to him than the sign language. Through this silent means of communication a member of any tribe located in Texas, could converse with a member of another living in the far north, or along the St. Lawrence River, although both were unconscious of the existence of the other.

Immediately on meeting, conversation began by one of these mysterious mediums; probably the first was by the movements of the horse or smoke, when a truce was declared; then, if satisfactory, a friendly conversation was held by the more complete, or comprehensive means of the signs by the hands. So well were the signs understood by all, that no practice was necessary between the parties.

Among no other peoples in the world speaking different languages, is there a general means of communication of any kind that is understood at sight. These signs were exceedingly graceful, as well as significant.

The oral language of one nation might be pleasing to the ear; another might be harsh, coarse, and guttural; in another the words might be very few. It was difficult and sometimes almost impossible for an Indian nation to acquire or speak intelligently any language but its own. So it was even with tribes of the same nation.

The Navajo, for instance, a tribe of the great Athabaskan nation, could scarcely understand the Apache, who belonged to the same family. The Arapahoe language in particular was very poor, having but a few hundred words, yet it was extremely difficult to acquire sufficient knowledge of it to converse on the most ordinary subjects; whereas the Sioux language was rich in words, pleasing in sound, and was much more easily acquired. The Algonquin language was also pleasing to the ear and readily learned.

Yet nearly all Indians possessed a means of ready communication between themselves through the medium of the sign language, which somewhat resembled the method of communication between mutes. Most Indians were extremely reticent, speaking but few words, yet they would sit for hours conversing with each other in the sign language. The sign language of the hands was highly significant, though it was necessary to follow closely the thread of conversation, for the wrong interpretation of a single sign was sufficient to break the whole chain of thought.

Another peculiarity was the rapidity with which Indians could communicate with each other. The Sioux could, by signs, express a great deal more in a shorter time than by word of mouth.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE was very figurative. For instance, if an Indian desired to say that you were not truthful, he would touch his tongue with one finger, and hold up two fingers toward you, signifying that you were double-tongued, that is, untruthful. If he wished to say that a given place was distant two, three, or more days' journey, he would twirl the fingers of both hands, one over the other like a wheel rolling, inclining the head as if asleep, and hold up as many fingers as there were "sleeps," meaning nights, thus indicating the number of days of travel necessary to reach the place in question.

If he desired to refer to the past, he would extend the hand in front with the index finger pointed, drawing his arm back with a screw motion, meaning a long time back. If he intended to refer to the future, he would put his hand with the index finger extended at his back, pushing it forward with a screw motion, thus indicating a distant time in the future.

If he desired to speak of being on horseback he did so by putting the first and second fingers over the fingers of the left hand, representing a man on horseback. If he wished to state that he had a large quantity of anything, he would make the sign of a heap with his two hands shaped like a funnel, moving them upward from the ground to a point, in the form of the letter A.

If he desired to say that he had nothing, he would open the palm of his right hand and in a sweeping way, with a movement of the forearm to the right, would indicate that the hand was empty.

If he desired to say that he had had a good meal he would extend the thumb and forefinger of his right hand over the region of his stomach, moving the hand up to his mouth, indicating that he was full. These are a few of the symbols of the sign language. The signs employed were innumerable, and every one of them illustrated the idea to be conveyed.

One of the most difficult sign sentences that I ever tried to comprehend was in conversation with some Indians in South Park. We were expecting to go into battle the next day, and the night before, one of our Indian allies came to me and talked in the sign language. The first sign given was one sleep, after which the right hand was passed rapidly under the left, both palms being opened downward, which meant "going in." The next sign was opening and shutting the fingers of each hand toward each other rapidly, which meant to fight; then a downward catch of the forefinger, which meant good or true; and last, the most incomprehensible of all, the making of the figure O with the index finger and thumb of the right hand, turning the hand over as though emptying a bottle. After repeated efforts to interpret the last sign I gave it up in despair, but finally learned the translation of it.

It meant to pour something out. The whole sentence translated verbatim was "Tomorrow I will go in and fight good, if I pour my life out." Such was the brief but graphic description of his intentions as expressed by the sign language.

Mounted Indians often communicated in the sign language by the movements of their horses. I never was able to translate many of these signs, but to the Indian they were all perfectly plain. I have seen Indians converse in this manner as far as the eye could see, understanding each other perfectly. The move-

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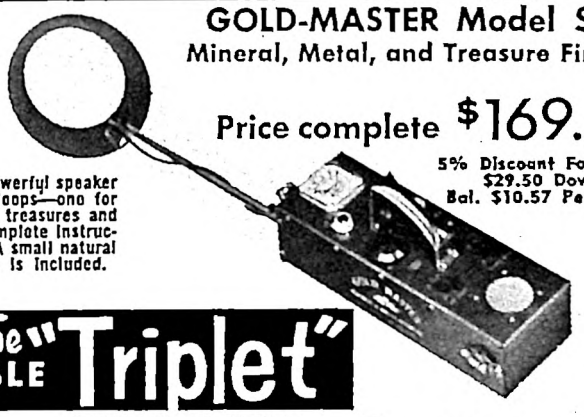

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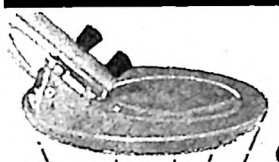

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ments of the horses were made in rapid succession, and seemd to me in the long distance all about the same.

Another means of communications was by the flashing of a mirror in the sun. This method of signaling was sometimes used for long distances. At that time, however, it was rare for an Indian to have a mirror, and as they could only be used in the sunlight they were not of great service.

Still another means of communications was by fire and smoke. The latter was of great service while in the mountains, and to the Indians was perfectly intelligible. Although smoke seems uncontrollable, yet they made it serve their purpose well.

The sign language enabled each nation of Indians to converse with one another intelligently. By it bands of warriors of different nations could communicate at long distances, making alliances among themselves for descent on their enemies and for attacks upon settlers, overland travelers, and others.

None of the wild Indians had any method of general communication by means of pen or pencil, although I once saw an Indian letter written under the following circumstances: Some traders had been sent to trade with Indians in the vicinity of Rawhide Peak. The Indians had brought in a great many more pelts than the traders expected would be offered, and the stores they brought for exchange soon ran low. An Indian took the dressed hide of a deer and pictured a letter on it with colored crayons. It represented an Indian leading a mule with a pack saddle on it; a red roll, representing a bolt of red cloth; a black tin can such as powder is sold in, and a drawing representing a bar of lead, thus signifying that his party wanted a pack mule, a roll of scarlet cloth, some powder, lead, and ammunition to trade. This letter was considered a great curiosity by all who saw it.

Along some of the streams in Texas, there is a limestone formation with perpendicular, smooth walls, varying in height from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet. On the rocks along some of these streams are petroglyphics, drawn and cut by the Indians. They are found in various portions of that State, and are the works of different Indian nations. Some of the Jesuit Fathers claimed to be able to translate this figure writing, but I have never known any two of them to give the same translation. My opinion is, that the Indians, being in camp near these places, drew and cut these figures for their own amusement, and without any serious intention of perpetuating historical or other events. Nearly all the figures on the rocks in that State are of about the same kind, representing horses mounted and unmounted, Indian men and women, deer, bears, and other animals.

One striking feature is the great age of some of these petroglyphics. In that State some of the Indian nations buried their dead in the ground, and put a stone over the grave to mark the spot as well as to keep wild animals from digging up the remains. If the Indians were able to write, they would no doubt mark the spot with hierolgyphics cut in stone in some way that would be intelligible to those who came after. If these petrographs were not for this purpose it may be that they are of no special significance, but were rather the work of Indians who desired to show their ability as artists.

(To be continued in the March, 1967 Frontier Times.)

A Rope for One-Armed Charlie

(Continued from page 24)

where he had friends. Before Dalton had escaped from the posse, he had implicated Curly Marshall in the theft, confessing that Curly had offered to pay Tom Smith for the delivery of the team to parties at Boyd's Ranch.

A few weeks earlier, Curly's wife had died at Wichita, and Curly's life degenerated from that time on. In September, 1872, Curly became involved with members of the Jeff Harlan gang in a confidence operation. James Jefferson Harlan, who later became notorious under the handle of Off Wheeler, was then operating his con games on Wichita's Douglas Avenue in a hole in the wall called The Dollar Store.

Curly, Jeff Harlan, and one known only as Big Butcher were haled into court, where they pleaded guilty to a charge of theft. Common theft had hardly been a part of swashbuckling Curly's career, but by this time, his extended bouts with frontier rotgut were beginning to take their toll.

On November 28, the Wichita *Weekly Eagle* sadly reported his death in an obituary which reflected the general attitude of grudging admiration for the desperado:

Curly Marshall, a notorious border character, a man whose name has been linked with many desperate chances and stirring events in southwestern Kansas and the Indian Territory, died at this place on last Monday. Curly was almost the personification of masculine beauty and physical strength, with nothing in his face that would indicate the desperado. His hair was raven black and fell upon his shoulders in a mass of shining curls. His eyes were small, black and piercing, his tread square and easy, his whole carriage being full of a kind of untutored grace, yet withal, he was destitute of every idea of obligation to morality and humanity.... He was buried on Tuesday afternoon, his remains being followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of people in carriages. Rev. J. F. Nessly, pastor of the M.E. church, made an appropriate address, also conducting some religious exercises at the grave. As we write, we are informed that Mr. Marshall was a man of good education and a good writer. . . .

Curly's demise effectively broke up the Marshall gang, but One-Armed Charlie continued to operate the Ninnescah Ranch, and during periods of relaxation, hung out in the dancehouses of Rowdy Joe Lowe and Red Beard in the tough Delano district of West Wichita. There he was prominently involved in the high jinks which culminated in the death of Red Beard at the hands of Rowdy Joe.

After Beard's death, One-Armed Charlie was party to an attempt to forge a deed which would have placed Beard's dancehouse in the hands of Beard's former mistress, Josephine DeMerritt. Charlie escaped the charges for this escapade with a hasty writ of habeas corpus.

Being barred from Wichita, he reestablished headquarters along the border near Caldwell. A year and a half had passed since his brother Tom's experience with the Sumner County vigilantes, and perhaps Charlie reckoned that bygones were bygones. If so, he was wrong.

THE SPRING of 1874 heralded the entry of several bands of desperadoes and horse thieves along the border of the Territory. Trouble with the Indians and a feud between rival stage lines provided a situation made to order for those who thrived on violence and could wring a profit from disorder.

That part of the Indian Territory immediately south of Caldwell was the eastern stomping grounds for the notorious Dutch Henry Born on his trips away from Dodge City. Hurricane Bill Martin also ranged back and forth between Wichita and the Indian Territory, where he operated as an illicit whiskey and horse trader near the Cheyenne Reservation. From Dodge City came William L. Brooks, where as City Marshal he had killed and wounded so many men that he had earned the nickname of Bully Brooks. Some time earlier, Brooks had had a tangle with buffalo hunter Kirk Jordan, and after narrowly escaping a slug from Jordan's buffalo rifle, decided that Dodge City owed him nothing. He had come to Caldwell and gone back to his old trade of stage driving.

The operations of horse thieves in Indian Territory had incensed many of the tribes from whom ponies had been stolen for sale in various Kansas towns. It was this condition, said Indian Agent John D. Miles, which led to the outbreaks of 1874. The younger and more hot-blooded Indians carried out raids aimed not only at reprisal, but the acquisition of horses to replace those lost to the thieves. Coupled with this situation was a battle between rival stage companies for supremacy in the competition for mail contracts on the route to Fort Sill. The result was a maelstrom of events which comprised as complex and involved a situation as any ever plotted in fiction.

In May, operations of the Southwestern Stage Company along the line to Fort Sill were plagued by loss of mules and horses to white renegades and from sporadic Indian raids on the coaches and stations. Stage drivers willing to brave the dangers on the line through the lonely Territory were not plentiful, but Billy Brooks had a reputation for being fearless. Billy had worked for the stage company back in 1870 when he drove for them between El Dorado and Wichita, and upon his arrival in the Caldwell area, he was put on the payroll in charge of the danger-fraught Indian Territory branch.

Competition reigned even among the horse thieves and desperadoes and in order to cope with the situation, Brooks brought into employ some of the men who had indulged in their own enterprises involving stolen horseflesh. Among these were One-Armed Charlie and Hurricane Bill Martin. Perhaps Brooks believed in the adage, "It takes a thief to catch a thief."

On May 7, several mules were stolen from the station below Caldwell known as Baker's Ranch. When "Canned Fruit" Alex was picked up in the vicinity, the *Sumner County Press* of May 21 intimated that Hurricane Bill Martin was acting as an officer of sorts in bringing the suspect in for trial:

William Martin, familiarly known as Hurricane Bill, passed up last week with Alex Watkins in charge, whose other name is "Canned Fruit." Watkins is supposed to be one of the gang who stole the stage horses two weeks ago, down in the Territory at Baker's Ranch. They

(Continued on page 62)

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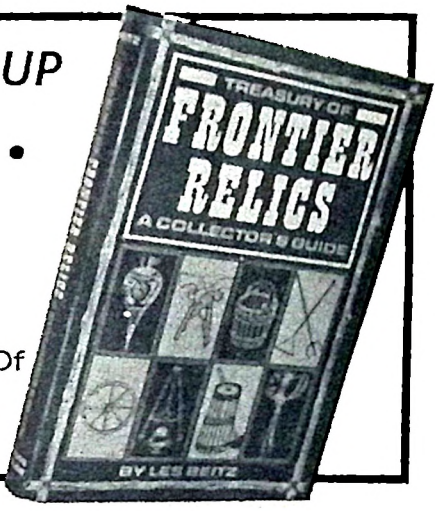

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25 Years of Glory

(Continued from page 14)

boss, too—and when Wollheim left Wyn to edit paperback books for Avon, he bought one of my six-part Larry Ordway-Old Bill Randle serials for an Avon paperback. It sold two editions. Next Wollheim put out a collection of novelettes for Avon and I was in that (all the time I was still working for Ruth Dreyer and Leo Margulies); then Wollheim came back to Wyn's outfit, and as Wyn had started a line of paperbacks, the *Ace* books, Wollheim immediately used more of my longer stories for these paperbacks, of which he was made editor.

While Don Wollheim was editor at Avon Publications, they decided to bring out a *Wild Bill Hickok Western*, and I was to do a lead story about Hickok in each issue. I was very enthusiastic and finished the first Wild Bill novel feeling I'd done a pretty fair job. Wollheim and his Avon associates liked it—the title was "Two for Law and Order"—but the times were considered too bad to launch the magazine. So, while I was paid for the novel promptly, it has never been published.

I sold my last western yarn, "Boy from the Home Town," to *Leading Western* in 1950. This outfit also published *Fighting Western* and a third whose title I can't recall, and neither can I remember the names of the publisher and editor, though I sold stories to all three magazines. The office was located on Lexington Avenue, New York.

The market was falling steadily, however. Television was knocking out what remained after the Depression. I had seen it happen before—the movies knocking out dime and nickel novels—but, like many another writer and illustrator, I didn't want to believe that the present slump was the "handwriting on the wall" for Western fiction. For forty years people couldn't get enough of it—and then bam! it was over.

PULP WESTERNS
Late 1966 Market Guide
By J. P. GUINON

This chart reflects my evaluation of the current status and monetary value of pulp Westerns as indicated to me through purchases and inquiries concerning such magazines. It ought to be kept in mind, however, that my personal opinion on the matter may differ to some degree with others who maintain a fairly close liaison with the traffic in these periodicals. For the most part, though, I think the chart provides a pretty accurate fix on the present market, give or take twenty-five cents here and there or a single point leeway as to scarcity factor.

TABLE OF VALUES AND SCARCITY FACTOR
1 to 3 Common — 4 to 6 Scarce — 7 to 9 Rare

TITLE	AVERAGE MONETARY VALUE Fair	Good	Excellent	Scarcity Factor
*Ace High, Cowboy Stories, Frontier, Lariat, Ranch Romances, Rangeland Stories, Wild West Weekly	.50	1.00	1.50	5
Big Book Western, New Western, Thrilling Western, Western Romances, Western Trails, Super Western, Popular Western, Quick Trigger Western	.50	1.00	1.25	5
Western Fiction	.50	1.00	1.25	6
*Far West Illustrated	.75	1.25	1.75	6
*Maverick Magazine	.75	1.25	1.50	7
*Dime Western	.50	.75	1.25	5
*Complete Western Book Magazine	.75	1.25	1.50	4
*Star Western	.50	1.25	1.50	4
Spicy Western	1.50	2.50	3.50	9
Texas Rangers	.75	1.25	1.50	7
*Western Story Magazine	1.00	1.50	2.50	7
Western Story Magazine (without Faust)	.50	1.25	1.50	5
The following contain *reprinted* stories by Faust, and those particular issues are classed as follows:				
All Story Western	.75	1.25	1.50	5
Best Western	.75	1.25	1.50	5
Crack Shot Western	.75	1.25	1.50	5
Far West Illustrated	1.00	1.50	1.75	6
Greater Western	.75	1.25	1.50	5
Max Brand Western Magazine	.75	1.50	1.75	6
Triple Western	.75	1.25	1.50	5
Western Winners	.50	1.00	1.25	5
Zane Grey Western Story Magazine	.75	1.25	1.50	6

The above is far from a complete list, but is believed to contain a fair cross-section of the most important western publications of the era 1920-1945. All estimates of values and scarcity are conservative. With the exception of *Western Story Magazine*, which has a special entry for issues without Faust stories, all these magazines marked with an asterisk (*) had occasional stories by this author, and such issues should be valued at about twice the monetary value

shown, which is for ordinary issues.

My authority for some of the information about Faust was obtained from the book, *Max Brand, The Man and His Works* by Darrell C. Richardson.

Nine out of ten collectors are fussy about the condition of magazines, hence the price span cited on the chart above.

MAGAZINES are collected for a variety of reasons—some because they contain the writings of favorite authors, some for the covers, some because they chronicle the activities of certain characters, and so on. Some Western magazines are collected because they contain Indian tales, or stories about famous outlaws, or historical characters. The variety is almost endless. A number of collectors accumulate magazines published before 1945 because the format common to that era is seldom used nowadays and good specimens are getting scarce. The intensive paper drives during the war years prior to 1945 account to a considerable extent for this scarcity. Million of magazines were ground up or whatever it was they did to them to defeat Germany and Japan, so that today great numbers of certain editions are practically nonexistent.

The first regularly published all-Western magazine which ever amounted to anything was Street & Smith's *Western Story Magazine*, and it is doubtful if it would have become the leader in its field if it had not been lucky enough to land as a contributor one Frederick Faust. Started as an experiment by the publishers in 1919, it began printing stories by Faust in 1920, and soon became a weekly with a circulation of more than half a million, continuing to appear regularly for more than thirty years. It is probably collected more assiduously than any other Western pulp—that is, those issues containing stories by Faust are. Using his own name and several of his 19 pen names, this man, beginning in 1920 and continuing until 1938, was the author of 11 short stories, 194 novels and 108 serials appearing in *Western Story Magazine*. On most of his work in *Western Story* he used the pseudonyms of Max Brand and George Owen Baxter. Faust fanciers are numbered in the thousands and they will buy anything at all that contains any story, article or poem by Faust under any of his pseudonyms.

The only magazine which can challenge *Western Story* for popularity is a rather short-lived publication, first appearing in the late 1930s under the name of *Spicy Western*. It was one of a group of publications featuring certain bedroom activities, two others in the group being called *Spicy Detective Magazine* and *Spicy Adventures Magazine*. All the stories were more or less poorly written and daringly illustrated. It is pretty certain that it is the illustrations which count with the collectors of these three magazines, who willingly pay a premium for any they can find. *Spicy Western Magazine* is now practically out of circulation.

The success of Street & Smith with *Western Story Magazine* inevitably brought other publishers into the field with similar publications, many of which were not worth reading. Some were good enough to survive, however, among these being *Ace-High, Frontier Stories, Cowboy Stories, Western Trails, Rangeland Stories* and *Ranch Romances*. The circulation figures of *Western Story* also caused many magazines not confining their output to stories of the American West to increase the frequency of the appearance of such tales in their publications, particularly *Popular Magazine, All Story, Argosy, Adventure, Blue Book* and *Short Stories*. Many of the best-known fiction writers of the day turned their hand to Westerns, and the lovers of such tales had a ball for the next few years. The stuff was decidedly not Literature with a capital L in most cases, but it represented imagination and action that kept the average American who reads for entertainment making frequent trips to the newsstand.

THE ERA from 1930 to 1940 was the heyday of the all-Western pulp fiction magazines, and the rush of publishers to the field was prodigious. Of course, the quality of the stories and the format of the magazines, in a great many instances, were poor, and naturally a lot of the fly-by-nights didn't last long. But even these, "trashy" as they were, are collected today as specimens of just how bad a magazine can get.

Next to *Western Story* and *Spicy Western*, in importance to collectors, comes a group consisting primarily of *Ace-High, Ranch Romances* and *Cowboy Stories*. These were published by W. M. Clayton, whose blue pennant symbols on the covers were and still are familiar to many readers and collectors of Westerns.

Close behind the Clayton group might be classed *Frontier Stories, The Lariat, Far West Illustrated, Wild West Weekly Magazine, West, Star Western, Western Romances* and a number of others, all of which are collected today.

Certain issues of magazines other than the all-Western type are also very popular among collectors because of outstanding Western stories published therein. Among these, the most sought after are *Argosy, All Story, Adventure, Blue Book, Popular* and *Short Stories*.

I have not attempted to list all the magazines published from the early 1940s up to the time when the conventional pulp magazine format was abandoned by publishers. There were far too many, mostly poor in quality of illustration and content. I would lump them all together as "common to fairly scarce," and price them at 40c to 50c for good copies, and 75c to $1.00 for excellent specimens, with no demand at all for poor or coverless copies.

One more thing, some of the early magazines carried stories or articles about real characters, such as "The Life of Buffalo Bill" which ran through fifteen or more issues of *Ace-High*. These issues command a better price, probably averaging 50 to 100 per cent higher than the prices shown on the chart for excellent copies.

The magazines on the chart were published from 1919 to 1945. There are many which do not appear on the chart at all, but I believe as a whole the list gives a good picture. Many that do appear thereon would be higher priced and much more scarce if collectors knew about them but, even so, they are scarce enough. Practically none of them of the era mentioned will be found in second-hand book stores—they are mostly in the hands of collectors or dealers who specialize in such material.

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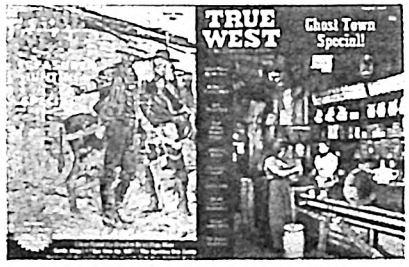

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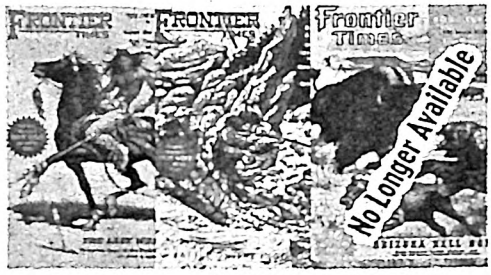

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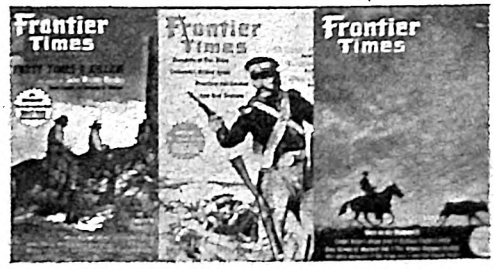

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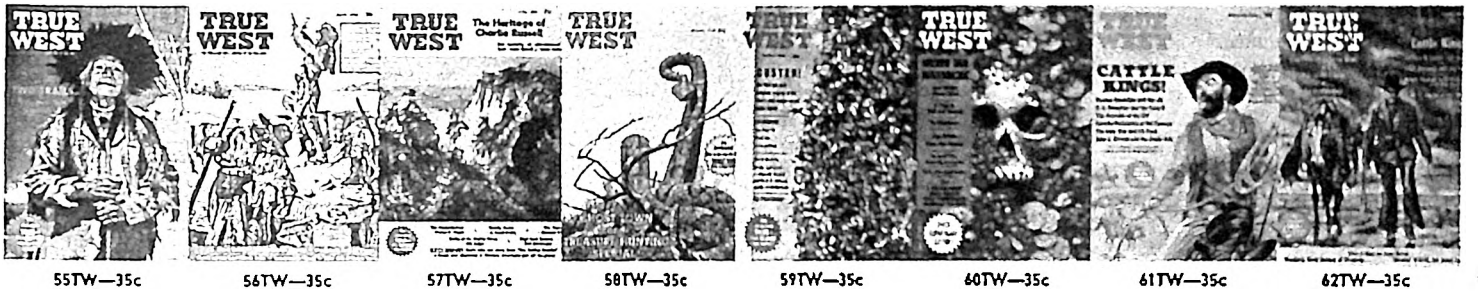

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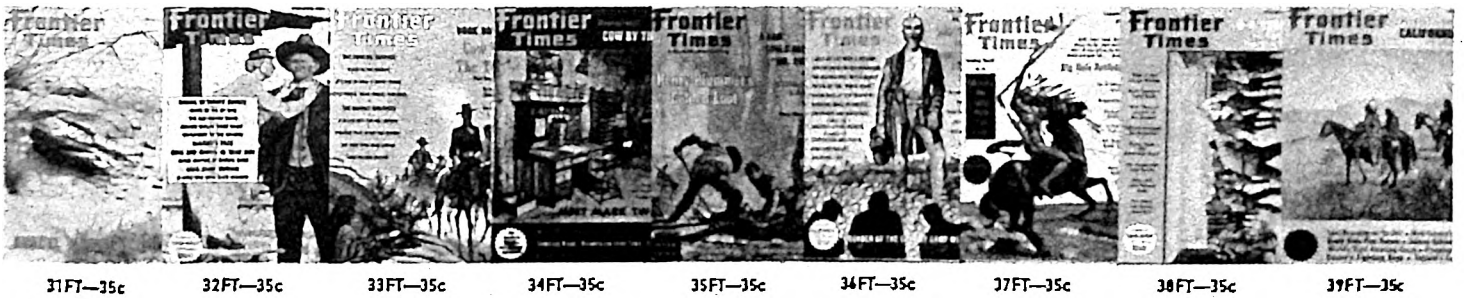

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A Rope for One-Armed Charlie

(Continued from page 57)

make their headquarters in the blackjacks where it is next to impossible to find them.

A court petition presented by Alex Watkins indicates that he was arrested at the instigation of employees of the Southwestern Stage Company, and according to Watkins' statement, was illegally brought in to Wichita by Hurricane Bill. Canned Fruit Alex Watkins was acquitted of the charges at Fort Smith, Arkansas, the following November.

EVENTS along the border were precipitated in June when the Government contract for carrying the mails to Fort Sill was put up for annual bid. During the previous year, the Southwestern Stage Company had held the contract. A new stage line, called Vail and Co., submitted a bid which was $12,000 under that of the established stage line. The new stage line was awarded the contract and was to make its first run on the first day of July. In the latter part of June, Vail and Co. began stocking its line of stations with the necessary horse and mule power.

The events which followed, and evidence presented in court hearings, show that *someone* made a determined effort to put the new stage line out of business by preventing it from making its first mail deliveries to Fort Sill. Although some thought that the evidence produced at the hearings cast a reflection on the character of the preprietors of Southwestern, it appears extremely doubtful that the officials of the established stage company were knowing parties to the events that transpired at Caldwell and points south. It appears far more likely that the actions of the so-called employees of the Southwestern Stage Company were initiated solely by themselves in an effort to preserve their own jobs.

Be that as it may, a concerted attack on Vail and Co. stage stations was made in the last days of June, and the line was virtually stripped of its mule power. Brooks, One-Armed Charlie and others were known to have been involved in the raids.

Lawyer Hasbrouck's involvement in the horse-theft ring was a subject of discussion in Caldwell, and a report issued by the *Press* on June 25 was an omen of dire things to come and should have alerted Hasbrouck to his precarious situation. Said the *Press*:

> The report that L. B. Hasbrouck, an attorney at Caldwell in this county, has been lynched by vigilantes proves to be untrue. Advices from that part of the county have him alive and well.

On June 29, four Vail and Co. mules were stolen from a Caldwell livery stable. Also taken (by mistake, it developed) was a racing mare belonging to a Caldwell resident. The thieves negotiated with Hasbrouck to act as middle man in returning the mare to its owner, thereby demonstrating that their sole objective was the stock of Vail and Co., but further implicating Lawyer Hasbrouck as a close associate.

After the raid on the Caldwell livery stable, members of the gang were deployed to strike various stations in the Territory. One-Armed Charlie was sent to steal the mules at the station on Stinking Creek. Bill Wadkins and Jasper Marion, alias Granger, attempted theft of the mules at Kingfisher Station, but were driven off by the guns of the stationkeepers. Returning empty handed, they were attacked by a raiding party of Arapahoes under Chief Big Mouth, and Wadkins was killed and scalped. From a distance, Mickey Jim Fahey, stage driver for the Southwestern line, witnessed the attack on Wadkins and brought his body into the station grounds for burial.

Wadkins' death seemed to be the signal for the Indians to take to the warpath. Reports came filtering in that attacks had been made in the western half of the state, while the main body of Indians attacked Adobe Walls in the Texas Panhandle.

Several times, military escorts came under attack on the road between Fort Dodge and Camp Supply. Scattered raids had been made in the country surrounding Medicine Lodge and Sun City, taking four lives, and settlers began streaming into the settlements. At Medicine Lodge and Sun City, they forted up in hastily constructed stockades.

Many residents of Caldwell and the surrounding countryside abandoned their claims and headed for towns farther removed from Indian Territory. These "exodusters" came into Wichita and added to the unrest there with wild and unfounded rumors. A correspondent, writing from Wichita to an eastern paper, may have touched on the source of some of the rumors when he stated that he had "learned that three white men, horse thieves and desperadoes, one of them known as Hurricane Bill, who is now in jail here, started this alarm among settlers with a view to plunder when it should take effect in the abandonment by the settlers of their homesteads."

AT WICHITA, grizzled Pat Hennessey loaded his freight wagons with a consignment of sugar and coffee for the Cheyenne Agency at Darlington, while listening to the advice of others to delay his trip until the situation cleared. Perhaps Hennessey was one of those who believed that the Indian-scare talk was mostly made up by men wanting to raid the settlers' abandoned claims. At any rate, his wagons loaded, Pat pointed his mules south and a few days later, his three wagons were deep into the Territory, approaching Baker's Ranch.

The details of what happened on that morning of July 6 have ever been vague, for no surviving witnesses were left by the party of Indians who swooped down on Pat's wagons. Agent John Miles happened on the scene a short time after the attack, arriving in a stagecoach with Burr Mosier, Billy Brooks, and some ladies being taken to Caldwell for safety. They found the bodies of three teamsters strung out along the trail over a quarter-mile's distance, and tied to the wheel of a still burning wagon, the body of Hennessey. There is evidence that Miles' arrival was close upon the heels of the raiding party, for scattered around the wagons was much of the cargo of coffee and sugar which the raiders had had to abandon.

Agent Miles, with the help of Mosier and Brooks, hastily buried the remains of Hennessey in a grave scooped out of the prairie, and the others by caving a ravine bank over them, and hurried on to Caldwell where Miles telegraphed to Washington for troops.

At Leavenworth, Brevet Major General

John Pope issued orders for the deployment of troops along the border and for the issuance of arms to local militia forces. Citizens at Wichita organized a company of militia and elected Seth Tucker, Mike Meagher and Cash Henderson as officers to head the company.

On the thirteenth of July, the Wichita company went into camp at Caldwell with three companies of U. S. regulars under Captain Ovenshine. The Topeka *Daily Commonwealth* sent W. H. Rossington as correspondent with the expedition, and Rossington's comments in that paper are revealing.

". . . The country around here is full of horse thieves, the town of Caldwell and the timber of Bluff Creek being a sort of refuge for them. Bully Brooks, formerly of Dodge City, and a number of ruffians of that kidney, have been driven in from the Territory by the fear of Indians and are hanging around the cavalry and the militia casting wistful eyes at their horses. Large guards are mounted every night and they are welcome to all the horses they can get from the Kansas militia. . . ."

A few days later, the combined forces of the militia and regulars moved into the Territory, and their movement must have been the signal for the Indians to vanish, for the troops made no contacts or skirmishes, and reports of raiding parties and attacks suddenly ceased.

WITH the danger from Indian attack over, the longhaired element sifted back into the Teritory and resumed their activities. The mules and horses stolen from the Vail and Co. stage stations had been held, during the Indian scare, in the timber along Turkey Creek near Red Fork Station. Now it was thought advisable to move them, and several of the gang were delegated to take the stock to western Kansas and dispose of them to buyers there.

At the same time, an informer brought information of their plans to Sheriff John G. Davis, and with a posse of six men, the sheriff left Wellington on the fifteenth of July. The posse proceeded in a southwesterly direction, intending to cut the trail of the thieves somewhere in Harper County. At the Chikaskia crossing, the lawmen were joined by others and the entire party pushed on, reaching DeVore's Ranch on the Ellsworth Cattle Trail by next morning.

Here they were told that their quarry had passed with the herd of mules on the day before, heading toward Ellsworth. Pausing just long enough for a scanty breakfast, the posse continued the chase, confident in the knowledge that the gang would make slower progress because of the wagons accompanying the herd.

By nightfall of the third day in the saddle, the men of the posse went into camp with empty stomachs. At daybreak of the fourth day, the chase was renewed, and although some of the more famished were all for giving it up, everyone agreed to stick to the trail for one more day.

That night, somewhere in Kingman County, the posse rode up on a settler's cabin, the first habitation since DeVore's Ranch, and the men got their first meal in three days. They were told that the men and mules they were pursuing had passed earlier in the day.

Next morning, the trail led into the sand hills between the Ninnescah and Arkansas Rivers, and the trail of the wagons and stock was an easy one to follow. No water was to be found, however, and both men and horses were suffering from the effects of the grueling chase.

Morning of the sixth day found the men back in their saddles, determined to follow the now fresh trail, and it seemed to them that they could almost see the sand still trickling back into the ruts and hoofmarks of their quarry. That afternoon, one of the men shot a jackrabbit and the famished men made camp immediately to cook and divide the meat. As they rested, Sheriff Davis set off in search of water, and at a small pond some distance away, discovered the still warm embers of the thieves' campfire.

In the distance they could see the valley of the Arkansas, and grazing in the valley, what appeared to be a herd of buffalo. After a period of watching, the "buffalo" were recognized as a herd of mules, and Sheriff Davis hastily called up his posse and organized his tactics.

Taking with him W. B. "Buffalo" King, he circled a hill and charged the camp of thieves. One yellow-haired individual bolted and was lost in the sand hills and plum thickets. The other two cut the traces from a wagon and escaped on the horses.

Because of the condition of their own mounts, the posse members gave up the chase and returned to round up the mules. In the abandoned wagon was found baggage identifying at least one of the men as Jasper Marion, alias Granger. Most surprising was the discovery of seventy-five pounds of coffee readily identified as coming from the scene of Pat Hennessey's massacre. The presence of the coffee in the possession of the thieves led to the conjecture that possibly Hennessey had not been killed by Indians after all, and posed a question which has intrigued historians to this day.

It was later learned that Jasper Granger had come upon the scene of the Hennessey massacre shortly after the arrival of Miles and his party and had picked up the coffee with Agent Miles' permission to salvage it. Of course, when Granger abandoned it in his flight, Sheriff Davis took possession of it, and this circumstance led to a display of the sheriff's wry humor. A correspondent for an eastern paper criticized the Sheriff for confiscating the coffee, saying, "Davis had no right to take the property from Granger."

Sheriff Davis replied to the misguided eastern correspondent in the *Sumner County Press* of August 27, saying:

". . . Now, I do not propose to discuss . . . my right to capture horsethieves or recover stolen property and turn it over to the proper owners upon identification, but I wish merely to say through your columns, that whenever Granger shall make personal demands for the coffee captured with the abandoned wagon and Vail and Company's mules, it will be promptly returned to him.

Respectfully, John G. Davis,
Sheriff of Sumner Co.

P. S. If Granger will bring in the horse he stole from Bob Drummond, and upon which he escaped from my men on the 21st day of July, when he comes for the coffee , he will be suitably rewarded."

Granger somehow never returned to claim either the coffee or the Sheriff's promised reward. The Sheriff and his

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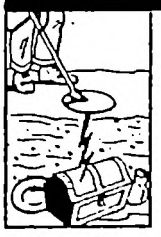

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posse, however, did divide a reward of $300 paid by Vail and Co. for the return of the mules.

RECOGNITION of Granger as one of the thieves led to further investigation into the activities of his known associates. On the night of July 27, at two o'clock a.m., Sheriff Davis accompanied by 150 men quietly entered Caldwell and began a roundup of the gang's leaders. Five men were arrested in various places: Judd Calkins at the City Hotel; Dave Terrill at a house outside of town; Lawyer Hasbrouck was discovered fleeing from the Last Chance into a cornfield where part of the posse kept him bottled up until morning; and Brooks was found in a dugout on Fall Creek where he had taken refuge. One-Armed Charlie Smith was surprised in the early morning at his camp on Deer Creek, twelve miles south of Caldwell in the Territory.

All were taken to Wellington for a preliminary hearing conducted by Justice of the Peace J. A. Dillard. The testimony taken sharply outlined the turbulent situation and the forces creating it. That of Burr Mosier, preserved in the *Sumner County Press*, was particularly enlightening.

"I reside at Buffalo Springs in the Indian Territory. Have resided there since October, 1873. . . About the first of July, Jasper Marion, alias Granger, came to my ranche for grub. While there, he told me he had eight mules belonging to Vail and Co. . . . and a mare he said they had stolen through mistake. He also told me the number and names of the men engaged in the theft of the mules at Caldwell on the night of the 29th of June. He said there were nine men engaged in it. The names of the parties as far as I recollect are: Hasbrouck, Charley Smith, Henry Hall, Red, Bob, Jim, Jerry Williams, Jasper Marion, alias Granger, and Bill Brooks. Red, Bob and Jim are aliases, I do not know their real names. . . .

"Granger also told me that they were going down to Kingfisher to clean out the station and steal the mules belonging to Vail and Co. Charley Smith had been sent to Stinking Creek to steal the stock there. The party that went to Kingfisher failed to get the mules there because they were too well guarded by Al Needham and two men who were armed with needle guns. As they were returning from Kingfisher, they were attacked by Indians and Bill Watkins who had gone down to help steal the mules, was killed and scalped, and Granger's horse was shot. . . .

"About the day before the Indians attacked and killed Pat Hennessey, two of Vail and Co.'s drivers came to my ranche with the U. S. mail. They had a sulky and one horse. After they had passed a few hours, the Southwest Stage came in. William Brandon was driving. Bill Brooks was on the stage. He, Brooks, told me that he intended to overtake and steal the horse belonging to Vail and Co. that had passed down the road. Brandon and Brooks were both afraid of an attack by the Indians so I armed myself and drove the stage down to Baker's twelve miles below. Brooks told me that they, the horsethieves, had taken the contract to run that mail line, and that they intended to do it. He said that they were employed by the Southwestern Stage Co. to prevent Vail and Co. from fulfilling their contract at all hazards. that they were to steal their stock and prevent by any means the transmission of the mails on the route from Caldwell to Fort Sill. That they, Brooks and Co., were paid six hundred dollars by the Southwestern Stage Co. for clearing the road, that is, stealing the stock and stopping the mails, the first time. . . .

"Parties who confessed to me having stolen Vail and Co.'s mules were part of an organized band of horsethieves. This fact I learned from members of the gang. They claimed they did not steal stock from freighters or citizens, but that they confined their operations to the government and Indians. . . ."

Burr Mosier's testimony caused a furor in Wellington, and although few were found who believed that the Southwestern Stage Company officers could have been knowing parties to the campaign against the rival stage company, the implications, insofar as Hasbrouck, Brooks and One-Armed Charlie were concerned, were ominously obvious, and rumblings of vigilante action ran about town.

Calkins and Terrill secured a release on a technicality of some sort and hastily whipped a buckboard out of town for the comparative safety of Wichita.

Sheriff Davis wore a worried look as he strolled about the streets and kept a lookout for any indication of mob action. By nightfall, all seemed quiet, and he retired.

SHORTLY after twelve o'clock, the dim shapes of horsemen could have been seen in any section of town, all converging as if by plan, on the jail at the center of the village. Quietly forming a cordon about the building, a number dismounted and silently pushed themselves into the jail, where the guards left by Sheriff Davis were "overwhelmed and disarmed." The three remaining prisoners were tied and brought out, and without spoken command, a body of men on foot formed a square around the prisoners, and the formation marched toward the Slate Creek bridge at the edge of town.

Beneath a large cottonwood at the creek, another detail was completing preparations. As the prisoners were brought within sight of the dangling nooses, Lawyer Hasbrouck asked permission to speak. His request was gruffly denied, and he began a plea that his parents back East not be informed of his end. In mid-sentence, the noose dropped over his neck and his words became a strangled rattle as he was swiftly hoisted upwards. Brooks gave a brief plea for mercy and then became silent, recognizing the futility of his words. In turn he was hoisted alongside Hasbrouck, and One-Armed Charlie swiftly joined them.

The bodies of the three victims were left hanging until the next day as an object lesson for others disposed to take lightly the rightful title to livestock, then they were placed in unmarked graves in the town's cemetery. For a time, villagers could point out the triple mounds as the ultimate destination of all horse thieves, but as time passed, prairie winds obliterated even those traces and today, no vestige remains to mark the location.

Wellington and its citizens attempted to forget the triple execution, but on several occasions, the ghost of One-Armed Charlie rode back to remind them of the incident. In 1876, an inkling of the fate of Charlie Smith, alias Ford, reached his home state and the Decatur, Illinois *Times* published an account decrying the mob action taken by the Sumner County

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Vigilantes on a native of Illinois. Other papers echoed the story, and the facts in the case became obscured by highly colored versions of the lynching.

Far removed from the scene, the editor of a Texas frontier journal attempted to set the record straight by recounting his eyewitness statement. At the time of the lynching, G. W. Robson had been postmaster at Caldwell and acquainted with One-Armed Charlie. Later, Robson moved to Jacksboro, Texas, and became editor of the *Frontier Echo*, in this instance an ironically fitting title. In the *Echo's* issue of March 17, 1876, Robson recounted what he knew of the end of Charlie Smith:

. . . The Houston *Telegraph* of the fifth inst. contains a long account taken from the Decatur, Illinois *Times* of the lynching of the son of the late ex-Governor Ford, of Illinois, for the supposed crime of horse stealing. . . .

Thomas and Charles Ford, illegitimate sons of Charles Ford (and our authority for this statement is Charles), were adopted by the late Thomas E. Moore of Peoria, Illinois, and assumed his name. True, they became dissatisfied with life in a law abiding community and left for the wild West, but earlier than 1871. They called themselves Thomas and Charles Smith and were well known throughout southwestern Kansas by that name.

In the summer of 1872, Tom and another man stole a pair of horses from George Freeman, living two miles west of Caldwell, Sumner County, Kansas. . .

Editor Robson went on to relate the capture and lynching of Tom Smith, and the hanging of One-Armed Charlie and his pals, just as George Freeman recalled it in his memoirs published in 1890. Between the accounts published at the time of the events, and Robson's account written in 1876, and Freeman's later account, there is a remarkable agreement as to details and circumstances.

In 1910, the ghost of One-Armed Charlie arose again to plague the memories of Wellington's pioneers. The Washington *Post* of October 23 stated that Charlie's christened name had been Sewell Ford, and that at Caldwell he had belonged to an organized band of ruffians and thieves known as the Prairie Riders. The *Post* article went on to explain that the occasion for the resurrection of One-Armed Charlie came about because "relatives have been writing to early settlers in Wichita to know of the finish of the Fords. Some estate has fallen to the heirs of ex-Governor Ford and affidavits as to the sons are necessary. . . . The letters have found their way into the papers and have been given wide circulation reviving the tales of border days. . . ."

Eventually, recollection of the triple lynching at the Slate Creek bridge again became a little-mentioned subject in the reminiscences of Southern Kansas' pioneers, and the ghost of One-Armed Charlie reproaches them no longer.

Watch for Walt Coburn's sequel to the Pulps article —coming up soon!

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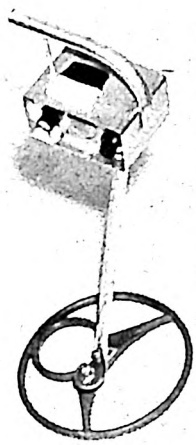

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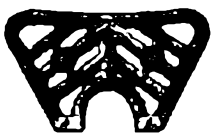

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ARIZONA!

Arizona, A Guide to the Grand Canyon State (Hastings House $7.95) is the fourth completely revised edition of this popular volume in the American Guide Series. It was first issued in April 1940 and at that time had the editorial supervision of the late Ross Santee, one of our great historians of the Western scene. Ross would have been the last man to have laid claim to the title "historian" but with his words and drawings he most surely earned it. Hastings House chose wisely in naming Joe Miller to do this revision. In the reviewer's copy of the first printing Ross wrote, "I'm proud as hell of some of the men who made this book—and a few of them have gone a long way." Joe Miller was one of those men and he has gone a long way—as an Arizona historian and chronicler. In Joe's introduction he explains the need for revision—the tremendous growth in population of the State and the changes that have resulted. The great photos are in the revision, the maps and the Santee drawings plus much new information. This is a must for anyone planning a visit to Arizona or interested in Arizona history.

Half a century is a long time but it has been that since we have had a book about turquoise in the Southwest. Edna Mae Bennett's *Turquoise and the Indian* (Sage Books, $5.00) is more than welcome as it would have rated high if there had been a dozen books available. The story is here—the mining; the economic significance to Hopi, Zuni, Navajo and other Southwestern tribes; the Indian artistry in making jewelry and the folklore of turquoise. Extensive footnotes follow each chapter and there is a good general bibliography. The photos and drawings, with many of the plates in color, greatly enhance the value of the book. Recommended and how did Alan Swallow hold the price to $5.00 with all those color plates?

COOL, COLORFUL COLORADO

Crystal River Valley, Jewel or Jinx? (Sage Boks, $1.50) by Rosemae Wells Campbell is the most recent addition to Colorado Booklets. The center of Colorado's mountain region remained virtually unnoticed by white men until most of the state was fully explored and prospected. By 1860 Richard Sepris and fourteen companions covered this Ute stronghold thoroughly, but found small indication of mineral fortunes. Ten years later extensive coal deposits were located. Marble was also an important resource. Many mining towns came and went as did railroads, businesses and people. To unscramble the thread of history and to sort fact from fiction, the author worked for twenty years to gather available information. The eight pages of her booklet shed much light on this beautiful and interesting area.

AMERICAN INDIANS

Heap Many Texas Chiefs (The Naylor Co., $7.95) by Roy D. Holt is a storehouse of information about the numerous Indian leaders of early Texas history. Accounts of individuals are brief but are crammed with facts. In addition, each chief's story is followed by a bibliography. Seventeen Comanche chiefs are covered including Quanah Parker, the best known and best publicized Indian leader of the Southwest. Parker, being half white and half Comanche, was not only a blanket Indian, he could wear his store clothes into the white man's circles whenever the time was appropriate. Eight Kiowa notables are covered as are eight Delawares and Cherokees, eleven Lipans and Apaches and twenty-six others. Wildcat, Seminole chief from Florida, shows up in Texas; even the Delawares, who originated along the Atlantic coast and who were first uprooted by the invading whites, were represented in Texas. Jim Shaw, a famous Delaware scout and interpreter is mentioned more than any other Indian in the archives of Texas, according to the author. This interesting book proves that there were many Texas chiefs, indeed. Some were good, some were noble, and some were dirty cutthroats. *Heap Many Texas Chiefs* is an important book about Texas and about Indians. A different title might have made the book more inviting.

FIRST COWBOY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Bison Book 341 just issued by the University of Nebraska Press is Charles A. Siringo's *A Texas Cowboy* ($1.70). It was first printed in 1885 and in a way the Press is following tradition in not permitting it to be OP long. It's that kind of book! Too good to be OP. Will Rogers called it the Cowboy's Bible and J. Frank Dobie praised it as "The first in time of all cowboy autobiographies and first, also, in plain rollickness." This reviewer has owned many different editions at various times in his life (a newsbutch on the Dallas to Paris, Texas train sold me a two-bit paperback copy as a starter) including the exceedingly rare first (Pancho aptly put it "scarcer than hen's teeth") and the very scarce second. But my favorite from the day of issue was and is the 1950 edition with the Dobie introduction and blibliography and the Tom Lea drawings as designed by the master typographer, Carl Hertzog. This Bison book edition has the Dobie introduction, the Lea illustrations and reprints verbatim the text of the first or Umbdenstock edition. A Western classic and a bargain!

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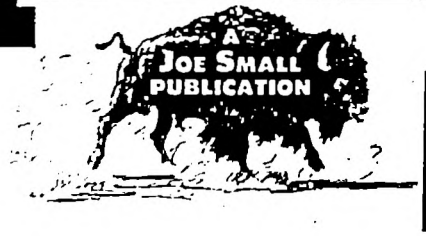
★ FROM NIGHT HERD TO DEPUTY MARSHAL by C. L. Packer. Mat Nelson made a good hand whether turning spooked cattle or handling a mob. ★ CACHE OF SKULLS by John R. Winslowe. The grave robber disguised himself in the skin of a coyote—an appropriate garment for a man turned animal. ★ SILVER QUEEN OF THE SAN JUANS by Agnes Wright Spring. If you've wondered whether money can buy happiness, you still won't know after reading this story. ★ BAD BLOOD by Don M. Jay. When kin fall out, it's the meanest kind of hating—too deep to solve with words or fists. ★ PLENTY OF TREASURE 10,000 FEET UP THE TRAIL! by Lynn Blumenstein. The trouble with this pot of gold is that it's at the very top of the rainbow. ★ EMPTY COFFIN—EMPTY TOWN by Verne Benedict. —chills and thrills in old Chatanika. ★ THREE HUNDRED MILES FROM NOWHERE by Benjamin Randall submitted by Randall S. Weeks. Wolves, blizzards, Indians, and the sorriest stage drivers in the West were what our "proper Bostonian" encountered when he set out to visit the mining country. ★ ILWACO'S GOLD MYSTERY by Robert Nash. Every night the Captain took a stroll—and somewhere along his favorite path, he had only to scrape the earth to enjoy the gleam of a fortune in yellow metal. ★ PIKES PEAKERS VERSUS TEXAS REBS by Ray Golabiewski. A bloody Civil War on the Rio Grande. ★ THE "LOST BRIDE" OF WEITCHPEC by Vivienne L. George. When the River Devil took this girl's life, he at least cast her up at the feet of the only gentleman on the Klamath. ★ "MANY A MICKLE MAKES A MUCKLE" by Millie Stine Talboys as told to Estelle Chrisman Laughlin. ★ THE HORSE THAT BROKE A TOWN by Cy Cress. Folks laid it on the line that the combination of Red Buck and Jockey O'Neil was as safe as a gilt-edged bond. Unfortunately, one day the gilt wore off! ★ DESERT RELAY STATION by David Cushman. All this needs is sound effects—the swoosh of an arrow, the crack of a whip, some yelling and cussing, and music that gets faster and faster as the gap closes between the Indians and the stage. ★ SADDLED, BRIDLED, READY TO RIDE by C. A. Osier. The cowboys took a 20,000-mile journey for nothing. They lived off the land and it was mighty poor living; and they lived on hope that was doomed to die. ★ TWENTY YEARS AMONG OUR HOSTILE INDIANS from a book by J. Lee Humfreville. ★ PROSPECTING FOR LAND by Dr. Charles E. Donnell submitted by Robert Goss. ★ POMOSANO by Russell C. Prunty. He was a strange Yaqui, many men in one, and his brush with Christianity had left him unsettled. He had murdered for revenge—had stolen without compunction—and he longed to ease his heart. The confessional turned out to be a night camp in Bruneau Canyon, and his priest a young cowboy he had befriended.

FRONTIER TIMES



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Long Ropes and Running Irons

(Continued from page 21)

calf, displaced by a younger sibling, would continue to hang around its mother for some time hoping to get another suck, and this was a dead giveaway. But what the hell. The country was big, riders were few, and if a stock detective hired by the Association did happen to come along, the likelihood was he would not know who owned your unregistered brand, called a maverick—and suppose he did; you could take care of yourself.

The third step was to make mavericks by separating calves from their mothers until they were weaned. Granville Stuart in *My Forty Years on the Frontier* mentions the case of the fortunate ranchman whose cows always gave birth to twins and triplets, while his neighbors' cows hung enviously around his corral lamenting their own childless state. But as rustling went this was pretty crude stuff—settler stuff. Experts would pen the calves in some lonely corral in the foothills, then run the cows a long way off and hold them there until the calves were eating grass. This writer remarked to an old-timer that it must have taken a pretty good cowboy to run a cow off from her calf. "There were good cowboys," he said.

If the rustler stopped there he remained semi-respectable, at least in his own estimation, and he might even have a certain Robin Hood dash. He was well above the line which divided the good bad man from the skunk. But others descended to such methods as slitting the calf's tongue so it couldn't suck, or killing the cow in order to make an orphan of the calf. During Johnson County's time of trouble, calves bearing a rustler's fresh brand were found still hanging about the dead body of the mother cow. Nothing dashing about that.

Finally the rustler might come to burning over other men's brands with a running iron, or "blotching" them so badly they could not be read. He was now a full-fledged thief. *Facilis descensus Averno.*

Between the practices described in the last two paragraphs and the milder forms of stealing, the elastic conscience stiffened and became uneasy. A man who "made no bones" in later years about having branded any number of mavericks in his day would swear on a stack of Bibles that he had never altered a brand in his life. As for the other kinds of dirty business, we may quote the utterance of a likeable reprobate who was well known in Powder River country.

"I'm a thief and I've been a thief all my life," he declared with disarming frankness, "but there's one place I draw the line; I will not kill a cow to get the calf."

Butchering a steer on the range, burying the hide and taking the meat home to eat was a cheap form of stealing, fit only for thieving Indians and threadbare settlers. It was disapproved more on social than on moral grounds. Another two-bit operation was to separate a calf from the cow, take it home and let the women and children raise it by hand. This was called "finding a motherless calf."

There was considerable sympathy for the man so poor he had to steal in order to feed his family, even when that man happened to be an Indian. Charlie Russell painted a picture called "Caught in the Act," in which two bundled-up cowboys in the dead of winter have come upon a pair of Indians skinning a beef in the snow. One of the Indians points to his open mouth in the sign for hunger, and the uncertain attitude of the cowboys tell more plainly than words how they are torn between loyalty to their outfit and pity for the half-starved red men.

But the business of butchering beef on the range soon developed into a commercial enterprise, with the local meat market for an outlet. In western Nebraska in the eighties a member of a grand jury considering the case of a settler charged with killing a beef wanted to know whether he had killed it to eat or to sell!

To sum up the code, the man least condemned for rustling was the man who stole in order to build up a herd of his own and get a start, after which he would turn respectable. Most condemned was the thief so low he would cut the rope tying some settler's old bony milch cow to the tailgate of his wagon and steal the cow.

Finally, let us not overlook the curious double meaning which attached to the word rustler. A rustler was a thief. But he was also a man of energy, a hustler who rose early and rode far in order to get ahead in the world. A money-raising committee would be referred to as "the rustling committee." Newspapers called themselves *The Bonanza Rustler* or *The Big Horn County Rustler.* When a young boy won a prize for bringing in the largest number of subscribers to a local paper, the item was captioned, "A GOOD RUSTLER." An animal which sustained itself on the range under adverse conditions was a good rustler too, and a man arriving home late with a guest would ask his wife to "go rustle us up something to eat."

Moral confusion, or merely semantic?

But a horse thief was something else entirely. When you said *horse thief,* you had better smile.

Terror in the Mist

(Continued from page 25)

denly the excitement was renewed. In March a trapper reported seeing Turnow's camp at Oxbow on the Satsop River, thirty-five miles back in the wilderness. Colin McKenzie, Grays Harbor sheriff, and A. V. Elmer, ex-logger turned deputy, plunged into the green vastness headed for Oxbow. McKenzie remarked before leaving that he somehow felt he would never return.

The days slipped by with no word, and finally a search party was sent out. Thirteen days after leaving, McKenzie and Elmer were found in a shallow trench, each with a bullet hole in his forehead. Most of their clothing and their rifles and ammunition were missing.

Now the hunt was really on! A $5,000 reward was offered, "dead or alive," and more than a thousand armed men meticulously scoured the land for Turnow. But there wasn't a single track. The giant had disappeared again. All through the summer and into the fall the intense search continued. Lone buckers and fallers peered fearfully into the swirling timber mists and thought they saw a huge body

ghosting through the trees. Some men said they had seen Turnow swinging from tree-top to tree-top. The Wild Man was reported in places two hundred miles apart on the same day! The door was smashed off a Simpson Logging Company storehouse and a pair of boots stolen—Turnow? Gradually the search bogged down in rumors and soaking fog. Snow came again, and again there were no tracks in it. Men grew desperate. The only way to find Turnow was to let him find you, and that was suicide!

ALL THROUGH the following summer there was no hint of Turnow's presence; maybe, at last, the cruel past winter had done its job. Maybe Turnow was dead, but it wasn't certain, and until his body was found no man could rely on it. Loggers continued to look over their shoulders in apprehension, and still their axes and saws at an unusual sound; many went to their work armed.

The massive searches called off, small parties of brave (or possibly drunk) men continued to cautiously hunt the big timber, hoping they would find some sign and at the same time hoping they wouldn't. Again snow began to fall on the mountains, large wet flakes which drifted down to pile up in a heavy, cold blanket. Still there were no tracks, no sign, and the searching stopped.

Spring came, dark with steady rain, and a few small parties resumed the hunt. The mountains brooded under skies full of low, slate-gray clouds when, on April 16, 1913, Deputy Giles Quimby and two loggers, Louis Blair and Charles Lathrop (the latter a hunting companion of Turnow a few years before), sighted a crude little hut in a natural clearing about a mile from where McKenzie and Elmer had been found. All three men were sweating in the cold air.

"Turnow's?" Quimby asked in a whisper.

"Could be," Lathrop answered.

Quimby studied the hut: no movement, no sign of life, past or present. "Charlie, you come up on the far side. Lou, you go straight in from here, and I'll come up on your left. Go slow, and shoot anything that moves."

They cautiously approached the hut, each in a low crouch. Quimby was moving ahead slowly, picking his steps, when a massive form lunged out from behind a hemlock and a rifle boomed! Quimby snapped off a shot, then the sounds were swiftly swallowed in the muffling forest as Blair collapsed, blood gushing from a hole in his forehead.

Quimby knew it was Turnow—the towering frame, great beard, his terrifying accuracy with a rifle. He wondered if he had hit the man with his shot. He saw Lathrop working in toward the hut. The only sound was wind soughing through the trees.

Crack! Another shot blasted out, and Lathrop threw his hands in the air and lurched over onto his face, a gory hole between his eyes.

The silence was awful. Quimby felt nervous shivers shoot up his back; he was bathed in sweat. He strained to see something, anything! The tension was rapidly sapping his courage.

Then he saw an ugly, bearded head peering around the hemlock. Quimby fired and fired until his rifle was empty, the barrel hot and his ears ringing; a cloud of smoke hung in the air. He couldn't tell if he had hit Turnow, but his strength was gone now, and he couldn't force himself to risk a look. He crept away over the moss and branches until he thought he was safe, then broke into a crashing run through the timber.

Rain fell from a leaden sky that evening when Quimby returned with twenty-five loggers from a nearby Simpson camp.

"Go in slow and careful," Quimby warned. "I don't know if I hit him or not, and if he's wounded he'll be mad as a gut-shot bear."

They slowly moved in on the clearing, and finally one man stepped around that sinister hemlock. John Turnow lay on his back, clutching his old rifle, a huge ragged figure in his clothes of bark and gunnysacking padded with fir needles. On his feet was a comparatively new pair of boots. He was dead.

In the hut the men found $6.65 in silver, a small knife, and extra gunnysacking. There was no sign of food anywhere, and the loggers would later aver that Turnow had hibernated like a bear.

John Turnow was strapped on a horse and packed out to Montesano, Washington. He was dead—the terror was gone from the dark forests—but in another way he was just born. The legend of the Wild Man of the Wynooche was only beginning to gain strength and fame. It would be years before loggers would cease to see the hulking ghost of Turnow haunting the mists.

Two Years in the Desert

(Continued from page 35)

far as I know and had no one to go to.

Late in 1901, we moved into Terrace where there was a school. It was a freight division point for the railroad, had a small yard, switch engine, roundhouse, coal chutes and a water tank, and was populated by about 900 people, 700 of them Chinese. Some of the laborers were Italians, and one day one of them got sick and my two brothers and I went to the bunkhouse to see him. There was a barrel of wine in there and we were invited to help ourselves, which we did. We each swigged a half-pint of it in a tin cup and by the time we got home we were sure sick. Mother thought we'd been poisoned but our uncle, who was visiting us, laughed and told her, "No, they're only drunk."

Mother made us drink lots of black coffee. That was my first and last drunk.

An old Chinaman was the mechanic at the roundhouse. He was our friend and my brothers and I often stopped to visit with him. One day, after two big boys had slapped us around, we ran in to him, all three of us bawling. He told us to go get some clubs and knock the hell out of them. We took him at his word and sawed the handles from three heavy caboose brooms, then hid behind a cinder pile to wait for the bullies. If a man had not come along and stopped us, we would have mauled those guys for sure. But as it was they found out about what we had planned to do and never bothered us again.

In 1902, Dad was transferred to Sacramento, California, and we left the Utah desert for good. The old rail line running through Monument was torn up and the little sectionhouse and the bunkhouse in which the Chinese lived have disappeared. The desert has reclaimed its own. I remember vividly, however, that part of my boyhood, the isolation of the desert and the funny, wonderful Chinese who were our neighbors.

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"Red Jacket" of Chadron

(Continued from page 29)

fight her battles.

"The woman's confession made me shaky. Then she added, smiling a little, 'Counting McDorman, I have killed six men.'

"Perhaps she had done so. But there was little doubt that she was insane. Soon after her trial she was sent to an institution.

"As for my Judge Byington—well, His Honor did not live down Red Jacket's taking potshots at him for a long time! But it didn't ruffle his dignity, and he had no apologies for retreating behind a rain barrel. Chances had been very good that day that he would be Red Jacket's 'Victim Number 7'."

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

in May, June, September, or October. Also, I advise against the rugged road that takes off from Highway 395 about seven miles south of Bridgeport. Take the road that comes in from the southwest from the Mono Lake area (see map of Mono County). I would like to mention that Bodie contained the only bank that ever existed in that county. The old vault is still to be seen. There is no bank in that county today.

My interest in ghost towns happens to be concentrated on California, Nevada and Arizona. Nevada has more than any other state. In fact, I believe that nearly half of the towns shown on a Nevada map are either ghost towns or semi-ghost towns. A very interesting "semi" is Goldfield, once a rip-roaring town with a substantial population; now it just barely is holding onto life and notwithstanding this fact it is still the county seat.

In a recent issue a reader in England indicated his fondness for stories about Indians. Everyone to his own taste, of course, but in my case it is ghost towns. —Clayton I. Kanagy, 2239 Wellestley Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

XIT Cowboy

Hi Podna Hoss:

I am enclosing a picture of a landmark which is still standing twenty miles southeast of Abilene, Texas. It is the birthplace of my wife (maiden name—Mary Moore). It is in a pasture (in the Dudley community), almost unseen from

This old cabin still stands in the Dudley community near Abilene, Texas.

the road. H. T. Moore was a roving cowboy and got enough money for his start by working for the House Ranch. He got hold of several sections, built the log cabin, and went to Chicago and brought back his bride. There she and he lived and died.

I read the article, "Cattle Kings" in TRUE WEST last year and noticed the picture of the old XIT ranch house. I worked for that outfit in 1910. I passed the old Line Camp a few years ago at Glenrio, New Mexico. This line is now right on Highway 66. The old bunkhouse was still there but the roof was off.

I am now putting in time (retired). I'd like to hear from some of the old-timers in that section.—John Crouch, Route 1, Box 121, Camino, California.

Fatal Accident

Dear Joe:

I have some questions which perhaps some of your readers may be able to answer. Between 1914 and 1916 I lived in Loving, New Mexico. The guano caves in the mountains to the west were quite a local attraction. In 1915, as a thirteen-year-old, I went with a party to the caves for a Sunday outing.

A family of guano diggers living in the canyon were persuaded to furnish a young man as a guide to and in the caves. One of the caves was on the side of a mountain with a huge hole as the only entrance. A 100-foot ladder dropped to a sloping shelf perhaps 35 or 40 feet from the floor of the cave. I went down the ladder with a rope tied to me, thence on to the floor of the cave via a shorter ladder.

After I reached the bottom, others on the first landing started a rock slide which struck the guide on the shorter ladder and knocked him off to the cave floor. He died that night and had to stay in the cave until a crew with a basket could come from Carlsbad the next day to remove his body.

My questions are: the name of the family of the guide who died; the name of the cave (was it today's Carlsbad Caverns?); the names of anyone besides Pyle and Laidlow in the party; any information about the identity of the cowboys with the chuckwagon who fed our party a Sunday night supper and Monday morning breakfast.

I would be glad to hear from anyone who knows anything about this incident. —Celande W. Pyle, 4930 47th Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Florida 33709.

Give One to a Soldier

(Continued from page 3)

USO, General Delivery, US Naval Station, FPO New York 09540 (Rota, Spain)

That is it. We are going to give 'til it hurts, but we can't take care of them all. I know what it means, *even in training camp*, to get something you really want to read. Overseas, the need and the desire is so much greater there is no comparison.

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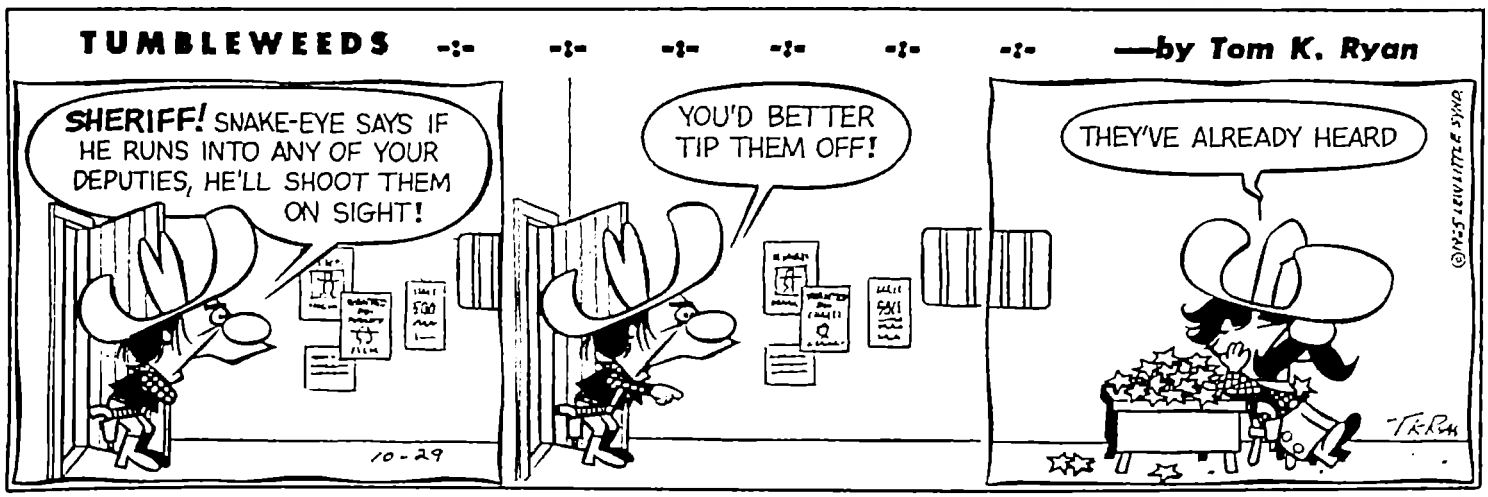
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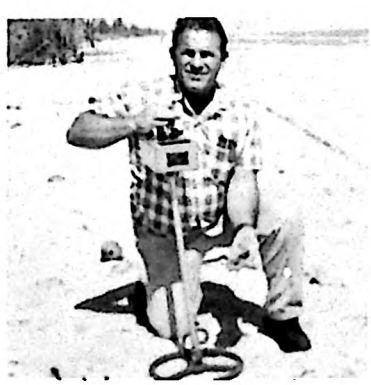
"TREASURE SALVORS, INC." group on the treasure site. Left to right—Shirley Jean Holzworth, Walt Holzworth, Rupert Gates, electronics genius Fay Fields who developed the underwater detector to tell the difference between ferrous and non-ferrous materials, Bill Mahan—associate, Delores Fisher, Mel Fisher, president and spark plug for Treasure Salvors, Inc. with the underwater detector, Nita Williams and Dick Williams.



Left to Right: 1. Members of "TREASURE SALVORS, INC." comb the beaches with their D-TEX detectors searching for coins. 2. Walt Holzworth with Pieces of Eight and his D-TEX at treasure site. 3. Walt and Rupe carefully check coin area near Ft. Pierce. Hundreds of these valuable coins have been found in a two-mile-long beach area near the wreck site.

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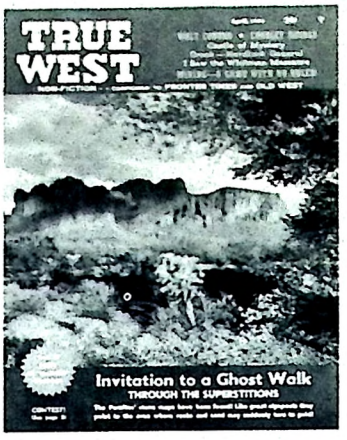

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